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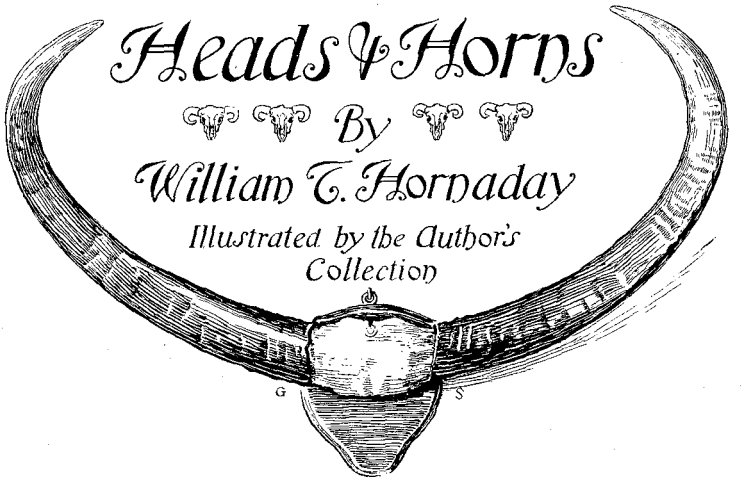
Heads & Horns

By William T. Hornaday

Illustrated by the Author's Collection



IT is quite possible to possess large sections of the world, as a tenant-at-will, without the bother of paying taxes upon them. Bring together about two hundred carefully selected heads and horns of large animals, and the best game regions of the world will be yours.

Dull, indeed, is the imagination which can look up to the head of a white mountain-sheep and not behold rock-strewn ridges, saw-toothed crags, snowy peaks, and frowsy-Indian specimens of the white man's burden. The most commonplace pair of musk-ox horns will conjure up a bunch of twenty dark-brown, shaggy animals, standing head on to the attack; rocky hills and barren plains of snow, ice, and gravel; a dreary camp somewhere along the ice-foot, and general desolation.

Here is a recipe which I warrant will place you in possession of the finest portion of south-eastern Africa between Uganda and the Limpopo: To 1 large map of Africa and 6 good books of African sport and travel, add 1 pair of well-twisted kudu horns, an extra-broad pair of African buffalo horns, and 1 pair each of horns of oryx, sable antelope, gnu, eland, hartebeest, and springbok. Place the map and books on your study table, hang the horns in an artistic group on your most conspicuous wall, and you may enjoy the whole pasture region of South Africa.

A collection of heads and horns with a special *raison d'être* quickly becomes a source of general interest. But the object of a collection should be something more than a desire to prove by trial "how many kinds" it is possible to bring together. On that sordid basis, the collecting of scissors would be quite as interesting as the collecting of horns, and far more commendable.

Objects vary, with a vengeance. One man whom I know collects only in order to furnish a certain room in his country-house; another to have an up-to-date "den." Another gathers horns to show the freaks and moods of Nature, as manifested in peculiar horn-growths. There are those who will have about them neither head nor horn that does not stand for some particular phase of the owner's manhood and skill in the chase; but all such lose much of zoological value which they might easily possess for the sake of comparison with their own trophies.

It is well, however, that most men care

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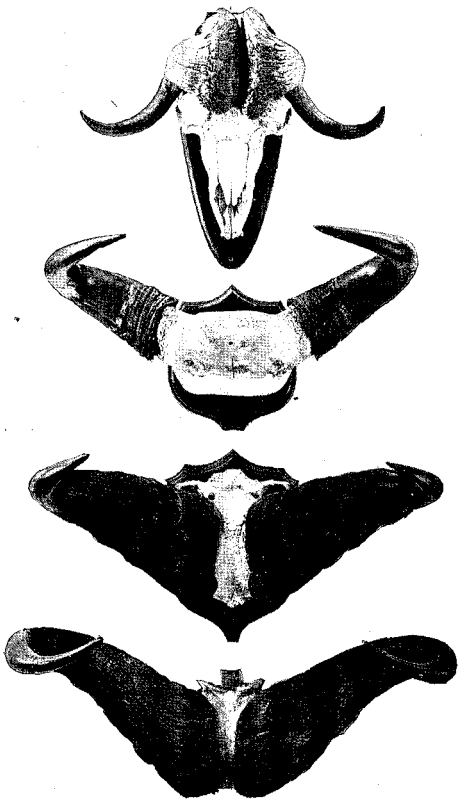
only for heads and horns of their own shooting; for too much commercialism in such objects would quickly exterminate, all over the world, the surviving remnant of the world's big game. But for the stoppage by law, in 1903, of the commercial moose-head business in Alaska, about five years more would have seen the finish of *Alces americanus* in our arctic province.

My chief object in obtaining and hanging up heads and horns was to grind deeply into a treacherous memory the personalities of many rare animals, which somehow were known to me but dimly and ineffectively. Then, too, specimens were needed for daily reference, and as object-lessons of a most necessary kind. And so the microbe found lodgment; and my soul from out its clutches shall be lifted nevermore.



Musk-Ox, Bison, and Buffalo.

Musk-Ox (*Ovibos wardi*) from eastern Greenland.
Indian Bison, or Gaur (*Bos gaurus*), from southern India.
Abyssinian Buffalo (*Bos æquinoctialis*) from Abyssinia.
Cape Buffalo (*Bos caffer*) from Rhodesia, South Africa.

Speaking generally, the horned animals of the world fall naturally into five well-defined groups, which are as follows:

(1) The Bison, Buffaloes, and Wild Cattle.

(2) The Mountain Sheep.

(3) The Mountain Goats and Ibexes.

(4) The Antelopes, of Africa and Asia.

(5) The Deer, Caribou, and Moose.

It is by no means difficult for any interested person to know the leading types of each of these groups, and, at the same time, the most conspicuous species of each continent.

(1) But for the wild and savage Arna, or Indian Buffalo (*Bubalis arni*), we would be compelled to state that in comparison with the great bulk and importance of their wearers, the horns of all true bovines are disproportionately small and plain-looking.

The Indian Bison (*Bos gaurus*) is the largest and heaviest of all the members of Group 1, but in comparison with his bulky body, his horns are small. The pair shown herewith, which would be accepted anywhere as a large pair, measures only 16½ inches in basal circumference, 26 inches along curve, and spread at their widest point 31½ inches. This is the animal which roams in herds of twenty or thirty individuals through the beautiful open forests on the Animally Hills of southern India, leaps over a wide gap to Burma, thence wanders southward through nearly the whole length of the Malay Peninsula. And it was a wounded bull of this mighty species which in 1896 furiously attacked my old friend Capt. H. C. Syers, in Selangor, threw him *thirty feet* into the air, and killed him.

The horns of this species are smooth, well polished, and excepting the black tips, are clear white. The largest pair on record measures 20½ inches in circumference, 46 inches in widest outside spread, and is owned by H. Da. Prah.

If the horns of the Gaur are small, those of the black-hided Indian Buffalo are, in comparison, fairly gigantic. And how on earth does the Arna make way through reeds and scrubby forest with horns that have a crosswise spread of from *six to eight feet?* If the pair now in the British Museum do not spread fully eight feet, then have I lost the power to estimate. At all events, the longest horn of the pair has a

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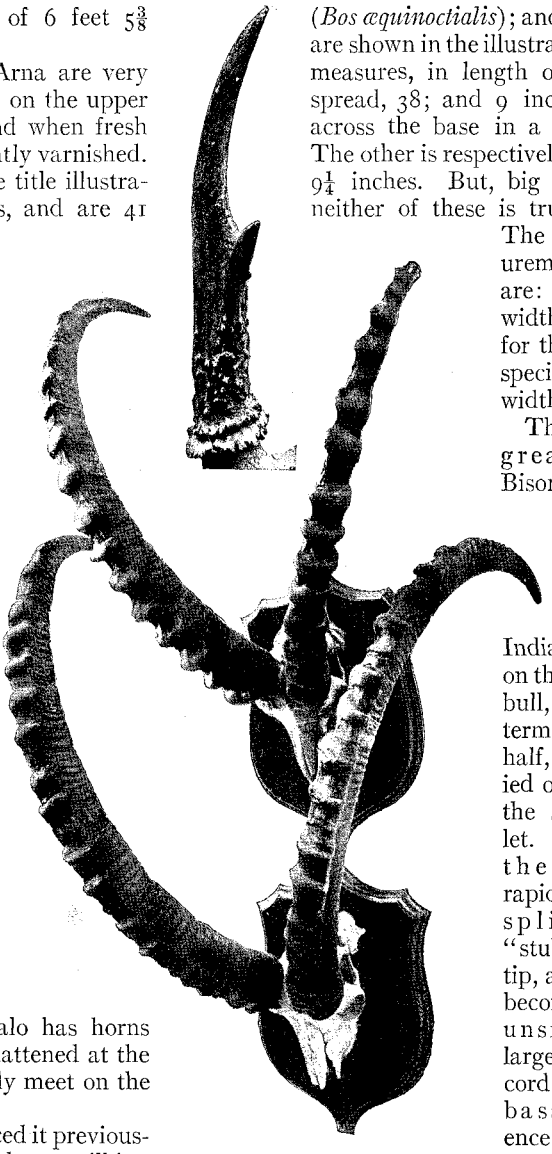
length on the curve of 6 feet 5⅜ inches!

The horns of the Arna are very smooth, well flattened on the upper surface, jet black, and when fresh are as shiny as if recently varnished. The pair shown in the title illustration spread 56 inches, and are 41 inches between tips.

Apparently the horns of the Musk-Ox seem to have been specially designed for puncturing the throats and abdominal regions of hungry wolves. The adult horn is neither more nor less than a huge hook of bone, excellently fashioned and placed for its purpose, and properly sharp at the point. But for this admirable weapon, *Ovibos* would not to-day inhabit the extreme northerly lands of North America, where fierce wolves abound.

Like the Musk-Ox, the African Buffalo has horns that are enormously flattened at the base, and which nearly meet on the top of the head.

If you have not noticed it previously, a good collection of horns will impress your mind with the fact that there are two species of Buffalo in East Africa, instead of one only, as we were long accustomed to believe. The one of the South has horns that are well rounded on the upper surface of the base, and that sweep down and up again *à la* musk-ox. This is the Cape Buffalo, (*Bos caffer*). The horns of the species of Abyssinia, Uganda and round about, are flat on the upper surface, and the ends thrust up without the downward droop. This is the Abyssinian Buffalo (*Bos æquinoctialis*); and both species are shown in the illustration. *Caffer* measures, in length on curve, 38; spread, 38; and 9 inches in width across the base in a straight line. The other is respectively 29, 33¾, and 9¼ inches. But, big as they are, neither of these is truly immense. The record measurements for *caffer* are: spread, 49; width, 11½; and for the Abyssinian species, spread, 40, width, 11⅞.



Horn of Chilian Guemal.

Smallest of American branch-horned deer. One-half actual size.

The greatest of the Ibexes.

Alpine Ibex (*Capra ibex*) from the Caucasus Mountains.

Siberian Ibex (*Capra siberica*), Thian Shan District, Mongolia.

The glory of the great American Bison does not lie in his horns. They are even smaller than those of the Indian Bison, and on the living adult bull, excepting the terminal third or half, they are buried out of sight in the shaggy frontlet. In old age, they deteriorate rapidly, become splintered or "stubbed" at the tip, and at the last become positively unsightly. The largest pair on record measure in basal circumference 16⅛ inches, and in length on curve 20¼.

The smallest horns of true buffalo or bison are those of the red Congo Buffalo (*Bos nanus*), which are flat, and suitable for carrying in a small suit-case, with a spread of only 16 inches.

(2) The mountain sheep of the world appeal quite strongly to everyone who cares for hoofed animals. These bold and hardy mountaineers usually dwell where the face

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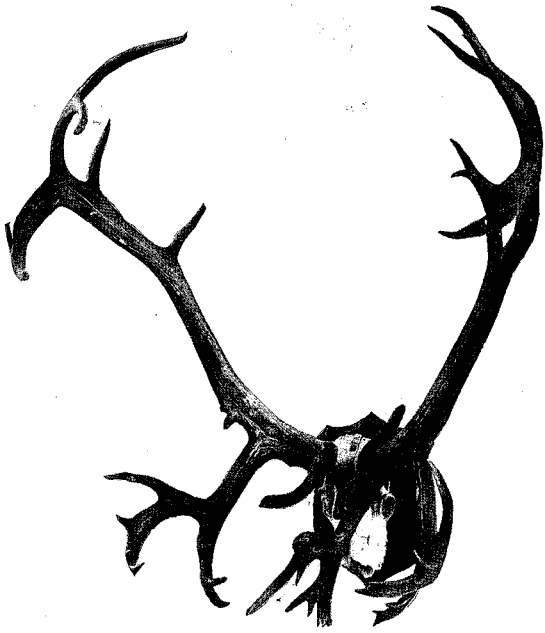
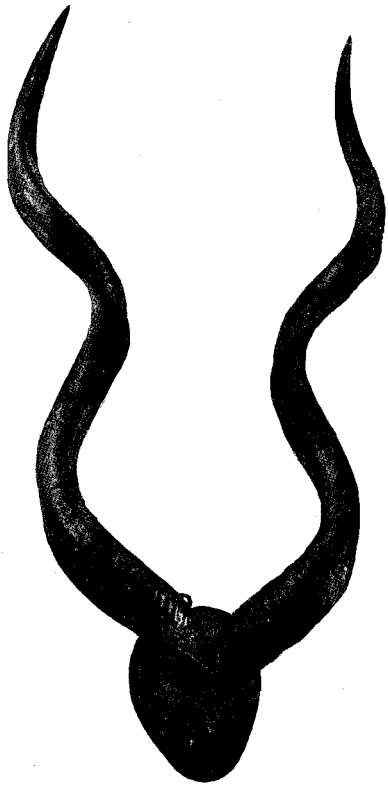


Antlers of the great Alaskan Caribou of the Kenai Peninsula and beyond. (Probably the finest of their kind.)

From Fort Kenai. Of great length, and also very massive. The precise range of this species is at present unknown.

of Nature is ridged with frowning rocks and seamed with awful canyons. It must be remembered, however, that wild sheep are not always found upon crags and precipices; for, being bold and venturesome, they ascend to mountain plateaus and descend into valleys of all sorts. In our original wild West they formerly pushed far out into the "bad-lands," wherein their ever-coveted "scalps" and "saddles" were very far from being secure. In the early days, they even lived along the clay bluffs of the upper Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.



The most beautiful of African horns.
The great Kudu (*Strepsiceros kudu*) from Uganda.

The mountain sheep of the world, as a group, must truly be seen to be appreciated; and I know of but one place where a really fine general view may be obtained. Go to the Mammal Gallery of the British Museum of Natural History, at South Kensington, and if you are an American, you will there behold a collection of mounted argali, *Ovis poli*, and other species that will almost make you weep with envy and vexation. It seems positively wicked that even at this late day no museum in America has more than the beginning of a wild-sheep collection. In all America, so far as I can learn, there is not one mounted adult male argali, nor even a large pair of horns outside the horn collections of a very small number of private individuals.

A pair of really big horns from an old Siberian Argali ram are warranted to call forth expressions of surprise and admiration from anything in human form save an Egyptian mummy. Their enormous size, weight, and length are simply irresistible. The living animal stands from six to eight inches taller at the shoulder than our big-horn, and in a sheep this means much. I cannot say how the truth may be, but from things published thus far, it appears that Prince Demidoff and Mr. St. George Littledale sinned against Nature in not measuring and weighing the largest of the many fine specimens they killed in the Altai Mountains in the year 1900.

One of the most highly prized of my zoological possessions is a splendid pair of Siberian Argali horns, on a perfect skull,

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The rarest North American Sheep.

Head of a Black Mountain Sheep (*Ovis stonei*) killed near the Stickine River, northern British Columbia, September, 1904, by John Roger Bradley, and presented to the author.

which was obtained for me in the Altai Mountains by the agents of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck during the expedition for living specimens of the Prjevalski horse. They have shrunken considerably, as I have good reason to know, but even yet they measure 19½ inches in circumference and 58½ inches in length on the curve. They are not only of great size, but their symmetry is perfect, and they are without a flaw.

There are, so far as I can learn from the records of Mr. Rowland Ward, and from other sources, only three other specimens which exceed this pair. The finest pair of record is that of Lord Elphinstone, which has a basal circumference of 20 inches, and a length on the curve of 60 inches.

The Marco Polo Sheep (*Ovis poli*), of Tibet, is remarkable for the wide spread of its horns from tip to tip. The finest horns of this species are owned by Earl Roberts. They have the enormous spread between the tips of 54½ inches, and the longest horn has a length on the curve of 6 *feet* 3 *inches*. I regret to say that at present the largest horns of Polo's sheep in my collection are too small to serve as an example of anything else than form.

I think the rarest of all sheep horns are those of Littledale's Sheep (*Ovis siarensis*), from the Siar Mountains of western Mongolia. Of this fine species, well marked in life by the all-white terminal half of its face, only seven specimens are recorded in Mr. Rowland Ward's admirable "Records of Big Game." The eighth specimen, in the writer's collection, is shown on page 269. The measurements are, circumference 15¼ inches, length 47 inches, and spread 30 inches. These horns are distinguished by the great number and narrowness of their growth-rings, and the rounded outline of what is in other sheep horns the front angle.

Of our North American mountain sheep, the horns most worth having are those of the Big-Horn from the Rocky Mountains, northwest of Banff, Alberta, where the species (*Ovis canadensis*) reaches its maximum development, and bears the largest horns to be be found this side of Mongolia.

The largest specimen ever known was reported as measuring 18½ inches in horn circumference, and 52½ inches in length on curve. But that head has mysteriously disappeared, and until its existence is rediscovered, it is to be counted out. Of tangible, measurable heads of the Big-Horn, one of the largest in the world is to-day in

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the writer's collection, and is shown herewith. It was secured in Banff, Alberta, by Mr. G. O. Shields, in 1903. In basal circumference, its horns measure 16½ inches—*not* following the meanderings of the base—and in length on curve, 40½ inches. The dry skull and horns weighed 38 pounds.

The most remarkable feature of these horns is their great size throughout their entire length. Half waybetween base and tip they measure only one-half an inch less than at the base. Among American mountain sheep heads, I have never seen the equal of this specimen.

In nine cases out of ten, the largest horns of our Big-Horn are broken or "broomed" at the tip, by fighting; but horns of the white sheep and black sheep, although smaller, rather delicately formed, and slender-pointed, usually are quite perfect. The natural inference is that the males of both these species are little given to fighting, and dwell together quite peacefully on their arctic and subarctic pastures.

Of all American mountain sheep, the heads and horns of the Black Sheep (*Ovis stonei*) are most sought for by those interested in the members of this group. Thus far, not one specimen has been taken outside the valley of the Stickine River, British Columbia, and on the mountain divides which surround it. On July 1, 1904, outside of three of our largest museums, there were, in all the world, precisely three heads and three pairs of horns. For two years I sought diligently for two pairs of horns, one for myself and one for my friend, Robert Gilfort.

The giant of Mountain Sheep.

Horns of the great Siberian Argali *(Ovis ammon)* from the Altai Mountains, western Mongolia. Beside this gigantic pair, the largest horns of American Mountain Sheep seem small.

During the last hunting season, Mr. J. R. Bradley made a successful hunt in the country of the Black Mountain Sheep, killed six rams, and very generously presented to the writer the head of one of the finest and handsomest. And close upon the heels of this pleasing incident, Mr. A. B. Newell succeeded in his effort to secure a pair of horns for me, and the two specimens arrived almost simultaneously.

The Black Sheep is marked by its blackish-brown color and widely spreading horns. It is a midway species between the much more common white mountain sheep and the bighorn.

(3) Next after the wild sheep come the ibexes and wild goats, nimble of foot, strong of limb, and almost insensible of the dangers that wait in high places. It is not within my power to look unmoved upon the horns of an animal which dwells so high, and on such frightfully narrow ledges of overhanging rock that only the strongest man with the steadiest brain can win to it without coming to grief.

Take the Markhor, for example. The species which takes its name from the village of Astor, in the north-west corner of Kashmir, lives literally upon the roof of the world, and its range is bounded by mountain peaks over 24,000 feet high. A Markhor which falls dead before the sportsman's rifle sometimes drops so many hundreds of feet that its horns are destroyed (unless they break completely off early in the descent), and the whole animal may be so mangled and mutilated that even the skin of the head becomes a total loss.

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A giant Big-Horn.

Taken near Banff, Alberta, in 1903. Mounted by John Murgatroyd.

To some persons, doubtless, a pair of Markhor horns are merely a pair of odd-looking, screw-like horns, and nothing more. To others, they call up pictures of snowy peaks, wet and soggy clouds drifting by, tremendous chasms, rock walls going down thousands of feet, shaggy-headed, wild-looking natives with chocolate-colored skins, and tiny villages of mud huts perched like sea-birds' nests on frightful ledges. And then one thinks of the journey down, drop after drop, to hill, forest, and plain; the bazaar on the frontier, the bazaar "down country"; through a dozen hands and half a dozen languages, until at last they reach a white sahib, thousands of miles away.

Says Gen. A. A. A. Kinloch, the most renowned of all Anglo-Indian sportsmen:

"Of all the trophies that an Indian sportsman can obtain, I think that none excels—or perhaps equals—the head of an old [Astor] Markhor. He is undoubtedly one of the most majestic of all horned animals, and his appearance is quite in keeping with the wildness and magnificence of the rugged mountains which he inhabits."

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The Astor Markhor, of north-western Kashmir dwells within sight of Mt. Rakaposhi (25,000 feet), Mt. Godwin Austen (28,250), and Mt. Masherbrum (26,600).

Astor Markhor.
The king of wild goats.

It is the finest of all wild goats, and in every respect is a very picturesque creature. Its jet-black horns rise jauntily from the forehead, then sweep backward and outward, twisting as they go, until they make a complete turn, or even two turns, and attain a length of from 48 *to* 60 *inches!* Under its neck hangs an astonishing mane of creamy-yellow hair a foot long, and the body coat, also, is long and shaggy.

But you can find several pairs of horns of Astor Markhor without discovering even a trace of the wonderful screw-horns of the Suleiman Markhor of Afghanistan. I have known men to place standing orders, and wait and search for years, without securing a pair. Having looked from William Street to Hamburg, and written to northern India for three years, but all in vain, at last I acknowledged that if ever a pair came to me it would come by favor, and not by purchase. And then Friendship took hold of the case.

One day the briefest of all correspondents wrote me a letter, from London. He said: "I sent you yesterday some fine Markhor horns. B/L enclosed."

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That was positively all; but it was a wonderfully complete letter. I doubt if ever I see its like again; and the box fully justified the letter. The horns of the Suleiman Markhor seem to me the oddest and most desirable horns in the world; and if I could have but one pair out of the whole horned world, I think I would choose that kind—after the Siberian argali, the kudu, the Alaskan moose, wapiti, and arni. But they are by no means immense. They are 27⅜ inches long, 10 inches in circumference, and the tips spread 19 inches. There are just eighteen other pairs on record.

The horns of most other wild goats than the Markhor are rather insignificant. Excepting the Persian wild goat, which is really an ibex, the horns of the others are short, small, and plain. But the ibexes are different.

The Siberian Ibex (*Capra siberica*) is the largest species of its genus, and the one most heavily horned. It dwells in western Mongolia, and is a superb creature. The largest horns in my allotment measure 45½ inches, and are very massive, but they are not nearly so perfect or so beautiful as the somewhat smaller pair shown herewith.

My handsomest ibex horns are from the head of a kingly Alpine Ibex (*Capra ibex*). The great size and absolute perfection of the knobs which rise on the front edge are particularly striking and unusual. There are others which are longer than these, but all things considered, I am reconciled to the fact that the longest on record, owned by the King of Italy, measure 44⅝ inches in length, while mine measure only 26½ inches.

The horns of the Nubian Ibex (*Capra nubiana*) are recognizable at once by the perfect flatness of their inner surface, and rounded outside surface rather feebly studded with knobs. My largest pair is much too small, being only 38 inches long; whereas the largest of record has the grand length of 51 inches.

(4) Africa is poorly furnished with wild sheep and ibex, and in deer that continent escapes total destitution only by the rare presence of one species in the Barbary States. In antelopes, however, her riches are almost beyond belief. The species number 133, and the variations in size, form, color, and horns are fairly bewildering. The big eland, weighing perhaps 1,500 pounds, is the largest; the sable antelope is the handsomest, the snake-necked gerenuk is the oddest. The Uganda duiker is the smallest. It is from 10 to 12 inches high at the shoulders, and its horns are 1½ inches long.

The Kudu is as large as a big European red deer stag, and in my opinion its horns are the most graceful and beautiful of all horns. In kudu horns, especially, length is of secondary importance in comparison with other features. A perfect pair must have a deep spiral, good thickness at the base, perfect symmetry, and must not spread too widely at the tips. I have owned several pairs, and seen a-many, but to me the pair figured herewith possesses unusual beauty and desirability. I value it at double the estimate for horns that are longer, but spread too widely at the tips, and are too straight for perfect beauty. They measure 54 inches along the curve, 39 inches in a straight line from base to tip, 18½ inches between tips, and 10¾ in basal circumference.

The largest pair of kudu horns recorded in Mr. Rowland Ward's book is that owned by Mr. E. W. Thompson, and its measurements are 63 inches on the curve, 48½ straight measurement, circumference 12½, and between tips 49 inches.

In Africa the Kudu is now so rarely captured that, although greatly desired alive, it has almost disappeared from zoological gardens.

The severely straight horns of the Gemsbok (*Oryx gazella*) are quite satisfactory as to length, but one cannot help thinking how much handsomer they would be if Nature had curved them in any one of a dozen ways that were open to her. They are not at all beautiful, but they have their uses; and in fighting off leopards, hyenas, and wild dogs they are quite effective. The longest gemsbok horns have a length of 47½ inches.

The splendid Sable Antelope (*Hippotragus niger*) is, for its size, the proudest-looking and most showy of all hoofed animals. Its shoulders are very high, its neck and head are still higher, and its fine semicircle of horns fitly cap the climax of a very haughty animal. Its name is derived from its glossy-black coat. Its horns describe considerably more than one-third of a circle, in almost as true an arc as an en-

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gineer could draw with a pair of dividers. They are strongly and evenly ringed, from the base to within a few inches of the tip.

I could figure a pair that for length and size stand well up toward the head of the record list (45½ inches on curve), but for symmetry and beauty they do not compare with a smaller pair. A horn may be so large as to be awe-inspiring, but if it lacks symmetry and beauty, why make too much of it?

(5) The making of a good collection of deer antlers is a serious matter. The antlers of the members of the Deer Family—in which the moose and caribou are included—call upon the collector for abundant wall space, a long purse, and some judgment in making selections.

The rarest of all deer antlers are those of David's Deer, formerly of north-eastern China, but as to its wild state it is now said by an official of the Royal Household at Pekin to be totally extinct. In captivity there are now about nineteen individuals, and the margin between that species and total extinction is very narrow.

David's Deer is an animal of unusual interest. It is as large as the red deer of Europe, of a bluish-gray color, and it is possessed of a long, gnu-like tail. As a rule, each antler has two main beams, one of which is very long and reaches far back, and another thrusts forward and divides half-way up into two branches of nearly equal length. Whenever seen, these antlers are instantly recognizable; but I have known two good collectors to seek them diligently for several years without obtaining a single pair. In the interest of the writer, Captain Thomas Golding, of the steamer *Afridi*, ransacked the sea-ports of China and Japan, one voyage after another, without even hearing of a pair. Mr. Frederick Sauter finally had an expert carver of Stuttgart carve a pair in wood, in exact facsimile of a pair in the museum of that city.

But in no legitimate game of life does luck figure more effectively as a factor than in the pursuit of horns. A man with many enemies always needs a long purse; but good-will often wins horns when money fails ignominiously. I rejoice in the possession of a pair of antlers of David's Deer; and besides these, and the pair recently acquired by Mr. Gilfort, I believe there are no others in America. Naturally, I class them with the rarest of the rare.

As deer antlers go, I think those of the Thameng, or Eld's Deer, of Burma (*Cervus eldi*) have the oddest shape. The main beam sweeps back *à la* Barren Ground caribou, but the brow tine thrusts straight forward, fully twelve inches from the burr, before it curves up. While the antlers are in the velvet, and only about a month along, the 10-inch brow tine and 10-inch main beam growing in opposite directions from the burr, and both of a pinkish-yellow color, give the wearer a very odd appearance.

About nineteen persons out of every twenty find it difficult to believe that such long and massive antlers as those of moose, caribou, elk, and sambar actually are dropped every year, and completely renewed. But this is one of the commonest and most easily-proven facts in natural history. The antlers of the American elk, fifty inches long, grow out to their full length in about four months, sometimes adding to their length at the rate of half an inch per day.

The shedding and renewal of deer antlers take place in the breeding season, and when the young are born the stags are practically powerless to molest them. In view of the quarrelsome and domineering temper of nearly every adult male deer when his horns are new and in fighting trim, no wiser provision could have been made for the immunity of helpless does and fawns.

It is not strange that the desire for the horns and heads of great game animals should at times be catered to by the American fakir, whom, like the poor of holy writ, we have with us always. But, fortunately for honest people, the "faking" of horns is in most cases impossible. It is decidedly risky to the party of the first part, and almost certain to be found out. Two young taxidermists of my acquaintance once came to grief by a clumsy and foolish attempt at grafting one pair of elk antlers upon another to secure great length of beam. Faked "death-lock" antlers are becoming so common that no collector need be without a pair. Whenever a pair is offered you for inspection, note whether or not the opposing antlers have rubbed each other at their points of contact. If they have not, then the antlers were interlocked by the interposition of hot water and wooden wedges.

It is becoming rather common for *Ovis poli* horns from Tibet to be mounted by

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using "scalps" of the white sheep of Alaska. This is so cheap a fraud it is a wonder that any man will, through it, deliberately throw away his reputation. And yet, one case of that kind occurred in Chicago, and quite recently another broke out in Colorado.

The drollest of all faked horns, however, appeared in a New York magazine about four years ago. An enterprising assistant subeditor, having more ink than experience, decided he would make up an article about "Big-Game Hunting with a Camera." So he obtained a *nom de plume*, a lot of animal photographs taken in the New York and Washington Zoological Parks, some ink, pens, and paper, mixed them thoroughly, and made an article. It was an unqualified thriller, and the climax came to his adventures borne on the *horns* of a *female* white-tailed deer! He related that after several daily pettings of the fawn of the aforesaid doe—while she was gadding about making calls—she suddenly returned to her flat, caught him unawares, charged him repeatedly, smashed his (imaginary) camera, and in her final charge missed him and *buried her horns in a tree!*

It was pitiful.

A good collection of deer antlers reveals many things that furnish food for thought. Here is one:

Before me, in a place of honor, hang a long, wide-spreading, and massive pair of elk antlers which represent a remarkable fact in natural history. Every person in America might look long at them, and see in them only a fine pair of head ornaments from the forehead of a big Wyoming elk, about ten years old. No doubt many a visitor has found it difficult to believe that those antlers came not from a Wyoming Elk, but from an Elk of the Altai Mountains, in Central Asia. Fully 7,000 miles separate the Wapiti of the Altai from the Wapiti of Wyoming; but if twenty living specimens of each were united in one herd, the only characters on which they might be separated correctly would be the cold, steel-gray color of the Asiatic animals in slight contrast with the warmer body color of their American relatives. The utmost that can be conceded to the Altai Wapiti is that it is a subspecies of the longer-known animal of America.

The antlers of the Old World deer of the temperate zone form a progressive series. Starting with the small antlers of the Red Deer of Scotland, where *Cervus elaphus* reaches its lowest ebb, the size gradually increases to the robust Red Deer of Germany. Beyond that we find the distinctly larger and handsomer, but very similar, Maral Deer of the Caucasus. The transition from the big Maral Deer to the Altai Wapiti, of western Mongolia, is natural and easy. After that, however, we are confronted by a gap 7,000 miles wide between the Altai and American Wapiti—two species which are as much alike as two bronze elk that have been cast in the same mould. The close relationship—if not even the absolute identity—of the two Wapiti, is unmistakable; and the only question is, how did the great break become so wide and so absolute after the original migration from Central Asia?

It is fairly certain that the Wapiti originated in Central Asia, for we see offshoots radiating into Europe, America, and India. The Kashmir Stag (*C. cashmirianus*), the Yarkand Stag (*C. yarcandensis*), the Shou (*C. affinis*), and the Indian Sambar (*C. unicolor*), surely are direct lineal descendants of the Altai Wapiti—no more, no less. And here is another point:

While nearly all the deer of the Old World are tied together by visible cords of relationship, the White-Tailed Deer of North and Middle America seem to stand quite alone. Their antlers drop far forward, and their branches grow straight up from them like new shoots rising from a horizontal parent stem.

The antlers of our Mule Deer, or Rocky Mountain "Black-Tail," are a puzzle. In their architecture they strongly resemble those of the Swamp Deer of India (*Cervus duvauceli*), but the latter have greater length. At present, the deer of many portions of Mexico, Central and South America are very imperfectly known; and if American sportsmen and travellers in those regions will but take the trouble to collect antlers (with or without skulls), carefully labelled as to their localities, much light would be shed on what is now a dark subject.

A collection of antlers of American deer, ranging from the tiny Guemal of Chili, with a beam length of only $4\frac{5}{8}$ inches, to the largest White-Tailed Deer of Minnesota,

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reveals a marvellously perfect chain of development, or retrogression, whichever way it may be viewed. South of Texas and northern Mexico the antlers of all deer rapidly diminish in size and points. The horns of the genus *Odocoileus* (the White-Tailed Deer) culminate in Minnesota. The Mule Deer grows largest in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, but in southern Alaska the true Black-Tailed Deer (of the Pacific Coast only) diminishes to a comparatively insignificant animal, with antlers that are small and weak.

The South American deer generally are very little known, and their antlers are rare in most horn collections with which I am acquainted. Those of the Chilian Guemal are so uncommon that Mr. RowlandWard's horn book does not record even one pair. The specimen figured herewith was collected in Chili by Mr. Robert Gilfort, of Orange, N. J., whose horn collection is wonderfully full, and very nearly complete for the horned animals of the entire world.

During the past twenty-five years or more the best-antlered Moose of Canada, Maine, and New Brunswick have been diligently shot out; and this special selection—for destruction—has resulted in a steady deterioration in the antlers of the Moose of those regions. So strikingly large were the largest of the bull Moose recently killed in Alaska, the animals of that region have been accorded rank as a new species, based solely on the size of the largest males.

I think it is absolutely certain that the continued killing of the finest and best-antlered elk, moose, caribou, and deer, leaving only immature stock to breed from, will soon result in animals with small antlers, and of smaller size than the herd kings of thirty years ago. If I am not mistaken, we will shortly witness, on account of head-hunting, a marked decrease in the height, weight, and general excellence of the elk of the Yellowstone Park. It is now a difficult matter to buy specimens of European red deer that are large, lusty, heavy-horned animals.

The Woodland Caribou of Maine, Newfoundland, and eastern Canada generally, we long have known; but the big Woodland Caribou of the North-west are a revelation of but yesterday. Between Revelstoke and Cook Inlet three new species have been described, all large, heavily antlered and commanding. They are the Mountain Caribou of Revelstoke, Osborn's Caribou of the Stickine River country, and the Kenai Caribou of the Kenai Peninsula and northward thereof. In size they all surpass the caribou of eastern Canada, almost as the moose surpasses the elk.

After two years of effort to secure antlers of the large species of Alaskan Caribou, and vain appeals to museums for even one pair in exchange, a pair from the head of the king of Alaskan Caribou fell to me as if from the clouds. They came from the Kenai Peninsula; they outmeasure nearly all other antlers of American Caribou that have thus far been recorded, and their dimensions are as follows: Length, 58¼ inches; widest spread, 39½ inches; between tips, 30¼ inches; circumference above first tine, 8⅛ inches; weight, 33 pounds; points, 40.

After all has been said about the horns of the world's greatest horned animals, there are positively none that equal in impressiveness the gigantic mass that crowns the head of a really big Alaskan Moose. Take them *in situ*, as the geologists say, on the head of their rightful owner, and in length, breadth, and thickness they inspire in the mind of every intelligent human being a feeling of genuine awe. I do not see how even an intelligent dog or horse can behold a pair of 70-inch moose antlers without being profoundly impressed. The antler springs horizontally from an upper corner of the head, on a stem of solid bone that is like the trunk of a hickory sapling. A foot or so from the burr it throws off toward the front, quite gratuitously as it were, two or three big spears of bone that are of much use in a fight. As soon as there is room for real development, the main stem flattens out into an enormous slab of bone, perhaps two inches in thickness, from twelve to eighteen inches wide, and from two to three feet long. This is the "palmation," and a very appropriate name it is, too; for in the centre it is hollowed like a human palm, and studded along its upper edge with from six to twelve fingers and thumbs of solid bone.

In sheer exuberance of strength, and excess of horn material, an Alaskan moose antler occasionally throws off from the lower surface of its palm, or it may be from the front of the beam, a big, rugged spur-root of bone, which always has an extra-

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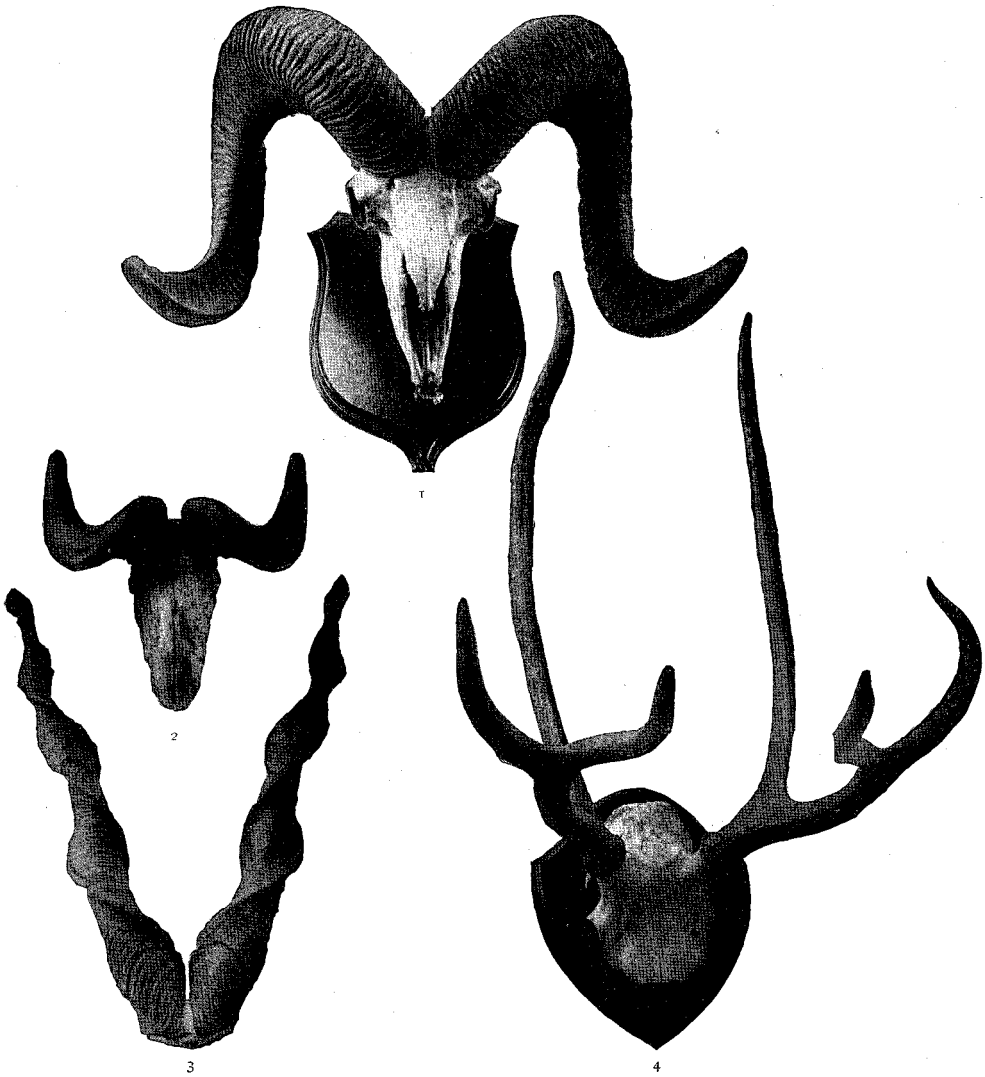

The rarest of the rare.

1. Littledale's Sheep (*Ovis siarensis*) from western Mongolia. 2. The Takin (*Budorcas taxicolor*) from south-western China 3. Suleiman Markhor (*Capra falconeri jerdoni*) from eastern Afghanistan. 4. Père David's Deer (*Cervus davidianus*). Formerly of China; now extinct throughout its native range.

impressive effect on the beholder. The largest antlers of Alaskan Moose are in the Field Museum, at Chicago. They have a spread of 78½ inches, and weigh 93½ pounds.

Naturally, a mounted head of a big male Alaskan Moose is a costly luxury to purchase, a ponderously heavy thing to handle and to hang, but a soul-filler when finally installed. For such a specimen, Mr. William Barbour paid $700; and to hang it securely he had bolts passed entirely through the wall of his house. In the American Museum, a moose head that was being taken down to be photographed fell upon one of the workmen and killed him.

The passage of the Alaskan game law, prohibiting the killing of big game for commercial purposes, has effectually estopped the wholesale slaughter of Moose for heads to sell, and at the same time has greatly enhanced the cash value of all Alaskan moose heads outside the pale of the law. It is no longer possible for one house to bring together in New York, as was done two years

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ago, *twenty* mounted heads, ten of which were said to have a spread of seventy inches or more!

The price in New York or London of a pair of moose antlers with a wing expanse of seventy inches or more varies from $200 to $500, and fully-mounted heads with such antlers bring from $100 to $200 more, provided they are well mounted and in perfect pelage. The collector who can "point with pride" to a pair of moose antlers exceeding seventy inches in spread can well afford to rest from his labors, so far as Moose are concerned.

With but very few exceptions, the really big moose heads have been killed by Indians or white "professional" hunters. So rare are such heads, even in Alaska, no gentleman sportsman can hope to take out a license for two Moose only, and have the luck to fall in with a genuine giant on short notice and according to law.

No matter how much the scientific side of horn collecting may appeal to a lover of big game, no collector with red blood in his veins can resist the desire for rarities which springs eternal in the human breast.

Things of great rarity always are more interesting than those which are common; and the spice of every collection is found in the specimens which are either unique or at least very uncommon. It is but natural, therefore, that everyone who begins to form a representative series of big-game horns should sooner or later succumb to the inevitable, and go chasing after rarities. Nevertheless, in view of the fact that an interest in horns is usually only a phase of paramount interest in their wearers, no collector need apologize for the weakness of rarity seeking.

In viewing a collection of horns, one always desires to know which are its greatest rarities. The eagle-eyed collector soon knows without having asked. To my friends who are interested in the examples that have come into my possession, I take pleasure in pointing out the horns of Père David's Deer, the Suleiman Markhor, the Takin, Littledale's Sheep, the Black Sheep, the East Siberian Moose (*Alces bedfordiæ*, entirely devoid of palmation), the Kenai Caribou, and the Chilian Guemal. The Takin (*Budorcas taxicolor*) is a large goat-like animal, with some points of resemblance to the bovine antelopes, and it inhabits the Tibetan slope of the Himalayas. It is as large as a yearling buffalo, but "it does not appear that Takin ever have been killed by English sportsmen, and specimens are very rare in collections." (Ward's "Records of Big Game," fourth edition, 1903.)

Up to this moment, by perhaps nineteen horn collectors out of every twenty, horns are priced and valued by their length and size, rather than by their symmetry and beauty. This is about as wise as it would be to select men and women on the same basis. I once heard of an astute individual who proposed that buffalo heads be judged by the size and spread of their horns, the "record" to be held by the one with the largest horn measurements, regardless of pelage.

In horns, size is indeed a factor of prime importance; but it is by no means the only one to be considered. Full account should be taken of texture, symmetry color, and general perfection of form. Some collectors pay high prices for "freak" antlers. A few such specimens, by way of illustration, are not bad; but carried beyond one decimal place they are (to one man at least) an abomination. Why collect misshapen horn monstrosities any more than misbegotten books, pictures, and statues?

Indeed, it is quite time for horn fanciers to admit that in the selecting of horns there is something to consider quite apart from the dictum of the tape. At present the tape is a fetich that often obscures the true principles of horn selection.

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LETTERS AND DIARIES OF GEORGE BANCROFT

EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

I

STUDENT DAYS IN EUROPE

THE advantage of being born in a year of so round a number as 1800 is that the events of a lifetime and the dates of their occurrence are readily related to each other. In 1800 George Bancroft was born; in 1817 he graduated at Harvard College, at the age of seventeen; in 1891 he died at the age of ninety-one. The intervening years were filled with activities of great variety and importance. The following pages will be devoted to extracts from the profuse journals and letters written during the four years of his early European study, 1818-1822.

It was an act of pioneer adventure for any young New Englander in 1818 to go to Europe to round out his education. Bancroft was not the first of the pioneer band, for Edward Everett, George Ticknor, and Joseph W. Cogswell were his seniors in point both of years and of foreign study. Bancroft's opportunity to go was no mere gift of fortune, but a direct result of the capacity for scholarship revealed during his college years. His father was the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, a minister of slender means and large family, well known as the author of a popular life of Washington, and as a leader in the Unitarian movement which rent New England Congregationalism asunder. His son George must naturally have made his own way at home, but for the interest taken in his intellectual welfare and the infant cause of American letters by President Kirkland, Edward Everett, Prof. Andrews Norton, and others. His own appreciation of what was done for him is generously expressed in a letter to his father from Berlin (October 20, 1820) from which the following sentences are quoted: "From the earliest years of childhood, from the moment of entering with you the chaise that was to take us to Exeter, I have met with benefactors and friends. The benevolence of an uncle whom I delight to reverence and love, assisted me in the years of college life, and as I was entering on more advanced studies under narrow and discouraging circumstances, I have been enabled to visit the first universities of Europe. This is heart-moving and exalting. Encouragement, such as I have received, must give a new impulse to exertion, and I feel as if something more than a moderate degree of usefulness may hereafter be justly demanded of me. When I return I shall be willing to serve in any station, to which those, to whom I owe so much, may think most suitable for me."

With the financial provision secured for him by President Kirkland, with letters of introduction to German scholars, and with what proved to be a rare personal power of forming and sustaining relations of friendship with his elders, George Bancroft sailed from Boston, June 27, 1818. His destination was the University of Georgia Augusta at Göttingen. The reader need not be reminded that the experiences related in the ensuing passages befell a young man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two.

One of his first letters written in Europe between his landing and his arrival at Göttingen was addressed to the friend to whom seventeen years later he wrote: "It was your advice to our excellent Kirkland, which carried me to Germany; it was your letters which made me friends there, taught me how to keep in the ruts, and how to profit by my opportunities."

To Edward Everett,

LEYDEN, August 14, 1818.

DEAR SIR:—

Many, very many thanks I return to you for your kind letters. They leave me nothing to desire, and nothing to fear. One delay having succeeded another, the autumn

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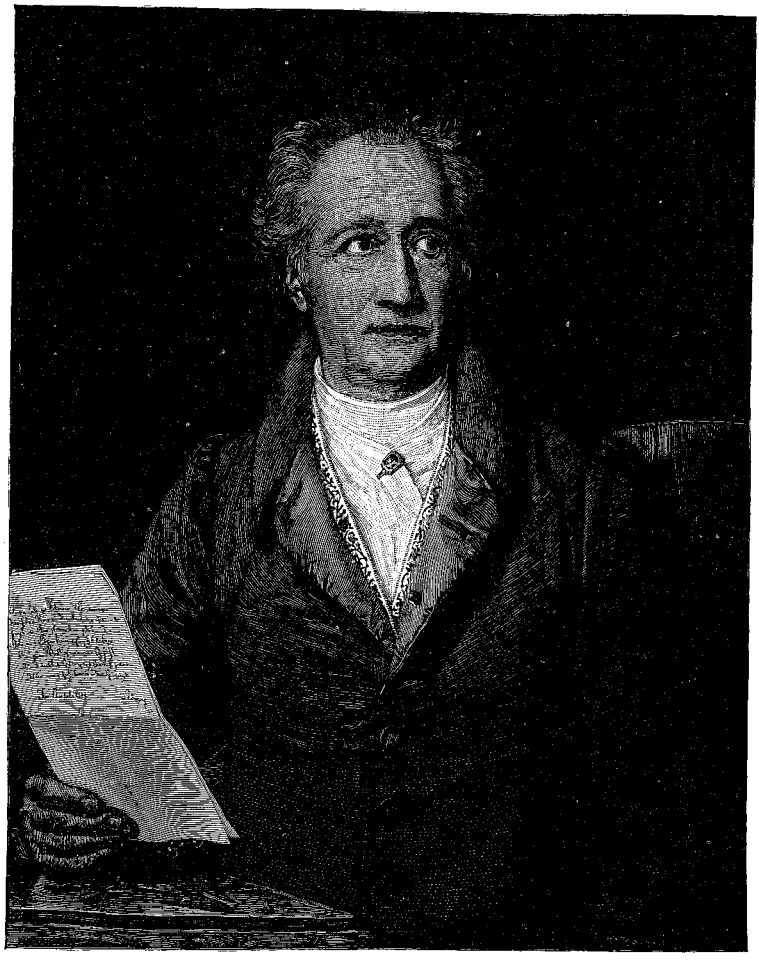

Goethe.
Engraved by M. Haider after a painting by Stieler.

instead of the spring finds me actually on my way to Göttingen, & to you may I look for advice to regulate my conduct & studies? The important question with me is, How can I pass three years at the Georgia Augusta to the greatest advantage? The first object should be the general improvement of the mind & the second the acquisition of good learning. My course of studies must also be regulated by the expectations & desires of my friends at home, & by a consideration of what will most contribute to rendering me useful on my return. The wishes of Dr. Kirkland, so far as they are expressed, would be superior to all other considerations. These, however, he has never very fully communicated. In his letters which he has given me for Professor Eichhorn, he observes of me that "his friends wish him to attend especially to Philology, the ancient languages & Oriental, literature, that he may thus be qualified to pursue theological studies to the greatest benefit, to give instruction as any opening may occur & invite, & become an accomplished philologian & Biblical Critic, able to expound & defend the oracles of God." Dr. Kirkland has also told me, that I must not give my time so exclusively to critical studies as to unfit myself for a clergyman, since it is at least doubtful whether the University will ever have occasion to demand of me any services.

The primary object of my studies must

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therefore be, to gain the three ancient languages, & I hope that a few hours, won from leisure & repose will give me such of the modern as are worth the labour of acquiring.

One thing I must confess with regret. When in college I had no idea, that I should ever be able to devote my life to literary labours, & the classics did not obtain so much of my time as I could now wish. Of Hebrew I knew little beyond the letters, & cannot read with ease the higher Greek authors.

The kindness of my friends places at my disposal $700 per ann. At Göttingen Dr. K. assured me, that $500 or perhaps less would place me in a respectable & comfortable situation for the year.

If you have leisure, & are willing to lend me your counsels, I pray you, believe I do not fear labour, nor am I fond of expense. I wish to live an useful life, as I believe I shall a happy one. . . .

On the 14th of August the young student found himself in Göttingen. The next morning he presented his first letter of introduction. "I found Mr. Benecke," says the journal, "the Patron in chief of all students who speak English only, to be a friendly man, of about fifty, under whose auspices I found myself two days after established in my little dominions. [A letter to one of his sisters describes his two comfortable rooms "in a fine wide street, the first in the city," his simple fare and manner of life.] Under his care I study the German Language, spending an hour privatissimé each day with him; and it was at first quite amusing to me to see how careful he was in observing the second when the hour had elapsed, and how uneasy and even disturbed he is when I am rude enough to stay a moment beyond the time. I must rise and fly at the instant, when the hand of time is on the point of the hour, even if in the midst of a line, aye, or of a long word."

The presentation of letters to Gauss, the astronomer, and Blumenbach, the physiologist, took place within a few days. By each the newcomer was hospitably received. Meanwhile the diary records diligent reading of Schiller and Goethe. "I am only more & more astonished at the indecency & immorality of the latter. He appears to prefer to represent vice as lovely & exciting sympathy, than virtue, & would rather take for his heroine a prostitute or a profligate, than give birth to that purity of thought & loftiness of soul, which it is the peculiar duty of the poet to raise, by connecting his inventions with the actions of heroes, & embodying in verse the merits of the benefactors of mankind."

August 30. . . . This evening again have I been with Prof. Blumenbach and family. They are kind to me indeed. The Professor spoke of Goethe. He (Goethe) is a large stout man of about seventy, fond of amusement & mirth, fonder of eating & drinking, and notwithstanding his love of good company & good living, possessed of a great deal of majesty & form. Beside his works in poetry & *belles-lettres*, he has written on mineralogy, on botany, & lately published a very voluminous work in three vols. upon optics. The object of this treatise was to annihilate Sir Isaac Newton, & his theory; but, alas! it fell stillborn from the press, excited no attention, gained not even one opposer, call [ed] forth not one refutation. The reviewers bestowed only five or six lines upon it, lamenting that men would write books on subjects about which they are profoundly ignorant. The poor man, who had hoped to crown his fame by this, was wofully disappointed & mortified.

Madame B., in whose hands I had put Prof. Frisbie's Inaugural Address, expressed great and real satisfaction with the work, particularly admiring & approving the remarks upon the German writers. I had, during the week, received a letter of introduction to Prof. B. from Mr. Everett, which was charmingly written. They applauded it to the skies, & Fräulein B. insisted that it was *sehr göttlich*.

September 9. . . . This evening I for the first time visited Prof. Dissen, so celebrated for his learning & genius. He is a short man, extremely near-sighted, wonderfully learned, very kind & obliging, & has offered me his good counsel, whenever I shall need them. He spoke of my countryman Prof. Everett. He (Prof. E.), when here, set no bounds to his industry. He allowed himself no more than six hours for sleep, & devoted the whole of the day to study. At first he employed some time with the Oriental Languages, but afterwards devoted himself almost exclusively

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to philology, & became exceedingly learned. Besides this, he had a vast number of acquaintances in Germany, & during the vacations, he visited the principal cities, particularly Weimar, Dresden, Berlin, &c. He also used the very best instructors, sparing no labour or expense in improving his mind & acquiring good learning. . . .

September 13. . . . I have seen Eichhorn today, for the first time. He is old, yet stout & hearty; very strong built, of fine proportions, broad shoulders, tall enough, with a fine open countenance, goodnatured in his manners, & familiar. He reached me his hand very cordially, enquired particularly about my accommodations, and the manner of securing the best and bade me come & see him very often. He enquired about the system of studies I must pursue, & on my stating my wishes on this subject, he invited me at once to attend his lectures, & promised me the best place in his lecture room. He spoke of America, that she was now making gigantick strides in improvement, & added with a wink, that she was much dreaded by England. He repeated his invitation to visit him very often, saying he was well acquainted with the American gentlemen who have resided here, particularly with Mr. Everett, for whom he has the highest regard.

October 1. I have been for some days a regularly matriculated student of the University of Göttingen. On the 22nd of September I obtained my *Matrikel*. The process of procuring it is very simple. The doors of the University stand ever open; & all are invited to the rich banquet of learning. Nothing is necessary toward becoming a member of the institution, except to give your name, your country, the occupation of your father, & the studies to which you will devote yourself; on this being known, a paper is immediately handed you, by which you become entitled to all the privileges and rights of a citizen of the Georgia Augusta. At the same time you shake hands with the Prorector, by which form you are understood to promise that you will obey the laws of the University. There is particular mention made in the *Matrikel* of duelling, of directly resenting an injury, instead of appealing to the proper authorities, of the preservation of a good character, & pure morals, of the associations called *Landsmannschafter*, & of appearing always in decent clothing. The fees amount to about one Louis d'or. The present Prorector is Consistorial-Rath Pott. He appeared particularly pleased on my declaring myself an American, and pointing to the name last entered in his book, which happened to be the name of a Grecian, bade me notice from what distant parts of the globe there were representatives at Göttingen. He then very particularly requested me to visit him, adding that he should have then detained me to hold a conversation with me, but he was involved in business and duties of his office.

October 2. . . . Behold, I have seen a wonder! A learned woman, modest, & who once might have been handsome; a learned woman, Doctor of Philosophy, Master of Arts, & one of the best informed *men* in the place.

Old Slüzer,* who died some ten years ago, was a stern republican abroad & very naturally a tyrant in his own house. (He wrote a very admirable book on the coins of the Russian Empire.) Well—this man married—his wife became pregnant, he was mightily rejoiced, felt sure it was a boy, boasted of the circumstance to his friends, & destined the young man in his own mind for a scholar. His wife was brought to bed, & behold, a little miss came to light. The Professor, however, nought intimidated, still clung to his resolution, & determined to show the world that a woman could master the classics as well as anyone. He accordingly educated her completely as a boy, employing her constantly with her books. As she was really possessed of a vast deal of mind, she made great proficiency, & he determined that she should join the University. This she actually did; attending lectures, going like the rest of the students with her portfolio under her arm, and differing from them only in this, that she was exceedingly handsome, & wore petticoats. Her conduct, however, was so perfectly pure & modest, that she never received the least indignity, nor was her character ever impeached. After becoming in this [way] uncommonly learned her father said she must take a degree. This, too, she did, acquitting herself undoubtedly with great honour in the latin extemporary disputation & of course received, *bona fide*, a doctor's degree.

* Presumably August Ludwig von Schlözer, 1735–1809.

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Shortly after this, to escape this unnatural mode of life, she married & removed to Lübeck; her husband failed to a large amount, & she removed to Göttingen. Here she lives at present, & was visited a great deal, but now she is getting on in life, & on account of frequent ill health sees not much company. In her character & conversation she is irreproachable & from a long acquaintance with her, I am told, one would never hear from her a word that would betray her learning.

To the Rev. Aaron Bancroft

Oct. 3d, 1818.

MY DEAR FATHER:—

. . . The University has no splendid public buildings—economy is the order of the day. Nothing is spent in vain, and since a plain building will answer as well as any other to hold their Library, they think it better to spend their gold in collecting new books than in ornament and display. Notwithstanding all this, every thing that is necessary for the purpose of instruction, or the dignity of the Institution is procured at once, without hesitation or meanness in the use of money. They have a grand botanical garden, an anatomical Hall, an admirable observatory, superintended by one of the best astronomers in the world, several hospitals for the poor and sick, by means of which excellent Physicians are educated, a museum (though not very good), and a library of more than two hundred thousand volumes. This is by no means all. They have a large body of learned and powerful men collected here, men of talents, ardour and miraculous industry, and by these is this fine instrument put in motion. There are about fifty Professors, and every one of them laborious and learned, besides a vast number of doctors who are about twenty-four or thirty years old, and who are attached to the University and take part in instruction in every department. In addition to this, there are several instructors in each of the modern languages, and who are not so immediately a part of the University as the former. There are then at Göttingen about eighty regularly educated men, many of them in the very first rank of men, such as do honour, not only to their country, but their species, all of them thoroughly learned in the strictest sense of the term, and superior in this respect to anything we have in America. Besides this number of eighty who are engaged in the weighty affairs of science, there are a large number (as I have just said) who teach the modern languages and accomplishments of that kind; and, yet further, regularly appointed masters of fencing, riding and dancing &c.; of all this vast number I can take my choice, & accordingly I have selected the best in each of those departments to which I devote myself. . . .

October 3. . . . Wolf, the Greek Professor at Berlin, is perhaps the greatest scholar in Germany; & as such one hears his name incessantly repeated & with terms of the highest admiration. His character as a man is an entirely different affair, & a thing which never comes into consideration, when he is spoken of as a scholar. . . . He treated his wife in so shocking a manner, that she was obliged to obtain a separation, in which state she now lives. He has a daughter also. This poor girl he would often keep up very late at night reading Homer to him, while he lay in bed; & if the unhappy creature happened to nod a little towards twelve or one o'clock, he would give her a violent box on the ear. The consequence of this was that she took the first opportunity to elope with a young Prussian officer.

Wolf is now quite old. Of course his days of most active exertion are past. He now does little or nothing. The salary which he receives as Professor, he procures without giving much in return. He announces that he will read lectures on this & that author, but he merely makes a beginning, reads for a week or two, & then makes a journey. A short time ago he gave out that he would read no lectures at all, & was actually determined to trouble himself no more about them. The Prussian Government, however, interfered, & told him that if he read no lectures he should receive no salary. "Well," said he, "if it must be done—I dine from two to three; so I will read a lecture from 3 to 4, just to assist digestion."

October 9. Michaelis* was an avaricious old man, & his passion for money was in no degree inferior to his passion for fame. It is the custom for the poor students to go to the professors, & request, on account of

*Johann David Michaelis, biblical scholar and professor at Göttingen. Died 1791.

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their extreme poverty, the permission of hearing their lectures without paying the fee, which is one Louis d'or. A poor fellow one day went to Michaelis for this purpose, & thought, as he was going to visit so famous a man, he must dress particularly fine. Accordingly, he put on a pair of silver shoe buckles, & sallied forth on his expedition. On making his request, Michaelis answered by pointing to his shoe-buckles, saying he could sell those, & with the money pay the *honorarium;* "or rather," added he, "you may leave them with me, & I will accept of them as the fee." This the student actually did, & after leaving him, went to one of his friends, a gentleman since become very celebrated, & complained of the barbarous treatment he had received. The gentleman immediately took out of his pocket a louis d'or, & bade the scholar give that to Michaelis with his compliments & demand back the buckles. The poor fellow received the money with the utmost thankfulness; & went directly to the Professor, delivered the message, gave him the gold, & reclaimed his beloved buckles.

Michaelis always exacted the fee for his lectures; & defended himself by saying he was not avaricious, but it was his opinion the poor had better be kept at their own proper business, & not come starving & begging to the University.

October 25. . . . Today, also, I dined with Professor Eichhorn: a very particular & distinguished favour. In Göttingen one does not give dinners; it costs too much money & too much time. The venerable old man, however, invited me to dine with him today, & at the same time to make him [me?] acquainted with his beloved. The company consisted of 3 professors & another gentleman, who was apparently one of the family, or a very near relation. I will just mention the order of dishes, to give an idea of a German dinner. First, soup was given round; this, of course, was followed by boiled meat; then appeared sour-crout with bacon & a sort of ball made of meat & spices; then came fish, & after this a roasted fowl; all with proper sauces, but of vegetables there were few, according to the German custom. For the desert, first cake of a most superior order, then little puffs, then grapes and apples. The whole dinner was accompanied with various sorts of low wines, though of quite a superior quality.

To Mrs. Lucretia Bancroft.

GÖTTINGEN, November 25.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

. . . Pray can you find me out in this dark city? My kingdom is situated in the widest street of the Town, in the largest house in that street on the third story. It is about the same size as Eliza's chamber, only a little higher, and I have with it a small bedchamber as large as the adjoining one—Mary's chamber as you call'd it in old times. I rise before five in the morning, though in this high Northern region the sun does not get [up] till very late. On rising I find my stove already warm and the room comfortable, and a pot of coffee on the table. I drink at once a cup of this, and so on at intervals of half an hour till all is gone. At seven I go to my drawer and cut me from my brown loaf a piece of bread and butter. This lasts me till dinner which, as you already know, is brought to me and is a solitary meal. After dinner the Germans drink coffee again. The evening is the time for visits, that is to say if anyone has an inclination to visit, and friends who will be glad to see him. If one will study, however, in the evening, bread & butter and a cup of tea is his repast, and he can labour very well on a light stomach. There are several places also to which the students very frequently go to eat something warm in the evening. At these places they eat as if they were eating the passover, "with their hats on their heads, their staves in their hands, and they eat in haste." If anyone takes off his hat (or rather his cap, for we wear a sort of cloth cap), or shews the least air of a gentleman, the rest of the students begin hooting at the poor criminal. At these houses it costs very little to get a supper, and many of the scholars in consequence go there very frequently. A very agreeable way of passing an hour of the evening is to call on one of the married Professors. There, instead of sitting round the table and drinking tea like Christians, as we do in America, I have a cup of tea brought to me by the youngest daughter of the Lady whom I visit. She pours me out one cup at a time, brings me this in one hand and sugar and cream in the other. This is drank, with a little bit of bread and butter. We wait perhaps half an hour, and then obtain a second cup; and so on for an hour. In the mean

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time the Ladies sew or knit, even though it be Sunday night, and the young men talk to them. In a large tea party the manner is somewhat changed. A maid servant brings round tea as with us—cake also, and what will perhaps surprise you, they also put on the salver with tea a bottle of rum—yes, my dear mother, of *rum*, a substance which the old ladies find tastes very well in tea. The Balls here are always on Sunday Evening. I have been to one out of curiosity, and seen there not only dances common among us, but also waltzing—an affair carried on in great style throughout all Germany. They do not require of me to dance in consideration of my being a foreigner and a student. . . .

February 27, 1819. . . . A few evenings ago I was invited to a supper by the Prorector of the University. He told me to come at 7½, and accordingly I went in due time and reached the place before 8 o'clock. The company consisted entirely of Professors, Doctors, & the College of Lawyers, all of them tolerably advanced in age. On my entering, they were not yet fully collected, but by degrees they dropped in, & by nine the whole host was there. This first hour was most eminently tedious. The Orientalists collected in one corner, and talked of Persia; the lawyers in another, & talked of I know not what; while the Prorector stalked from one room to the other snuffing the candles. At length we were called to supper, and a well lighted table seemed to be a cheering sight after our stupidity. I was placed by the side of the Prorector, with one of the oldest and most distinguished professors on my other side, who was, however, unluckily deaf. Conversation flagged, but as the supper was good, the jaws were not idle. By and bye the wine began to operate, and the learned body began to buzz with great animation. Jests of the most noble sort were made, deep remarks and sage criticisms pronounced. The people spoke of their watches. "My watch," cried the Prorector, "keeps the best time of any one in Göttingen. I set it every hour." It was sometime before the point of this was seen, but a heavy laugh at length came, although a little later than could have been desired. Schleiermacher's name was mentioned. "Er macht viele Sachen unter einem Schleyer," said the Prorector. It was asked, what is the characteristick of a good Lutheran? "To love wine," said the Prorector, seizing on the bottle. "Yes," exclaimed a venerable Professor, "he who does not love wine, woman and song, remains a fool all the days of his life." A little after 11 o'clock, our wine was ended, the skins of the Professors pretty full. We rose therefore from table, & each made the best of his way home.

To Mrs. Lucretia Bancroft.

GÖTTINGEN, Mar. 11, 1819.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

. . . I am by this time, too, become quite accustomed to Germans and German customs, and were you to see me at present in my German costume, I am afraid you would hardly recognize me. What will you think of me when I tell you that I no longer eat a regular breakfast, no longer drink tea with regularity, that on rising early in the morning I drink a cup of strong coffee, and an hour or two af erward devour in a moment a crust of bread and butter without any ceremony, and that this passes for my breakfast?—that my dinner is absolutely a solitary meal, eaten in silence and in haste—that I wear to my lectures a coat which, with an elegant velvet collar, trimmings, and everything else, cost scarcely seven dollars? What will you say of me when I add that in every large party where I have been present I have seen waltzing, and that the largest Balls are invariably on Sunday evening? Indeed, my dear Mother, I have had to accustom myself to much that was new and much that was disagreeable, yet now I am become quite Germanized, can bear with all, be pleased with all things, and with all this think constantly of home with new and increased affection. . . .

To this letter may be appended the roster of a day's work written on the back of a map of Göttingen, which Bancroft sent to Professor Andrews Norton:

5—7	Hebrew & Syriac
7—8	Heeren in Ethnography
8—9	Church history by the elder Planck
9–10	Exegesis of the N. T. by old Eichhorn
10–11	" of the O. T. "

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11–12	Syriac by old Eichhorn
12—1	Dinner & walk
1—2	Library
2—4	Latin or French
4—5	Philological Encyclopedie by Dissen
5—7	Greek
7—8	Syriac
8—9	Tea & walk
9–11	Repetition of the old lectures & preparation for the new.

April 5. Eichhorn told me yesterday that he labors at present from 5 in the morning till 9 at night, that he has all his life gone on in much the same way; that when he was first made professor, he studied 15 hours daily, & never experienced any inconvenience in respect of his health. When he first began studying, he sate up very late at night. This he found ruinous, and soon abandoned it. But ever since he has risen early, & retired early, & this he finds the only way of effecting much. He lays it down as a fixed principle that cannot be denied, that no man naturally possessed of a good constitution ever died of study. He does not deny that hard students may have died who might have lived, if they had led another course of life. But they died of anxiety, or sadness, or melancholy, of passion, or what you will, but never of hard study. He tells me that at present, at my age, when the habits of the body are not fully formed, twelve hours of diligent study will answer, & even if I do not work more than 10 hours a day, my conscience may be at ease, but at the end of two years or two & a half, it will be quite another thing.

April 11. Prof. Gauss has never been to a ball or to any public amusement within the memory or knowledge of man. Once, indeed, his wife persuaded him to attend her to a ball. It was a beautiful starlight night; on stepping into the carriage, he cast his [eye] on the heavens, & observing how beautiful it was above, cried out, "but there is something new there, which I have never seen before." No sooner said than he was vanished from the carriage and at once by his telescope, whilst his poor lady was left to find her way alone to the assembly. On arriving there she mentioned the adventure, so that there can be no doubt of its truth.

To Miss Jane Bancroft

GÖTTINGEN, April 14, 1819.

MY DEAR JANE:—

. . . It is a strange world we live in, and full of more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. My life on it, you have not formed a conception of a set of beings like the German students. I remember even now the first time that I saw a party of them collected and I believed never to have seen any of my fellow beings so rough, uncivilized and without cultivation. They are young, & therefore wild and noisy—live chiefly among themselves, without mixing in society, and are therefore careless in their deportment, awkward and slovenly. Many of them wear mustachios, a thing almost unknown in America, and all of them make themselves vile by a Beard, dirty and monstrous. Scarcely one of them uses a hat, but instead of it a cap which sometimes can scarcely be distinguished from a nightcap. This business of wearing only an apology for a hat I find so exceedingly convenient, that I have fallen into it. When the scholars are assembled for a lecture the collection of unpleasant odours is prodigious, & until the professor enters the room there is a great noise of whistling, talking and disputing, all which however is instantly hushed on sight of the Professor though generally wound up by a short but violent hiss. This hiss is only a signal for order and tranquility. When silence is thus put in possession of the throne the professor begins. The students have in the mean time opened their Portfolios, which they always carry with them into lectures, taken out and arranged their papers, mended their quills and brought every thing to order so that they are ready to take down every word that comes from the speaker's lips. A lecture lasts always an hour; but the instant the clock strikes it must be ended; for the lectures are counted from the striking of the clock to the striking again, and the young men must hasten to another professor. Sometimes a person is thus necessitated to stop in the middle of a paragraph, and I state what is positively true when I say I have known the lecturer break off in the middle of a sentence. If a professor read a moment after the hour has struck, be he who he may, the oldest and most learned, even Eichhorn himself, a

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curious scene of riot ensues. First the students shut up their books; i. e. slam them together, the next step is to stop writing and put up their paper, if this do not avail, they take their inkstands and strike the benches most vehemently, & then begin kicking the floor. All this happens in half a minute and the professor is always brought to reason before the minute is completed. It is however very seldom the case that any one overreaches beyond his time. You will from this get an idea of the manner in which a lecture in general is heard. On great occasions something extraordinary must be done. So for instance if Eichhorn sneeze, every scholar in the room, or at least the larger number, begins drumming with the feet, or beating the floor, as if trying its strength. I asked the reason of this strange procedure, and was told it implied as much as God bless you. If a Professor speak so fast that it is difficult to follow him in writing down what he says, they begin to scrape with their feet; the floor being sandy and the feet moving with rapidity, it produces a very grating and interrupting noise —the same is done on all occasions whatsoever when the instructor displeases his audience. This language of the feet when put in words, signifies thou art an ass.

It is the custom in Göttingen for every man who can, to make jests in his lectures, and for every man who cannot to attempt it. When a good one is made, they clatter with their feet in token of approbation. The same happens at the end of any lecture that has been particularly good; and also at the end of the term when the lectures are closed. On this occasion the students undertake to demonstrate their love for the favourite professors; and the degree of love entertained for a Professor is measured by the degree of noise, absolute actual noise which is made and which often lasts several minutes and can be heard as you may well suppose no inconsiderable distance. Is this information enough of the blessed human beings among whom I live? . . .

June 27, 1819. This morning I went out to a village in the vicinity & delivered a sermon in the German language. Many were astonished at my boldness in daring to do a thing of the kind, & feared I should fail. But I met with nothing which made me repent my having attempted to hold a sermon; on the contrary the audience were uncommonly still & attentive & on leaving the pulpit I received the congratulations of my friends, some of whom, though unknown to me, had been induced by curiosity or affection to become my hearers.

Sept. 9. I heard a good story of Professor Forster, the famous voyager, who went once round the world with Captain Cook, & was afterwards made professor at Halle. He was a rude, ill-mannered fellow. A young Jewish girl happened to be in company with him one evening. The company was rather dull. She was guilty of yawning. Forster, perceiving her mouth distended, during the operation cried out, "Lord, Miss, I hope you don't mean to eat me." "Never fear," answered she, "I'm a Jewess."

It was at Halle that Bancroft heard this story, here reproduced in evidence of the antiquity of current anecdotes. He had at the time just set out with three German students on a holiday walking trip. The chief places visited at first were Halle, Leipzig and Dresden. Conversations with Gesenius, Spohn, and other eminent scholars are recorded. The diary for the days in Dresden glows with all the enthusiasm of first acquaintance with masterpieces of painting and sculpture. From Dresden Bancroft proceeded to Prague, and on the way back to Göttingen, from which he was absent six weeks in all, passed through Jena and Weimar. In the first of these places he saw Goethe; in the second Goethe's home.

Jena, Oct. 12, 1819. . . . I visited Goethe towards noon. He was talkative & affable, began at first with speaking of common affairs. Then the discourse came on German philosophy. Kant was mentioned with reverence. The state of America became then the subject of conversation. He seemed to think he was quite well acquainted with it. He spoke of several books on the country, of Warden's Statistical account of America, &c., &c. Then too, Cogswell had given him an essay on American Literature, which appeared in Edinburgh. This essay Goethe praised much for the beauty of its style & for the liveliness & fancy with which it was written, & smiled as he mentioned the freedom with which he spoke of the different pro-

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fessions. Then the talk was of Cogswell, a leiber Mann—a man of great excellence.

He spoke with pleasure of the visits Cogswell had paid him, &c., &c. At length I, gathering courage from talking with him, took occasion to bring him upon the English poets. Byron he praised in the highest terms, declared himself one of a large party in Germany who admired him unboundedly & seized on & swallowed everything that came from him. Of Scott we had time to talk; of Wordsworth—Southey he knew nothing; of Coleridge, the name—had forgotten however his works. The author of Bertram* was praised. "The tragedy," said Goethe, "has many beautiful passages." Byron, however, seemed to remain the most admired of all. After this, Goethe asked after my pursuits, praised me, on my mentioning them, for coming to Germany, & spoke a word or two on Oriental matters. After this he asked what way I was to take the next day, & finding I was going to Weimar, offered me at once a letter which should make me welcome to the library. After a few more remarks I departed. In speaking of matters, I came into a strait almost as bad as poor Jennie with the Queen. Of Byron I said his last poem was reported to contain the most splendid exertions of poetical power, mixed with the lowest and most disgraceful indecencies. I did not think at the moment of Goethe's "Faust." I mentioned, too, Byron's wife, forgetting that Goethe had not been happy in the married state. . . . I spoke a word, too, of Eichhorn's writing so many books, forgetting that Goethe had found no end with writing many.

As for his person, Goethe is somewhat large, tho' not very, with a marked countenance, a fine clear eye, large & very expressive features, well built, & giving at once a favourable impression. In his manners he is very dignified, or rather he has a sort of dignified stiffness, which he means should pass for genuine dignity. He walks amazingly upright. I found him quite in dishabille. He had on an Oberrock—i. e. a surtout, but no waistcoat, a ruffled shirt, not altogether clean, a cravat like the shirt, fast inclining to dark complexion. His boots were of quite an ordinary cut. No Dandi would have worn them. He received me in the garden.

*Rev. C. R. Maturin. The tragedy, on Byron's recommendation, was produced in 1816, with Kean in the leading *rôle*.

Some months later Bancroft wrote this different account of his experience to two of his sisters:

To Misses Jane and Sarah Bancroft.

May, 1820.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—

. . . I was particularly gratified by seeing the first poet of the Germans—I mean Goethe. Perhaps of all popular writers alive, he is in Germany the most popular. Whatever he writes they are ready to admire, and he bends them to his taste and whims at pleasure. He is now very old, yet still vigorous and firm in his walk. His features are large and expressive, and must once have been very handsome. His eye is dark and sparkling. He is well built, and dignified in his deportment and his hair is whiter and finer than I have ever seen on an old man's head. He received us in the garden. His dress was somewhat that of a sloven; indeed all the German professors and men of letters are horribly dirty fellows in their dress and manners. But Goethe has seen the world, and knows well what propriety demands. He wore a neckcloth of a dark complexion, and his shirt was not so light coloured as linen ought to be. He had on a surtout, but neither coat nor waistcoat beneath it, and his boots were not at all of a fashionable cut. But then he had an air of majesty about him, & his grey locks made him look so respectable that I wondered how I could mind such a trifle as his dress. Among other things which he talked about were the present living poets of England. He spoke of Byron in terms of the highest admiration. Every new work of Byron he seizes on with avidity, as he said. I was glad to hear our opinion of Byron confirmed by such high authority. On leaving him, he gave me a letter to his family at Weimar, which procured me an introduction to the library of the Grand Duke also. . . .

WEIMAR, October 13, 1819. I arose early in the morning, & having engaged a servant to carry my knapsack, proceeded on foot from Jena to Weimar. The distance is not far from 10 miles. On reach-

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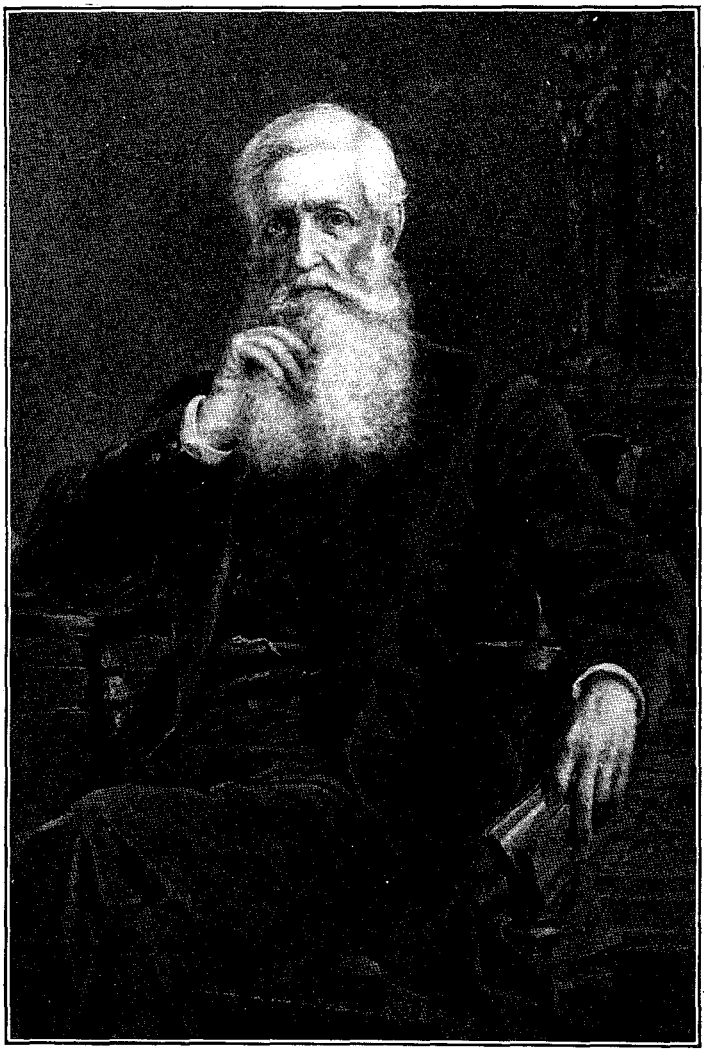

George Bancroft.
From the portrait by Gustave Richter at Harvard University.

ing Weimar, I went directly to the library to visit the gentleman to whom Goethe had commended me. It was a very common man, one Kräusler, but he was secretary at the library, & therefore best able to show me the matters which were worthy of attention. . . . After making an end at the library, I was invited by Kräusler to go to Goethe's house, & I found (what I had not expected) that Goethe had written word for me to be presented to his son & daughter-in-law. On calling, I found only the Frau Kammerräthinn von Goethe at home. She invited me to tea in the evening. Leaving her, I walked in the city. . . . In Goethe's daughter-in-law I found a very pretty little woman, of lively sprightly manners, witty & agreeable & spirituelle, saying all things, even common ones, very prettily, never coming into embarrassment, knowing always what to say. The son seem'd rather a stupid & ignorant fellow. I was shown Goethe's study & apartments, his library, where *nota bene* the best German translations of the classics were to be found, his garden, his collections, &c., &c. I left Goethe's just in time for the after piece at the theater, &

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everybody knows that the theater at Weimar is one of the handsomest in Germany. The piece represented was a farce, & it was laughable enough.

The winter of 1819-1820 was devoted to hard work at Göttingen, broken in the spring by a walking trip in the Harz Mountains with four fellow students. These, as Bancroft describes them, were a Pole, a Dutchman, a Hanoverian, a Teutonico-Anglico-Livonian. The cosmopolitan influences of these days are further suggested by an extract from a letter:

Friederich August Wolf.
From a portrait by Jo. Wolff.

To Dr. Kirkland.

GÖTTINGEN, July 18, 1820.

. . . The first winter of my being at Göttingen, I was almost the only foreigner here. Now there are throngs of them from the North, & the East & the South, and Göttingen has more the appearance of a little city of the world than of a German city. The most interesting of these foreigners are the Grecians, of whom at present between twelve & twenty are here. It would seem as if a noble spirit animated the fallen nation. The little city of Athens, now poor and possessing but small resources, has established a Gymnasium in its vicinity, & sent an excellent young man to Germany & the west of Europe to prepare himself for managing it. From Chios there are three or four who are to become professors in the college there on their return. From the University of the seven isles there are still more, some of them men of very good minds, and undaunted industry. One of them from Athens speaks of the honey & olives of Attica, as if they were now quite as excellent as in the old days of liberty, and cannot mention calmly the ruined state of the Parthenon, & the destruction which Lord Elgin has been spreading there.

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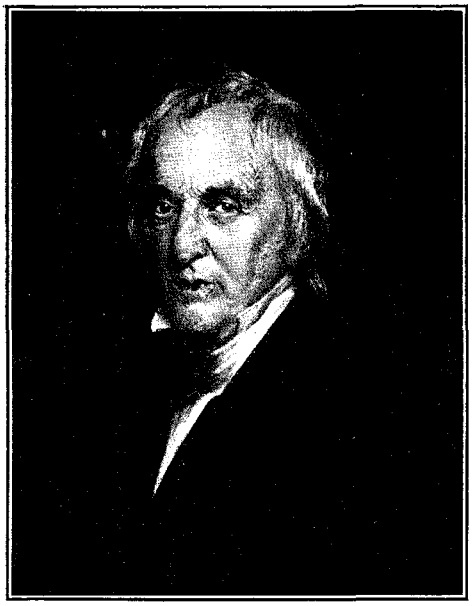

Aaron Bancroft, father of George Bancroft.
From a miniature in the possession of Wilder D. Bancroft.

Lucretia Bancroft, mother of George Bancroft.
From a miniature in the possession of Andrew McFarland Davis.

Bancroft's stay in Göttingen was now drawing to a close. The two following extracts from family letters described the securing of his degree of Doctor of Philosophy:

GÖTTINGEN, September 2, 1820.

I have just returned from the faculty in Göttingen. For the first time in my life I have been decorated with small clothes and silk stockings, & for the first time too, have been talking Latin publicly. "Hail, native language!" I may well say now, and be thankful that my trial is over. In a word I have been examined this afternoon by mighty men for the degree of Doctor in Philosophy, and now nothing remains for me to do but to appear in public and take the oath of allegiance to the University, in order to become as good and regular a Dr. as any that have been coined in these latter days; but I will try and relate the history of the whole matter. The candidate for a degree writes two papers which he presents to the faculty. In the one he declares his wish to be admitted to an examination; in the other he gives a short history of his life. These being communicated to each member of the Academic Senate, a meeting is called of the faculty for the purpose of trying the powers of the candidate, and examining him in those departments of science to which he has particularly attended. Today was appointed for me. At 4 o'clock I entered the house of the Dean of the faculty, Prof. Eichhorn, and after waiting a few minutes was ushered into the room where eight venerable men were assembled. A chair was placed for me. Mr. Eichhorn then began the ceremony by addressing to me a short speech in Latin of course, and after speaking a few words introductory to the examination, ended by saying he should examine me in ancient history, in Hebrew & Arabic, & invited his colleague, the celebrated Mitscherlich*, to examine me in Greek. He then commenced the examination by questions relating to the cities of Phenicia & the fate of Tyre. He then gave me the Hebrew Bible and requested me to translate the 23rd chapter of Isaiah, which is a most difficult chapter. After this an Arabic poem was put into my hands, which I also translated and explained. Then one half of my examination was over. Wine and cake were presented, and these being tasted the work proceeded. Mr. Mitscherlich made me a short speech in which he announced his intention of ascertaining

*Christopher Wilhelm Mitscherlich, 1760–1854; professor at Göttingen, 1794–1833.

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how much Greek I knew, and in order to effect that, he gave me an ode of Pindar to translate. Now Pindar, you [know] is of all authors the most difficult. But as I had studied him a good deal of late, I succeeded in satisfying the good professor in my answers. The ode which he selected was the fourth Nemean ode, which commenced with, "The best Physician for labours that are ended is hilarity." The manner of interpreting was as follows: First the sentence was read, then each individual word which had any difficulty was explained, reduced to its primitive root, and its several meanings mentioned. This done, the construction of the words was told, and then the passage was translated into Latin. All this is done in Latin, which is the only language allowed at an examination, or at any public solemnities of the University. After the passage is thus translated, if it contain any allusions to mythology, these are enquired after, if any grammatical difficulties, they must be cleared up, if any incorrected readings, they must be corrected. Of the ode of Pindar, about 30 lines were interpreted in this way. By this time it was past six, so I was desired to withdraw for a few moments. The deliberation was held as to the event of the trial. I was soon summoned to appear, when the Dean made a short speech again, declaring the satisfaction of the faculty with the appearance I had made, setting forth his readiness to create me a Dr. as soon as I should have disputed in public, and adding his congratulations on his own part and that of the faculty, on the honour I was about to obtain, and then I was dismissed. Next week on Saturday I am to appear in public and defend against two or more opponents the theses which are to be printed in the course of the week. Then, after taking an oath to honour the University, &c., I am to receive a diploma in due form and order, as Doctor of Philosophy. . . .

Johann Friedrich Blumenbach.

Karl Friedrich Gauss.

Medals from Göttingen University.

GÖTTINGEN,
Sept. 16 1820.

MY DEAREST UNCLE:—

Do you remember the good story you used to tell me about the honest countryman of Stow, who, after long sighing for the honour, was at length made Justice of the Peace; and then you know as a neighbor saluted him in a friendly way by the plain title of Mr., he deigned no answer, but collecting himself most proudly, exclaimed after a long pause, "and pray why not '*Squire!*'" So now if Miss Murray or Miss Hall or any of the elect of Lancaster, should happen to speak of George Bancroft, or Mr. George, I pray you to rebuke them gravely and ask, "pray why not *Doctor!*" Last Saturday I was made Doc-

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F. E. D. Schleiermacher.

From an engraving by Schultheis after a drawing by L. Heine.

tor of Philosophy and Master of Arts according to the strictest forms of the law. The customs of the place and the statutes of the University render it necessary for the candidate to proceed thus: In the course of the week he prints several propositions which he declares himself ready to defend in public. These are generally of a paradoxical nature, such as few men are disposed to believe, and on new and unusual subjects. These being printed and distributed, two or more opponents are appointed to enter the lists and oppose the candidate. The day for this intellectual warfare being appointed, the candidate proceeds early in the morning, dressed fully in black, in small clothes and silk stockings, to arrange the business of the day. He drives in a carriage first to his opponents. These he takes with him to his room where breakfast is waiting for them. The morning repast being ended, he conducts them in the carriage as before, to the hall of the University where they take the places appointed for them—opposite the desk destined for the candidate. Then he drives to the Dean of the faculty, and invites him to appear and preside at the ceremony. In the mean time theses are distributed to every one that comes to hear the dispute. The Dean and he who is to be dubbed Dr. arrive. The Dean leads him to his place where he is to stand firmly and await all attacks. First, however, he holds a speech which com-

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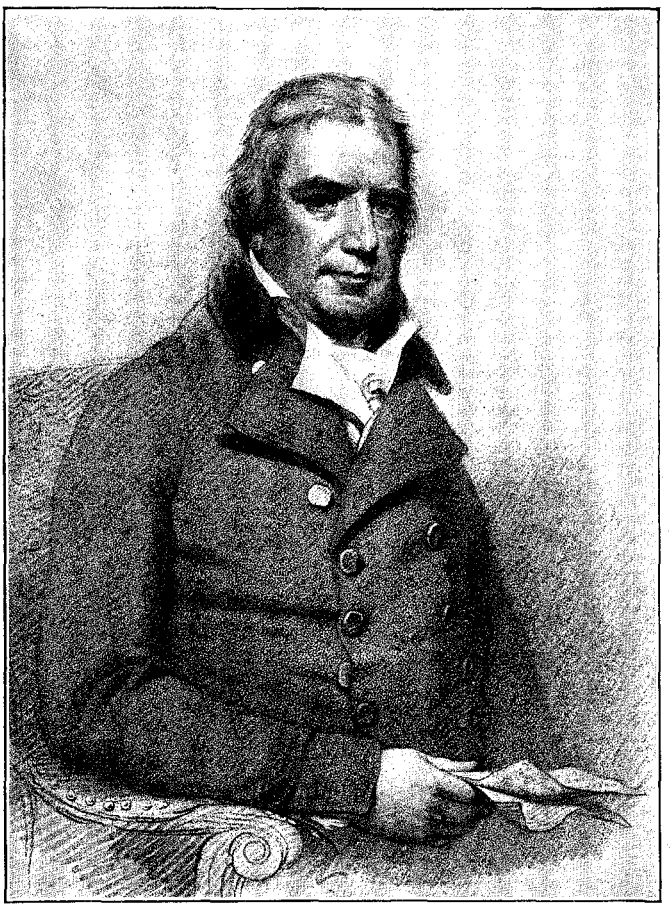

The Right Honorable George Rose.
From a drawing by W. Evans after a painting by Sir William Beechey, R.A.

monly lasts from ten to fifteen minutes. The Dean is at present the celebrated Mr. Eichhorn, one of the most learned men in the world. He led me to the Desk and from that moment no word might be uttered except in Latin. Then I delivered a speech which lasted about 12 minutes and this gave me time to collect myself. The oration pleased, though some thought I spoke too theatrically. 'Tis not the custom here to declaim, but I chose to do it as an American, and for the sake of trying something new to the good people. After the discourse was ended, I called on one of my opponents to contradict any one of the propositions I had asserted. He chose one about a line of Horace. It may seem to you in Lancaster of very little consequence whether one word or another be used there —but here we are bound to hold it a sacred duty to render every ancient author as correct as possible. The young Gentleman who opposed me is son of the King's preacher at Dresden, a very well educated man. We talked a full half hour about the true reading with liveliness—I might almost say acrimony. The Professor of eloquence, Mitscherlich, who has published an edition of Horace, was all along on my side. We could hear him exclaiming against the arguments of my adversary as of no moment, and encouraging me by approving mine. The dispute with Ammon being at an end, I invited Dr. Hoch to oppose me upon another of my theses. He is an excellent man, already well known for his learning. The question related to the language of the earliest inhabitants of

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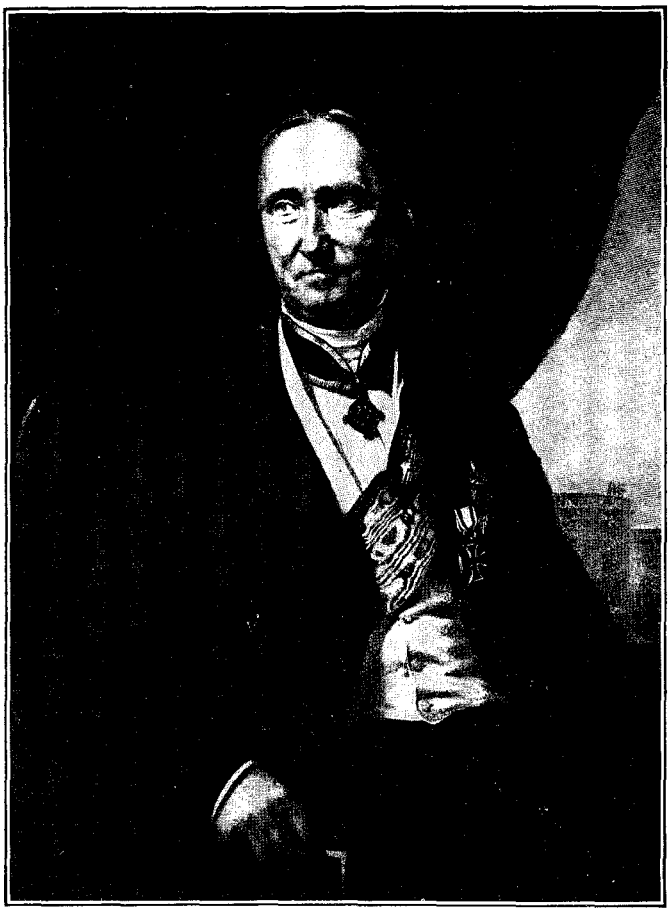

Baron von Savigny.
From a painting by Franz Krüger.

Greece, and was treated with proper coolness and deliberation. It is a difficult subject, as the testimony of early writers is so contradictory upon it. This question was discussed for about 20 minutes, and then the battle was ended and the field remained to me without any one to dispute my right to it. My peroration followed, & in this I was first obliged, according to the customs of ceremony, to say a word for the King, for the Duke of Cambridge and for the University. Then, turning to the Professors, I thanked them for their kindness to me during my stay at Göttingen, said farewell to my friends and fellow students, and then begged the Dean to confer on me the honour I had sought for. Mr. Eichhorn mounted the desk, held a speech to the audience, said some civil things to me, added his hopes and wishes for my welfare in life, and then called on the Beadle of the University to read me the Doctor's oath. This being administered, I was called on to ascend two steps higher, and my diploma was presented me. The audience dispersed, each professor came up and congratulated me on the successful event of my trial, then turned away and departed. The Dean I conducted home in my carriage, & I remained a Dr. in Philosophy, and was then, am now, and ever shall be your loving nephew.

The journal goes on with the story of his departure for Berlin and of the winter spent there in attendance at the University.

On Tuesday the 19th of September, I finished my residence at Göttingen. Two

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Wilhelm von Humboldt.
From a sketch by J. Schmeller.

years have passed rapidly away in the stillness & activity of a student's life, and I think I may look back on them as on years which have been usefully employed. I had formed a plan of travelling to Berlin with two Grecians—Maurus, from Constantinople, & Polyzoides from Thessalonica. Many of their countrymen were desirous of accompanying us a few miles, that they might delay as long as possible the moment destined for a parting embrace. About 9 we left the walls & spires of Göttingen behind us; we had taken leave of all our friends, & now we bade adieu to their city, to its pleasant walks, the rich vales around it, & its magnificent scientific institutions. Farewell, oh! Georgia Augusta, & mayst thou long continue to bring forth offspring worthy of thy pleasant glory.

At noon we reached Nordheim. Here we dined for the last time in company with our Grecian friends. The hour at table was indeed moving. The welfare of our friends & our countries was drunk with enthusiasm. After dinner a Greek war song was sung, which animated every heart. Young Blastos from Chios. a pleasant little fellow, whom I was especially fond of, could hardly restrain his feelings. At length Psylas from Athens arose, & addressed his Grecian brethren in a short song, animating them to exertion & patriotism. Then

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followed the last embrace, the parting kiss of friendship, & lost in pleasant reminiscences, we continued our way towards Brunswick in silence & reflection.

[Berlin] September 30. I went to deliver my cards of recommendation to several Professors. . . . Schleiermacher delighted me extremely. He has a sharp eye, a remarkable countenance, and in general his appearance is very striking. He is small and somewhat hump-backed; but his manners are so lively and spirited that one hardly notices his personal ugliness. He spoke with a good deal of interest of the religious affairs of America. The professors of Berlin seem to have the good custom of seeing company in the evening.

October 2. . . . Schleiermacher's mode of preaching is very dignified & severe. Language flows from his lips most fluently & uninterruptedly. He is the best extempore speaker I have ever heard. He makes almost no use of his hands, but without gestures pronounces his discourse with rational warmth, but never with impassioned vehemence. He is a preacher for the understanding, not for the heart. His voice is clear & distinct, his countenance intelligent & expressive, his eye black & clear, & in the pulpit his whole appearance is full of dignity.

October 10. Professor Ritter called on me today. He is a well informed man; & in addition to being very learned, he understands how to talk interestingly. He spoke of Madame de Staël whom he knew very well at Geneva. Her heart, he assured me, was excellent. He knew her well & a long time, & never saw anything in her which savoured of ill morals, or loose principles. On the contrary, she was warm in the cause of good. Her private charities were immense. Her ideas of parental love, of the duties of a mother &c., were almost enthusiastically high & severe. She kept her household in most excellent order, & was always resorted to by the poor or the distress[ed], for all were sure of finding relief from her. In dress she was odd, very singular, and often tasteless. She would dress sometimes in an Oriental style, with turband turned up, displaying her countenance completely, & rigged out in a variety of flaring & disagreeable colours. She had the manners of a French woman, was bold & forward in company, fond of talking with sensible men, & did not always regard the strict forms of society. But this resulted from her character. She was manly in her understanding, & therefore masculine in her manners.

She sought every opportunity of gaining knowledge in conversation. When in Germany, she visited every learned man of eminence, & sought every opportunity of getting accounts of books & discoveries & systems in her intercourse with men of letters. Fichte & Schelling she knew very well. She was intimate with the Schlegels. If she saw a philosopher, "donnez-moi une aperçue de la philosophie Kantienne", she would say; if an admirer of Goethe, "donnez-moi une aperçue de sa Farben-Lehre?" In this way she became superficially versed with every thing of interest in Germany, & she had a wonderful talent at gaining possession of the ideas of another & adopting them in so far as they seemed just, as her own. Yet everything which she heard and adopted, she modified in her own way, & it always received the impress of her genius. She was warm in her feelings, enthusiastic; her passions were strong & she was sometimes governed by them; but never to do wrong, for though her principles were not austere or rigidly severe, she yet adhered to them most tenaciously, & never acted contrary to her honest convictions. Her last husband was an honest man and a good soldier. The marriage with him could not be publicly acknowledged on account of the critical situation in which she was placed, being constantly an object of fear and dislike to Carnot & the French Government.

December 21. Wolf talked to me about himself & his daughter with the greatest openness. The Queen, said he, passed thro' Halle, & was at a large company there. She selected his daughter for a companion, saying, "Come & sit by me, my child. I hear you know so vastly much English. Did not you find it hard?" "Not at all, your Majesty." "I thought the *th* & other sounds very hard," said the Queen. "I made nothing of them", said the little girl. "Why? How did you learn English, then?" "Papa taught it me in the water when I was five years old." "Taught it you in the water," cried out the Queen in astonishment, "What does that mean?" "When he went to bathe", answered the girl, &c. &c. "In short," said Wolf, "when I went

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to bathe, I took my little daughter with me, & made her sit behind a screen, & while bathing, I used to call out an English word which she wrote down & then another & another, till I had taught her all the sounds of the English in several succeeding lessons." I was quite taken with the good natured talkativeness of the old man, & the fondness with which he dwelt on his knowledge of English. The same daughter of Wolf made, when she was but 14, an abridgement of Walker, in order to become sure of the pronunciation of each word; a vast undertaking for a girl, & so young a girl, rivalled only by the zeal which induced Schlözer to copy a Russian dictionary of some hundred octavo pages, at a time when it was impossible to purchase one.

December 22. I dined today with the late minister, the Baron von Humboldt. I admire his genius. I am astonished at his erudition. In my company were Professor Bekker and Dr. Schleiermacher. He conversed with them on Greek literature, and was as much at home in the Greek poets as they were, nay better. The Baron is well versed even [in] the poets of the latest ages, and is perfectly acquainted with Tryphiodorus, Nonnus and the like. In his manner too I found him very kind and obliging. He understands the art of talking and converses with ease, dignity and spirit. In his house everything is neat and elegant; yet nothing of waste or prodigality is to be seen. Noble economy governs in his family.

A family letter must be given in part to record the young New Englander's impression of the unfamiliar German Christmas.

BERLIN, December 31, 1820.

. . . Christmas is kept in Germany as a most sacred and cheerful festival. On the eve preceding it, the general custom prevails of making presents to one another. All parents, be they poor or rich, have a Christmas gift for each of their children. The circumstances attending the evening donations are exceedingly moving. Mad. de Savigny had invited me to spend the evening at her house; and this gave me a chance of seeing the whole of this beautiful domestic scene. A little evergreen tree, the top or branch of fir, is always placed in the centre of the room, and hung full of little wax candles. This is done in every house —in the houses of the rich with great profusion of lights. The tree is generally loaded with sweetmeats and gilt apples which glitter charmingly among the candles. The children are long beforehand full of the joy that awaits them at Christmas, and are perfectly happy at receiving these pleasing tokens of parental affection. No festival is looked forward to with such longing expectation, & none celebrated with such sincerity of joy. On reaching the house of Baron Savigny, I found the children assembled in the antechamber, and awaiting with uncertain expectation, the presents destined for them. The Parents were busy in arranging the tables, kindling the lights, and preparing all things in the saloon. At length the signal was given. The Baron rang the merry bell, and the folding doors were thrown open. A bright blaze of light burst upon our eyes. In the centre of a large table a large branch of fir, and two smaller ones on the right and left were fill'd with little tapers, the splendor of which inspired gladness in the hearts of children and men. A Geranium, on each side the large fir, with its perpetual freshness and fragrance, was another emblem of immortality. We all hastened into the apartment. First came the infant son; he found his presents spread on a table so low that he could reach them. The other children followed & rejoiced loudly at finding the very books, clothes, play things they had been long wishing for. The Parents had their good things too which their elder relations had sent them. I, too, found a plate loaded with good things for me—apples, almonds and sweetmeats. At length curiosity was satisfied, each had found his own treasures, and examined those of his neighbors. The tapers on the "*Christ's tree*" were extinguished, and the halls lit up as usual, and while the younger part of the company still continued amusing themselves with their newly acquired playthings, the older ones withdrew to the tea-table, and began an interesting conversation on the wise and good men whom Germany has produced in later years. Young Miss de Savigny gave us tea and inspired us with good nature by her own amiable cheerfulness. She seemed to be about as old as Lucretia. Baron Savigny himself is one of the most distinguished men in the world. He is universally acknowledged to be the first lawyer on the continent, his erudition is immense, his manners plain

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and agreeable. His sister-in-law, Mrs. de Arnheim, entertained us with her wit and cultivated understanding, while Mad. de Savigny tempered all things by her gentleness and good nature. . . .

A week later came another celebration, duly described in the diary.

Jan. 2, 1821. The Germans celebrate the last evening in the year. Sylvester evening the members of each family collect together, unless in large companies, & pass the time in the merriest manner possible. Mme. Schleiermacher assured me that 'tis the pleasantest & gayest night in the whole year. They always remain together till the midnight hour has struck, & the new year has fairly entered. Then they bid it welcome, & continue their mirth till nature calls for repose. . . .

I spent the evening at the Countess America Bernstorff's,* a lady whose virtues I so much admire. On entering, I found Sir George Rose† there & family. We had a charming evening, all were so pleasant & willing to be happy. First a little discourse with the Countess, then a little dance, then a few words with the Count, whom I now for the first time saw, entertained me at first. Bye- &-bye I entered without knowing it into a most lively conversation with Sir George Rose on the state of religion & theological science in Germany. He had paid great attention to the subject. In our conclusions we united: namely, that the Germans united the most foolish credulity with the most audacious scepticism. Sir Geo. spoke to me of his own habits in his family. He assured [me] that after breakfast he assembles his household & the Chaplain reads the short prayers. Then he himself reads to them a chapter from the Old & a chapter from the New Testament. These he explains, too; & if any points need a learned commentary, he calls on the Chaplain for his exposition. "For", said he, "I think it the highest duty & it ought to be the greatest delight of parents to teach religion to their children. None but the parents should give a child its first ideas of God & of christianity." I was much delighted with Sir George's zeal & religious spirit, tho' grieved at his too strict attachment to the peculiar tenets of the Church of England. Our dialogue continued for a long time, and we seemed to forget that dancing was going on all the while in the adjoining chamber. At last we were interrupted, & I joined the younger part of the company. Presently the musicians played a walz. I felt a desire to dance & ventured to do so. I got through the walz for the first time in my life in a correct & easy manner. Then followed the Cotillon, which is a very long but very amusing dance. This too I ventured to dance for the first time. All things went off pleasantly, & all seemed happy. The dance ended; the doors were thrown open, & behold the tables spread for supper. A frugal but excellent & even elegant repast crowned the pleasures of the evening.

*Daughter of Gen. Riedesel, commander of Brunswick troops in the American Revolution. She was born, 1780, in New York; hence the name America.

†British Minister at Berlin.

To Dr. Kirkland.

BERLIN, February 1, 1821.

. . . The privy counsellor, Wolf, . . . is a genius of the first order; one of the few great men whom it has been my lot to meet with in Germany. Hated by his countrymen, he consoles himself with the consciousness of being the most learned man on the Continent. He has a fondness for the ancient languages, & is alive to the beauties of their literature. Indeed he lives in antiquity, & is in many respects a Roman & no Christian. His merits in illustrating ancient manners & authors, above all the Homeric songs, are universally [paper torn]. He is great in translating too; & where hundreds have contended for the prize, Wolf has excelled them all in turning the old bards into German. Voss had translated Homer in hexameters, giving line for line; Wolf made fragments of a version where he has given syllable for syllable, foot for foot, yea cesura for cesura. The whole herd of translators are defied & dared to attempt the like. Wolf's Latin style is purer than that of any living scholar; and his version of "The Clouds" in the measure of the original proves that no philologian can manage German so artfully as he. Therefore when I see Wolf, I know not which most to admire his high and uncommon mental powers or his vast erudition. But Wolf has neither dignity of character, nor purity of morals. He is stubbornly vain, childish, & licencious. He loves

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sweetmeats like an infant, & knows better almost than anybody else in Berlin where the best cake is to be had, & at what o'clock it comes warm from the oven. He is now the laziest man, whom I have ever seen; rising after daylight, & going to bed at nine. Even this does not content him; but in the evening he is to be found stretched out on his sopha in a dull, stupid, sleepy lethargy. He is more fond of talking about prostitutes, confectioners, cakes and good eating than of instructing by conversing seriously. Two hours before dinner are spent in walking to get an appetite; sometimes three. Two hours again pass away at dinner. Who can study immediately after eating a great deal? As soon as the stomach is somewhat relieved 'tis time to go to bed. So passes the old age of a man, who might be one of the most honoured in the world. He makes often very excellent observations, but they are rather recollections of what he once thought, than new ideas, & he talks of his learning, as of something, that was, & the identity of which he no longer feels with his present self. . .

(To be continued.)

LEFT BEHIND

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

EVERYBODY in the house—in all the world it seemed—was sleeping, but the Vandalia Miler sat up in bed, staring with dry, wide-open eyes at the wall. The dormer room, tucked up under the roof, was stuffy and close and smelled of heat and wall-paper and rag-carpet. Through the little window, from the trees and grass outside, came the steady whirring of the tree-toads and crickets. Suddenly the stillness was broken and the campus clock tolled two. As the harsh note grated on his nerves his heart gave a thump and he threw himself back and buried his face in the hot pillow. It seemed as though he must shut out the world and forget. But he couldn't forget, and you can shut out the world with a pillow—only so long as you can hold your breath. He slipped over the edge of the bed—that ridiculous, high, hot feather-bed—and with his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees, blinked at the little windows and the patch of moonlight on the floor where the Other Man lay sleeping. And as he watched him, snoring there comfortably in his sleep, his own secret returned again and bit into him, as it had returned so many times that day and night, and all the disappointment and bitterness and despair of it. And he felt that life had tricked him, cut him off in the flower of his youth and put him on the outside, and he was an outcast with his hand raised against the world.

When they had arrived that night, with a lot of the other teams that had come down for the interscholastics, and had been assigned to that one remaining vacant room, the Other Man had told him to go ahead and take the bed, because, as he explained, a miler needed all the sleep he could get, whereas a bit of wakefulness the night before the games only served to put an edge on a sprinter's nerves. "It'll make me start quicker," said he, spreading a blanket on the floor. That was just like the luck of the Other Man—to give up something and after all to get it back again. And the Vandalia Miler blinked at him, and thought and thought, and wondered whether the Other Man would make the 'varsity in his freshman year. For the Other Man was going away to college and the Vandalia Miler couldn't go. That was his secret, which had been his for only a day, and which he was somehow too proud to tell. That was why he believed that he was an outcast, a pariah—why a shivery abyss yawned between these two old friends, though you might have thought that it was but a yard or two of rag carpet that sepa-

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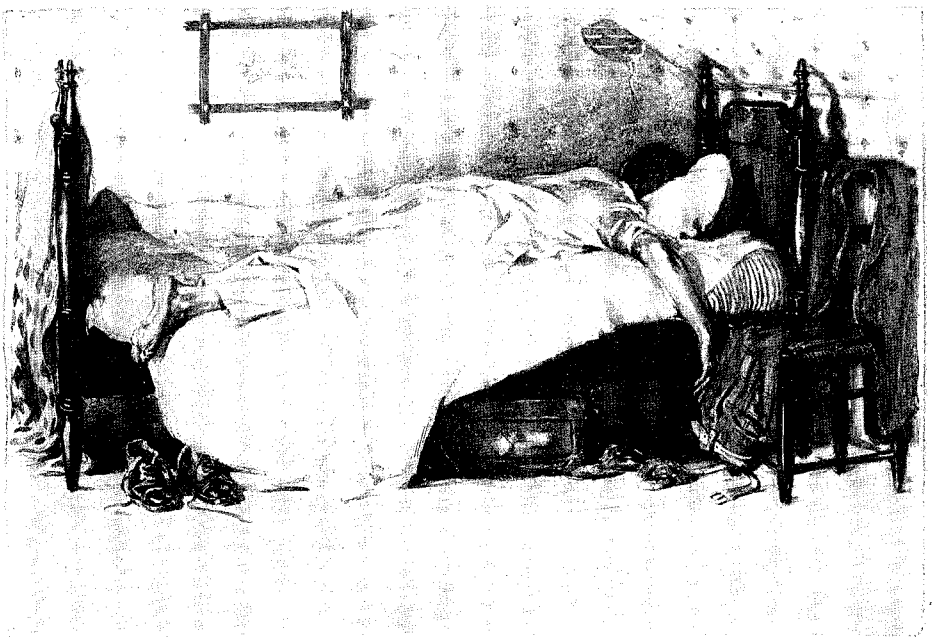

He . . . . buried his face in the hot pillow.—Page 292.

rated him, sitting there on the edge of the bed, from the Other Man, sleeping in his blanket on the floor. They had grown up in Vandalia, in that little prairie town, from the beginning; gone swimming together and skated and rung door-bells, gone through the grammar-school and into the high-school, and then, when most of the town boys were dropping out to go to work and the ones who were going to college went away to prep. school, they had decided to stick by the ship. They would stick by their town as long as they could, but when they had to leave they were going, not to one of the State universities, not to Chicago, but down into the distant and glittering East. One didn't go down East to college from the Vandalia High-School. They were about the only men left in the class after their sophomore year; the rest were girls—the girls they had grown up with and written notes to and divided their apples and candy with, back in the kid days. Once there had been a cane-rush—somebody had read about one in a book—and two legs and an arm were broken and one boy nearly killed. The girls were ordered to keep out. They jumped in, carried water, bandaged black eyes with their handkerchiefs, freshman girls untied the freshmen as fast as the sophomores tied them up—that's the sort of girls they were. And he and the Other Man were the only men in the class and going down East to college afterward. Probably you do not understand just what that meant. You may know, perhaps, some little high church prep. school, built on the top of a hill like a robber baron's castle, where there are just about enough men to make up the teams if each man plays on all of them, and the man who is captain of the eleven is generally captain of the nine and the track team and leads the banjo club. If you were chosen captain of the eleven in your freshman year, you would, of course, be a much greater man than the President. But you wouldn't have a lot of good-fellow girls to watch you and to tell you so. And the Vandalia Miler had both—he and the Other Man.

They pounded out the only decent eleven the school had ever had and a nine and a paper, and all the rest of it, and divided everything—just as though it was a Trust. One of them would write the editorials calling down the faculty and the other would preside at the mass meetings; he would lead the mandolin club, with about six yards of satin ribbon which one of the girls had given him tied to his mandolin to show that he

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was leader, and the Other Man would lead the glee club and sing all the tenor solos. And at last, in their senior year, they got up a track team. It was the last chance they had—after June the deluge. They sent to Chicago for real running clothes and spiked shoes—it had been sneakers and trousers cut off at the knees before that in Vandalia—and taught the school a brand new cheer. The merchants put up the money to send the team down to Pardeeville, and the night before they left there was a mass-meeting and a dance and speeches. The Vandalia Miler, blinking at the torn mosquito-bar that covered the little window, smiled grimly as he thought of that speech—of that droll school orator of theirs, older than the rest of them, with his high forehead and Henry Clay scalp lock, and his arms outspread and his voice in his boots: "With every heart in Vandalia beating for you, every eye turned down the prairie toward the South, you go—to run for Vandalia, to win for Vandalia, and if not to win, to fight to the last ditch for the purple 'V' upon your breasts!" And he and the Other Man had gone home together on air, and told each other how they were going to make the team when they got down to college and show those effete Easterners what it meant to meet a real man and—and there was a light in the library window when he got home, past midnight though it was, and his father was in there locked up with his lawyer. Something had happened. It wouldn't be announced for a day or two yet, but everything had gone to smash, and it meant that the Vandalia Miler must stay behind and go to work in the hardware store. That's where they had arrived at last, though his father would have had him go on just as he had planned. He didn't sleep much that night, and he had gone down to the train the next day as late as he could and slipped on when nobody would see him, while the girls were singing and waving flags from the station platform and the rest of the men were leaning out of the windows and laughing and waving their hats. And here he was—where he had longed to be—sent down on the team to run for his school and his town, and it all seemed like something in a pantomime, outside of him and far away, unreal and part of a horrid dream. But he *had* to run. It came back just as it did every minute or two, like a quick pain. He went hot all over. Those others, who were going to fight it out with him, were all sleeping now, just like the Other Man. He must hang on to himself—get some sleep. He gritted his teeth, squeezed his fists, and told himself that after all they were kids and he was now a real man. There are a number of things—he would begin very sternly—more important than going to college, and a 'varsity initial won't help you much before a judge and jury or patch up anybody's broken bones or tell how the market's going, but—and here he slipped and raced away again—but no more will a Victoria Cross nor a rag from the captured colors. And just as long—just as long as there are men in the world with hearts under their coats and blood in their veins there'll be somebody to work the last gun and to head the forlorn hope and fling a life away for a smile or a cheer or a bit of ribbon. And it doesn't make any difference whether he's got on a cuirassier's breast-plate or football canvas, a running suit or khaki. And when the others are ready to go and the band begins to play, it isn't any fun to be left behind and—— He got sorrier and sorrier for himself, which is a very, very bad thing for a very young man to do, until at last he flung himself back on the bed, and with his head full of charging cavalry, photographs of 'varsity teams, batteries galloping into action, and lonely outcasts left behind, he finally dropped asleep, just as the night was graying and the birds were beginning to chirp in the trees outside. For just a minute he forgot, and then somebody shook him and he saw the Other Man was standing over him, fresh as paint.

"Gee, man!" he laughed; "you look dead as a smelt! Don't mean to say you stayed awake with all that bed to range about in!"

"Oh, no," said the Vandalia Miler; "I slept all right."

He ran very well in spite of everything. Had he had a bit more experience in racing, he would have tried sooner to get within striking distance of the leaders. As it was, coming round the upper turn into the stretch, he sprinted past the fifth and fourth men and lost his feet and fell, completely run out, just as he was being beaten for third place about seven feet short of the tape. It was one of those races of which the spectator always may remark that if the man had had

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The Other Man spatted down his hair in the light of the little lamp.—Page 296.

a bit more sand he would have won. The Other Man had already won his brilliant victory in the hundred when the Vandalia Miler was beaten. A lot of people were congratulating him and the trainer of one of the State universities had just promised him board and tuition if he would enter there that fall as the Miler staggered over the line. The Other Man said things to the trainer and told him that he guessed he'd mistaken his man.

"Where we're going," and he smiled at the Vandalia Miler as he helped him to the dressing-room, "they don't have professionals on the team!" The Vandalia Miler didn't say anything—you can't say much just after you've run yourself out in a mile race—but just as soon as he could, he pulled on his clothes. He was special correspondent for the *Vandalia Blade*. They had made him feel very proud and important a couple of days before when they had asked him to "rush in a thousand words after the games, just as soon as he could jump on a wire." So he dragged himself over to the railroad station and jumped on the wire. It was not what you would call a creative mood. But he sent the story. By biting

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his lip and stopping every little while he told all about it, while little black spots chased each other up the paper, and the rest who had been beaten were coming to and the Other Man was making friends with the prep.-school stars and promising to look them up when he got down East.

When the story was off the wire he went back to the boarding-house and lay down on the tall feather-bed. He was still there when the Other Man came up to dress for the dance that was to be given for the visiting teams that night in the college gym. The Other Man began early because, with only a little wavy mirror and a smelly kerosene lamp, a wet hair-brush and a straight stand-up collar about as high as a cuff, it takes one quite a while to make one's self look like a Gibson man. The Other Man spatted down his hair in the light of the little lamp and whistled between his teeth; the Vandalia Miler lay on the feather-bed staring at the whitewashed ceiling and thinking. *He* couldn't ask the belle of the ball down to the football game next autumn; he couldn't promise to send back a college pin for a red satin pillow with a white initial on it and bet boxes of Huyler's on sure things with all the girls who wanted to lose and make tobacco-pouches for him. He couldn't put on any dog at all. It was back to the tall grass for him.

"Better hurry up and get ready," said the Other Man, puffing over his tie.

"Don't think I'll go," said the Vandalia Miler. He mumbled something about having a headache and feeling pretty dopy. "What's the sport, anyway," he added, "meeting a lot of girls you're never going to see again?" He was, you see, in a pretty bad way. The Other Man turned round and stared. Then he laughed. Such remarks were not worth a reply.

"See you there!" he chirped presently. Then, with his trousers turned up an extra reef and his straw hat stuck on one side—all very rakish and kinky—he blew out and down the stairs, three steps at a time. The Vandalia Miler thought some more. After a while he got up, stretched, and rubbed his eyes. Then he jammed his running clothes into his suit-case—they weren't going to be much use to him any more—and started for the station. Everybody in Pardeeville was going to the dance. On the front porches in the light of the hall lamps he could see the girls slipping their light scarfs over their shoulders, and now and then far down a cross-street catch the glimmer of white through the trees. The sidewalk was narrow, with a picket-fence on one side and big elms on the other, and every little while he and his suit-case would have to flatten up against the fence while a couple passed him, with low words, perhaps, that he couldn't hear, and a ripple of laughter, white dresses—whiter in the dark—and a breath of perfume in the air after they had gone. The station was deserted and silent as the tomb. The only sign of life was the lamp shining through the window and the sleepy telegraph operator nodding over his key. The Vandalia Miler chucked his suit-case against the wall and began tramping up and down, counting the number of steps from one end of the platform to the other. After a long while, he went over to the little grocery across the street, bought a box of "sweet caps" and smoked them relentlessly, one after another, inhaling the last two or three, to convince himself that he was hardened to all things and didn't care. Really, though, things were getting more and more on his nerves, and he did care. Hours, it seemed, dragged away. He sat on the baggage-truck, trying not to listen. It was clear moonlight, still, and clear as a bell. The gym where they were dancing was only a few blocks away, behind the trees, and on the other side of the track was open prairie. There wasn't a sound there on the station platform except the clicking of the telegraph key, and he could hear the faint music of the violins and the toot-toot of the cornet coming over the trees.

It was after midnight when the train thundered in. He was in his seat, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, when the rest came down the street on the run and the Other Man, panting and excited, bounced into the seat beside him. The Other Man had to tell about it, whether anyone listened or not—what *she* said and *he* said, and how she cut her dances right and left to sit 'em out with him and came down to within half a block of the station to see him off. And then there was a waltz that the Other Man wasn't ever going to forget—"the finest waltz I ever hope to hear, and that's a fact." The Vandalia Miler stood it for a long time. Once he sat up suddenly and jammed on his hat.

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"For heaven's sake for*get* it!" he said. "Aren't you ever going to get over being a kid?" The Vandalia Miler, you see, had had to get over being a kid in twenty-four hours, and it didn't come so easy.

"Whatever's wrong with you?" laughed the Other Man. "Never saw anybody so peevish in my life!" And he began to whistle the tune harder than ever.

The train was a milk-train. It stopped at every cross-roads. It was stiflingly hot and smelly in the car, and the Other Man kept on humming, steadily as a pianola, and keeping time by snapping his fingers, but for all that, the Vandalia Miler finally dropped asleep. He dreamed that he was down East, after all, and winning the mile, down a track about like a sublimated skating-rink, with an audience of a billion or two people, rising to him from a sort of stadium made of pure white marble and gold. He was just being heaved up in the air by the frantic populace when he woke up. And the Other Man was shaking him by the arm and telling him that they were back in Vandalia. He didn't need anyone to tell him that. It was growing light as they stepped off the train—that dead-to-the-world time of night when the lamps are getting pale. He was just blinking his eyes open and seeing the old station and the lumber-yard and the Waldorf Café, and everything inside him seemed to be caving in, when the Other Man, still up in the air and keen as a mink, began to bray out his everlasting waltz. The Vandalia Miler jumped as though you had shot off a revolver just behind his ear. He whirled round and almost yelled:

"For heaven's sake, man, shut *up!*" The Other Man looked at him and laughed.

"I don't see what license you've got to be so all-fired grouchy," he said. "If you'd won-——"

"Well?" cried the Vandalia Miler, stepping closer.

"It looked to me——"

"Looked to *you*! Are you calling me a quitter?"

You must remember that it had lasted two whole days and nights now and the ends of his nerves were all sticking out.

"Say it, will you?" He dropped his suit-case on the sidewalk and clenched his fists. "Just *say* it now—*how* did it look to you?" And then, before anyone guessed

He put his hands in his pockets and squeezed his finger-nails into his palms.—Page 298.

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what was coming, he shot out with his fist. The Other Man's hands were down, helpless. He caught it fairly on the tip of the jaw and went down in a heap, and the Vandalia Miler stood over him, half waiting to swing again, half scared at what he had done. The others rushed in to pull them apart, but the Other Man just jumped up with a grim little laugh, as though it was all a sort of joke and the Vandalia Miler a kind of wild man with bad manners. Then he walked ahead with the rest. All in all, it was about the completest thing he could have done. It left the Vandalia Miler, you see, quite on the outside. And that was the end of Damon and Pythias—and all their plans and dreams. The next day the Other Man went down East to tutor for his entrance exams. The Vandalia Miler went to work in the hardware store, selling frying-pans and shingle nails.

. . . . . .

The Vandalia Miler left the store in charge of the repair-shop man and started home for supper. He had just sold an improved gasoline stove to a farmer's wife from Vienna Centre who had never burned anything but wood, and he was considerably excited. He swung up State Street, whistling. There was a bulletin in the *Blade* window with letters in blue ink splashed on it a foot high. This is what he read—what stopped his whistling short:

TRIUMPH OF VANDALIA BOY

Underneath was a dispatch with a New York date-line, telling how the Other Man had won the intercollegiate mile at Mott Haven that afternoon. He felt his face getting hot. He put his hands in his pockets and squeezed his finger-nails into his palms so that folks wouldn't see. There was a beautiful picture framed up in his mind—a picture built up of Sunday supplements, stories in magazines, and the imagination of a young man who had never seen Mott Haven, and who stood on a wooden sidewalk on the main street of a fresh-water town a thousand miles away. It was a sort of composite of Henley and a Thanksgiving game, and the Other Man stood in the foreground in the afternoon sunshine, panting easily and smiling politely at the applause. In the two years that the Other Man had been away he hadn't come back even for his vacations, and he was getting to be a we-used-to-know-him-when-he-was-young sort of a man. There had been many stories about him in the *Blade*. News was rather scarce out there, and they liked to hear about each other. And every time the Other Man did anything the town people felt somehow that Vandalia had done it and were glad. There was considerable local pride in Vandalia. They would do anything for anybody who did something for the town. But the Vandalia Miler hadn't learned this yet.

He got away with out being obliged to talk to anybody, and hurried home. There, without knowing just why, he unearthed his old running clothes, and just as the sun was setting that evening the Vandalia Miler started jogging round the old dirt track at the fair grounds, training again for the mile.

They didn't go in very heavily for sport in those days in Vandalia, and everybody soon knew what he was doing and wondered why. The high-school boys came over of late afternoons and watched him run. Then they got to pacing him, and finally they asked him to help them get up a team to lick Sugar River. Sugar River was a town about twenty miles north of Vandalia. The only difference between the two towns to an outsider was that the one had an opera-house and a six-story hotel, and the other had ten blocks of brick paving. A football game between Vandalia and Sugar River would have made the '94 Springfield game look like an international peace congress at a vegetarian breakfast. The Vandalia Miler helped them with the team. He didn't know, of course, that it was about the most important thing he'd ever done in his life and he was thinking too much of himself and the Other Man to be very much interested. But he did it as well as he knew how. Sugar River annihilated them. They lost every point. It didn't especially increase Vandalia's love for Sugar River.

The Vandalia Miler was embarrassed, but he kept up his own running, not training enough to get tired of it, or stale, but just enough to keep him fit and getting better. Some days he took a lot of little sprints, some a jog of five miles or so, some a rest or a bit of tennis, but no smoking, and all the time plenty of sleep. Sometimes he'd try it at sun-up, before the rest of the town was

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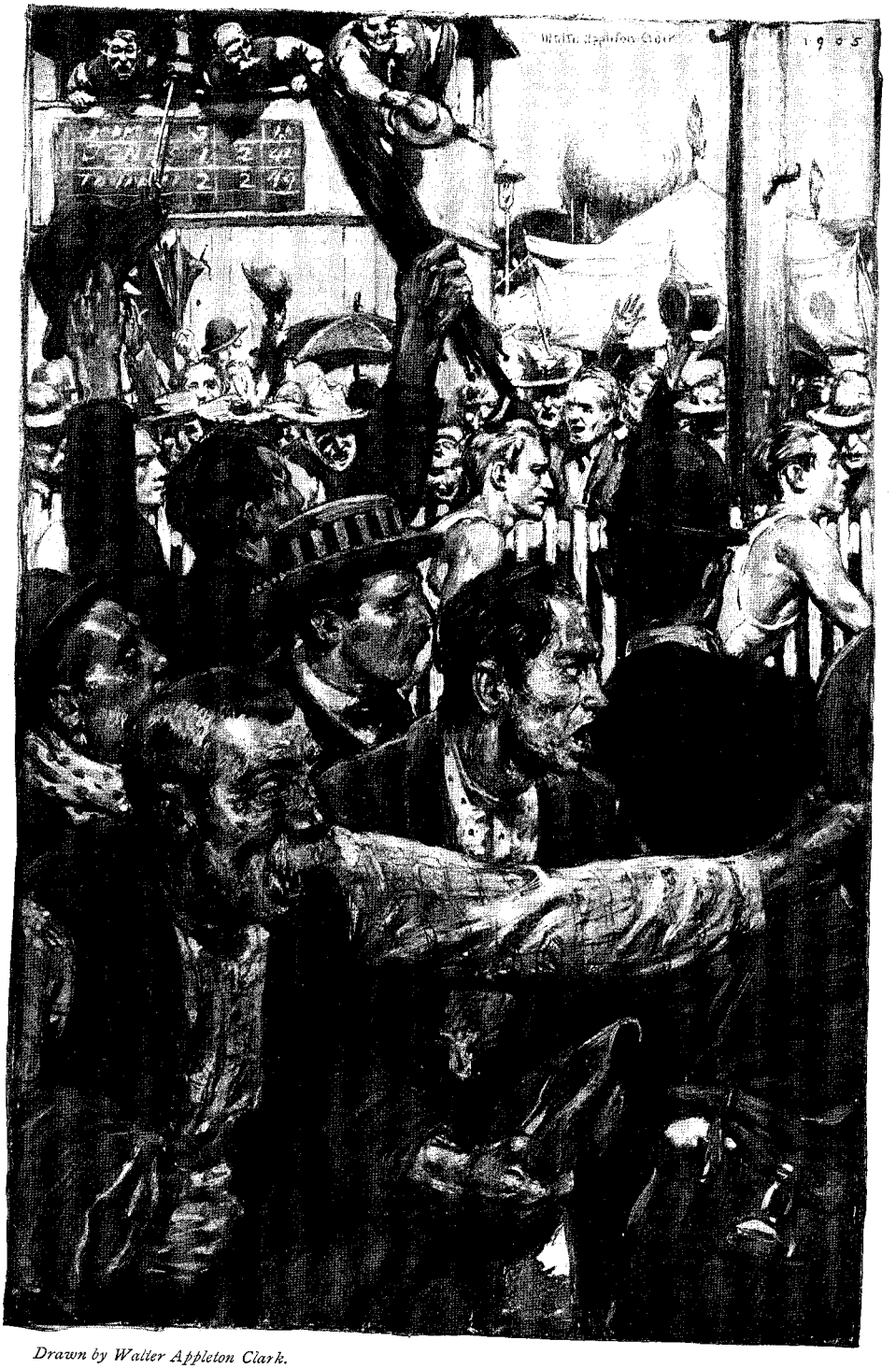

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Into the crowd they went.—Page 302.

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awake, just to test his steam and press himself a bit; and sometimes, on moonlight nights, when he could see the track plain as day, he'd go over after dark and whirl off his mile at top speed, stripped to the buff—racing through the moonlight with the cool night smell coming up from the grass and the cool wind blowing on him all over. Those were the times when he even forgot the Other Man. It seemed as though he was tireless, eating up the distance like a ghost with a feeling all the time of I've-done-this-before-in-the-dawn-of-things-a-million-years-ago. The next day, when he was back in the hardware store, he would smile inside at ordinary folks plodding about in their foolish store-clothes. The point is, you see, he began to run for the fun of running. It was the only thing he'd had for company since the Other Man went away. By the time summer was over he was brown as an Indian and hard as nails and he could run like a broncho.

In August, in Vandalia, came the Clearwater County fair. It was the biggest fair in the State—more people, bigger pumpkins, fatter hogs, taller corn, more balloons and bands and red lemonade and noise. The fair grounds began to fill up with red thrashing-machines and candy booths and side-show tents—not the place for a young man who preferred to be alone. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the third day of the fair, the Vandalia Miler stopped at the corner drug-store for a drink of soda-water, on his way home. He was just swallowing a glass of Arctic Mist and recalling that a preparation known as Lemo Kolo had tasted just like it a year ago, when out through the window, over the colored-water jars, he saw the Other Man, home again after his triumphs in the vast and glittering East, togged out in a set of very tricky flannels and blowing along State Street, bowing right and left, and beaming like a fresh-plucked rose for joy at getting home. You might just as well have flashed a searchlight in his eyes at ten paces. He was all in. The two years that had passed rolled up like a patent window-shade when the spring slips, and he was back at the railroad station, just home from Pardeeville, watching the Other Man walk away through the melancholy dawn. He saw him pushing open the screen, and he braced himself for an instant to face it out, cold and rather haughtily. Then he flung a dime on the counter and, red as fire hurried out the side door.

That night the *Blade* published a long program for Thursday, the big day at the fair. There was to be a special excursion from Sugar River, a free-for-all trot and a two-fifteen pace, the McHenry Zouaves, the Diving Horse, a fat ladies' potato race, Pavella the King of Tight Wire, *and*—"an open mile foot-race for the championship of the world." That was the way the *Blade* put it. They could always be trusted in such cases to do the right thing. Of course it was the Other Man's crowd who had conceived the idea of the race. He had brought some of his friends home with him from the East to show them what the West was like, and they had thought it would be good sport to make him trot out and perform for the girls and the merry villagers. "For the championship of the world," said the *Blade*, "that is no mere jest is evidenced by the fact that first among the list of entries appears the name of our famous young townsman, the present intercollegiate champion. He informed a representative of the *Blade* this afternoon that he had kept up his training for just such a contingency as this, and that he never was in finer fettle. The scribe found him at his home, 'The Elms,' on the beautiful estate north of the city, where he is entertaining a number of wealthy young society men from Eastern *bon-ton* circles, and found him as modest as he was when he left his native town two years ago. He said that nothing would please him more than to run at the fair-grounds, track. 'For it was there,' said he, 'that I won my first race, you know!' "

"Oh, *hell!*" said the Vandalia Miler. And then he called up the superintendent's office at the fair grounds and told them to enter him for the mile.

. . . . . .

There was, in the first place, a piping hot August afternoon, the kind that they have out in the corn belt, when not a drop of rain has fallen for a couple of months and the leaves are drying up on the trees and the grass is yellow and crackly under foot, and the dust follows after the farmer's wagons like smoke. Then, inside a high board fence, was the fair ground, with big wooden halls here and there, oak-trees with

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locusts singing away in the branches, and packed full of people and prize cattle and pumpkins and lunch-boxes and chewing candy and noise. There were farmers in their store-clothes just in from thrashing and farmers' girls in white dresses with pink and baby-blue ribbons, and in between children with sticky popcorn and red balloons and squawkers. There was a "natural amphitheatre" with benches running along the side hill, where the hushed crowd gaped at the spellbinder waving his arms beside the ice-water pitcher. There were prize-pig pens and sheep pens, the art hall with its pictures of peaches tumbling out of baskets and watermelons just opened with the knife lying beside them, and the tents where Diavolo ate grass and blew fire out of his mouth and the beautiful young lady stood out on a platform by the ticket-box, in faded pink tights, with a big wet snake wound around her throat and her spangles blinking in the sunshine. There were sample windmills and cane-ringing games, and wherever there was room a man shaking popcorn or pulling candy over a hook, or a damp little shed smelling of vanilla, where people were eating ice cream and drinking red lemonade. You get all that and lots more going at once, with the barkers yelling and the sledge-hammers thumping on the strength-testing machines and the merry-go-round organs squealing away, with the sun blazing at ninety-four in the shade and everywhere the smell of hot people and clothes and stale perfume, of lemonade and popcorn and peanuts and dust and trampled grass—you take all that, draw a third-of-a-mile circle through the thick of it, push the crowd back a bit, and you have the Vandalia track that day as the engine bell in the judges' stand tolled out the warning signal and the old marshal on his white circus horse rode down the track sidewise, bellowing out the "mile foot race fer the champeenship of the world!"

As he caught the sharp command of the bell—the same bell that for years and years had called up the trotting horses from the stables—the Vandalia Miler jumped out of his blanket in the Tight-Wire Man's tent and pushed through the crowd to the mark. The farmer girls giggled as they saw his bare legs and a train of small boys followed him, gaping solemnly in the manner of those determined to see just how it was done. The Vandalia Miler was very pale. As he took his place on the starting line he was the only one there ready to run. He stared straight ahead at the people edging up closer and closer to the little lane that was left for them to run through, licked his dry lips and rubbed nervously his bare left arm. There they were, the farmers and the townspeople, the men and the girls that he and the Other Man had grown up with and gone to school with. And he felt that if he could beat him—so slim and smiling and sure—beat him in Vandalia, there and then, with Vandalia and the county and the old crowd looking on—— The engine-bell clanged again peremptorily.

"Coming! Coming!" Somebody was shouting uproariously over the heads of the crowd. A big tan buckboard drove in between the surreys and lumber-wagons, and out hopped the Other Man, all wrapped up in a great plaid ulster, his bare ankles showing underneath it. He threw off his coat and stood there laughing and shaking hands with his friends—in his 'varsity running clothes, the crimson ribbon across his chest. The Vandalia Miler saw him and gripped his fingers tight. It seemed to him that the crowd suddenly became still; the uproar of the squawkers and carousel-organ sounded vague and far away. At the same moment there was a stir in the crowd just under the stand, and a big, tow-headed chap began to pull off his overalls and shirt. "Hey, there!" he called up to the starters; "I want to get in this!" The crowd began to laugh good-naturedly, but the Vandalia Miler didn't laugh at all. He was trying to remember where he had seen this farmer's face. On the sleeveless jersey which the tow-headed man wore underneath his flannel shirt was a spot cleaner than the rest. It was where an initial had been torn away. He turned to find the Other Man in front of him, smiling and holding out his hand. He took it, scarcely knowing what he did.

"So we're going to have it out, right here and now," laughed the Other Man, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Yes," said the Vandalia Miler. His mouth was all cotton, so it came in a quick sort of whisper. "Yes," he repeated.

"I hope," began the Other Man, and then he paused and grinned a little and blushed. "It's been quite a while—I hope ——" All at once someone cried—"*Now*,

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ready!" The crowd that had apparently been pushing and shoving aimlessly about the judges' stand closed into a compact mass and out came a yell—one of those old-fashioned, wild-Indian, give-'em-the-axe, and all that sort of thing yells, with Sugar River at the end. "Sugar *River*—Sugar *River*—Sugar *River!*" three times, like that. It was like marching into the middle of an Irish picnic with a brass band playing "Boyne Water." A hoot and a howl came back from all along the track and the crowd—all Vandalia, it seemed—began to stampede in toward the judges' stand. The Vandalia Miler grabbed a couple of handfuls of long grass from the turf at the side of the track and wadded them up in his hands for "corks." His face wasn't as pale now and a new look jumped into his eyes. He turned to the Other Man, yelling above the uproar of the crowd:

"You want to look out for *him:* He's a ringer, and he's running for Sugar River!" And in the thick of the noise and the pushing and the dust, the starter swung his hat downward and with the single cry of "Go!" sent the three runners away.

The Other Man cut across from the outside like a flash and took the pole. The Vandalia Miler closed in behind, tight on his heels, eyes hooked to his back, just below the shoulders. The tow-headed man trailed the two, big-boned and heavy, but striding long and strong as a horse. Into the crowd they went—a sort of curving chute, walled in by faces and clothes smelling of popcorn and dust, and a baking sun beating down from overhead—like three machines, stride and stride alike, the Other Man leading the way like a race-horse, strong and confident, as if he were only playing with the game. Out into the open and the cooler air of the back-stretch they swung, past the red thrashers and pig pens, round the lower turn, and toward the judges' stand again. They were going like a three-horse tandem, the Vandalia Miler so close up that the dirt from the Other Man's spikes splashed his shins. He could see indistinctly the crowd still jostling and shouting under the wire, see the lobster-red face and white mustache of old Skerritt, the starter, leaning out on the rail of the judges' stand toward them and bellowing through his hands something about beating out Sugar River. He felt the mass open up and close in after them, the suffocating walled-in chute growing hotter and heavier, the pull of the second quarter beginning to drag hard on his legs and wind, and at the time he saw plainly that the Other Man was, if anything, increasing the pace—pushing ahead like a doped race-horse, at a half-mile gait, forgetting that there was anybody behind him. The pace held—screwed up tight—stride and stride alike, round the upper turn and into the open again. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a big mullin leaf—one of his old mile-stones—slip past their feet, the beginning of the third quarter. But the shade of a let-down in the pace which he expected there and which prepares for the last quarter never came. As they struck the cooler air—it was like getting out of a cornfield into the road—the noise about the judges' stand—Sugar River and Vandalia all mixed together—came reaching across the field bigger than ever, and every time it puffed out louder the Other Man's back jumped ahead a bit. The Vandalia Miler stuck close—not pressing, not letting himself lose an inch. He was holding every ounce of steam, running every stride with his head. Round the lower turn they pounded, every dozen strides or so letting slip another link, and then, just as they were rounding into the straightaway there suddenly puffed up from the judges' stand a great roar of "Sugar River!" At the same instant he heard a hoarse breath just behind his neck, an arm bumped his elbow, and the tow-headed man pushed by on the outside and went up after the leader. The crowd down the track was going wild. Old Skerritt was banging the engine-bell for the last lap like a fireman going to a fire. The Vandalia Miler didn't shift his eyes a hair's breadth from the Other Man's back. He was surprised at himself to see how cool he was; how he was calculating whether the Other Man was tireless or had merely lost his head, whether the Sugar River man could make good with his bluff or whether, as they neared the crowd, he was just playing to the gallery. In the next two-twenty he would know. There was more than a quarter yet to go, and he tried to feel it all as a unit and know just how much he had left. Past the stand and into the crowd again—the Sugar River man's chin slewed round a bit. He was lifting into the sprint! And a quarter yet

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to go! He saw the Other Man's back jump forward as he met the challenge, saw them fighting, shoulder to shoulder, knew the moment had come, that here and now the race was to be lost or won, and he squeezed his corks, shut his eyes, and bore on hard. For a dozen strides he fought, like a man under water trying to get to the surface, when suddenly, from the edge of the track ahead came a quick, triumphant cheer. He opened his eyes. The Sugar River man was ahead! He had squeezed past and was on the pole, drawing away from the Other Man. But it was not the Sugar-River yell that was echoing across the track. It was a new and different cry—nervous, compact, fierce, relentless. It forced itself through the general hullabaloo and dominated it, and suddenly it came clear to the Vandalia Miler's ears—the old drum-beat cheer—*his* cheer—the one he and the Other Man had taught the school before the team went to Pardeeville. And his name was at the end. Down came a pair of arms a rod or two in front of him and out it smashed again—that wonderful yell with the sudden shift of the beat in the fifth line, like getting under a big weight, all together, and shoving after you've been pounding it. He fought on in a dizzy sort of trance, not knowing what was happening, but feeling suddenly light and confident and strong. He felt himself gaining—felt that somehow the backs of the other two men were drawing irresistibly nearer. Someone ran along beside him, waving a hat. "You've got him! You've got him! Keep it up! Keep it up!" the man cried. "Vandalia! Vandalia! Vandalia!" All at once it came to him that he *had* got him—got the Other Man—got the ringer—that Vandalia was going to beat Sugar River and they were calling on him to come. The cheer shot out again—a little farther ahead—as fast as the beat stopped it was caught up and carried on. Someone—it was the boys he'd trained who had done it—had strung relays all round the track. It became a regular bombardment. The crowd listened—wavered—and broke loose. They came swarming down from the seats on the side hill and over the rail. They followed along behind in a drove, yelling like Indians. It looked like a picture of the flight from Pompeii with everybody laughing—kids and men and girls stumbling along in the grass at the side of the track and scuffling up the dust behind. He could hear them laughing and screaming: "Keep it up! Keep it up!" and "Beat him! Beat him! Vandalia! Vandalia!" and steadily all the time from behind and in front came that drum-beat cheer, ripping and pounding out above the rest. The relays crossed each other and overlapped, taking it up and beating it in—swinging it, jamming it at 'em. It seemed as though that whole fair ground had jumped together in a twinkling and was calling on him to come. It all hit him in a flash—shivered up his backbone. He had stayed behind, but he was somebody, after all, and he stood for somebody and they stood for him and expected things of him. He forgot the Other Man, forgot himself. *He* was Vandalia now, and Vandalia must smash Sugar River. It was more than getting even, more than winning; it was fighting for his friends, for his town, for his country. His feet seemed lifted from the ground.

Maybe Vandalia was a dull place to live in, but it was everlastingly healthy. All his running and going-to-bed-with-the-chickens came back to help him now. Rounding into the stretch, he took the bit in his teeth and turned everything loose. With every stride he seemed to pull the Sugar River man's back nearer, hand over hand. His elbow bumped an arm and he heard the Other Man gasping out, "*Beat* him! *Beat* him!" as he passed by. Nothing could have stopped him then. There were fifty yards left. He shut his eyes again; his elbow bumped an arm, then the engine-bell was clanging overhead, and the tape hit his chest. The crowd closed in, there was a great uproar all round him, and he turned just in time to see the Sugar River man go down and out about six feet short of the line, and to catch the Other Man in his arms as he dove forward and fainted clean away.

He picked him up like a child, and, spent as he was, carried him into the the Tight-Wire Man's tent. Outside the crowd cheered and howled, and pushed up against the canvas walls, and from the distance came the boom of the band, marching toward them across the field. He swabbed on witch-hazel desperately—panting, dizzy with excitement and happiness, and a queer happy-weepy remorse. The Other Man opened his eyes and blinked.

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"Bill"—he grinned the best he could and held out his hand—"I guess we've been fools long enough." Then he got tired again. "It was a great race," he said, without opening his eyes. The Vandalia Miler swabbed on the witch-hazel the harder. "Yes!" he panted; "Yes!" He meant that he thought it had been long enough. Somehow he couldn't remember any words. And then the crowd pushed in. The Other Man raised himself on his elbow.

"Go out to them, Bill," he said; "I'm all right. You don't want to forget—you're champeen of the world!"

They grabbed him up, protesting, lifted him on their shoulders and carried him out of the tent. He felt the cooler air and he saw the faces turned toward him and heard the cheers and cries, and then they marched out to the people—his own people at last—with the band booming away at the head.

That, in a way, is about what they've been doing to him ever since, out there in Vandalia. At least that is what Starbuck said as he told us the story—we who had run together and played together and were back from East and West to see another class day, to tell the old stories, run the old races over again, swing home again with the pack through the frosty autumn, toward the lights of the Square. Starbuck, you see, was the Other Man.

"They've just nominated him for governor out in our State," said he, "and they're telling the story of that race all the way from South River Junction to the North State line. I'm one of Bill's spell-binders; that's why I tell it so well. He's our Favorite Son now, and he's only begun." Starbuck took a couple of brisk pulls at his cigar and blew a big cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Begins to look" said he cheerfully, "as though I was the man who was left behind."

AUGUST NIGHT

By Hester Bancroft

ALONG the ripened grain the full moon lies
In splendor on the wide-spread yellow fields,
And closer Heaven arches round the Earth—
The richness of the harvest, as it dies,
Seems breath of Her contentment that She yields—
Completion big with promise of new birth.
The hunger of my heart unmated cries:
How long, how long till I too shall have love?

Dense overhead the orchard branches sway,
As faint the night wind stirring breathes on high;
A thrush croons gently, dreaming 'mid the leaves;
The heavy boughs with thick-set apples weigh,
And slow their mellow perfume passes by,
All mingled with the fragrance of the sheaves—
The craving of my soul in sorrow cries:
How long, how long till I too shall have love?

Beneath the moon the whole world seems to blend,
Content sighs in the fields of rustling corn,
And, live with sound, the warm air trembles near
All fulness! God, the night will never end,
And I, alone, discordant and forlorn,
Unmated, on this love-night of the year!
The hunger of my weeping heart still cries:
Must I alone live ever without love?

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"PATTIE"

By Margaret Doane Gardiner

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

MARTHA ENDICOTT sat sewing under the heavy blossoming horse-chestnut at the farthest corner of the garden. Not that the farthest corner of the garden was very far from the house, but it was the one point of view from which the red brick plainness of 36 Beaver Street was not visible, by reason of the merciful interposition of a thicket of gnarled old lilac bushes, glorious now with a prodigal extravagance of lavender and white flowers.

Perhaps I should not have said that Martha was sewing. Her strong brown hands were indeed busily running a fine needle in and out of a bewildering mass of white ruffles, which should some day take form as a sunbonnet, and so intent were her eyes on these same ruffles that a sunbeam dodging the jealous foliage above, flew down unnoticed and gilded the heavy coil of her pale gold hair, that in her deepest thoughts the girl piteously styled *blond cendré*, but that passed in the family for mud-color. So much of Martha was sewing. But the real Martha paid no heed to sun or ruffles. She was rambling joyously in a far country, an ever-widening, ever-fascinating land of fancy, wherein she was no longer a tall, rather thin, plain-faced girl of twenty, with straight hair and uncompromising, wide-set blue eyes, but a dimpled, hesitating little woman, with softly drooping lashes, red-brown, wavy locks, and passionate, impulsive nature—a creature of quick, thunderous tears and glorious smiles, whom all mankind were instantly moved to shelter, protect, and love. Martha had no practical experience of lovers, but that in no wise hampered the spirited actions of her day-dream suitors. Whether she poured out her thoughts into the one safety-valve she knew, writing for hours, crystallizing into story form or poetry the strong, individual workings of her active brain, or whether she dreamed dreams as ethereal as sunshine, as soon as she opened the gates of her imagination she was no longer bound, but gloriously free. Just now her heart was revelling in sentiment. The hero *pro tem.*, a tall, quiet man, whose iron reserve had broken and melted into a flood of tenderness at sight of her, bruised and helpless, but still plucky at the foot of a fifteen-foot cliff, had just dropped upon his knee beside her, crying, "Good God, Pattie! My darling, my poor little darling!" and had laid her dishevelled, copper-shadowed curls against his breast, after the manner of the man one dreams of, when the warm, sweet-scented air was pierced by a cheery shout.

"Martha! Where are you? Violet is here."

"Will you ask her to come out, please, mother?" Martha answered promptly, relegating the perturbed hero to his own especial niche in her brain. She would have liked to believe that she had come back slowly to mundane consciousness, that her eyes were still filled with the dream-light, but she knew it was not so. She knew that at a moment's notice she could pigeon-hole her glorious illusions, drop her dream name, the quaint, sweet, diminutive "Pattie," that no one had ever thought of applying to her in real life—and be just herself. And suddenly her wide, well-shaped mouth broke into a most infectious, merry smile, as it occurred to her that scientists twenty years hence, when cerebral localization had been thoroughly grasped, would no doubt be able to determine the position, and excavate the cell, allotted in her brain to each buried hero as easily as they had unearthed the gods of ancient Troy. The smile was still there when Violet appeared around the lilac bushes, a radiant little being in white, with a big white parasol behind her white hat, and an appealing air of weariness.

"O Violet, how nice! Won't you sit down, dear?" Martha said, picking up her neat work-basket from the other end of the bench. No one knew how Martha longed to be untidy—impulsively, attractively careless! She was cursed with a soul the very quintessence of system and order, and she loathed it.

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"You angel, to be working already!" Violet dropped in an unconsciously graceful heap on the bench; her dark hair and brown fawn-eyes finding an ideal foil in the Saxon fairness and plainness of her friend. Then she threw an arm about Martha's unbending neck and kissed her. "I know you hate it, but I simply had to. O, honey, I could not wait until this afternoon to come, I had to see you." Her eyes were not tired now; they were shining, and her little mouth was curved in a happy smile.

"What has happened?" demanded Martha, and braced herself. She did not particularly like confidences, because she hated to feel jealous, and she knew she should feel so if it was anything especially nice.

"Oh, it was very little, and I don't suppose he meant it." Violet's tales all began that way, and every after-word was a denial of this first humble suggestion. "He came yesterday afternoon."

"He?" said the other unsympathetically, and hated herself for the hypocrisy, for Violet's "hes" each held undisputed sway for the moment, and there was no doubt which "he" this was.

"Jim Armitage," Violet answered with unruffled sweetness. "Martha, I suppose you can't understand, but somehow when the bell rang, I—I knew that it was he." Martha was conscious of a queer dull pain in her throat, and she only said a little blankly, "And it was?"

"Of course, dear, I told you," gently remonstrated Miss Andrews. "But that isn't the point. It's the knowing beforehand that's so wonderful."

"There wouldn't be much point if he didn't come, though, after you'd had that feeling."

"O Martha, dear, don't. You're so awfully clever, and I'm not. But he doesn't seem to mind about that, does he?" She smiled reminiscently, all unconscious of the double edge to her simple remark. Martha was not unconscious of it. For a moment something surged up in her and longed to cry out that it was not her fault if she had no beauty and only that despised attribute of cleverness, that she also was a woman, that it was not fair for the world to take for granted that men could not care for her. Such great possibilities of loving womanhood were struggling toward the light! And that she alone should appreciate them in herself! Violet talked on of the "He said and I said" of yesterday, but Martha forgot her, and only caught a word here and there. She was going over and over the oft-thought tale of her first meeting with Jim Armitage, and all that had followed. For he was her friend—hers—before ever he came to Attica.

The day on which they had met was forever stamped on her memory. It was her one and only hour of adventure. To begin with, last spring she had gone to Washington to be bridesmaid to her cousin, Mary Denis, and for the first time in her life had been exquisitely dressed; for Mrs. Denis had spent, it seemed to Martha, as much time over the fluffy pale-blue India silk the girl was to wear as though she were the bride herself. Her aunt's efforts were rewarded. An absurdly flattering and obsequious hairdresser had "coiffé mademoiselle à merveille"; and when, two hours before church time, Martha had looked at her distinguished image in the long mirror, and had seen the low-dressed shining coils on her neck and the sweeping grace of her blue gown, matched by the forget-me-not chiffon of her hat, a sudden agony of self-consciousness had seized her, and she had fled from the sight of even the maid, and had hidden her unnaturally gorgeous self in the little flower-filled conservatory, which was hardly more than an after-thought to the white drawing room. There she sat some ten minutes, trying to nerve herself for the coming ordeal. Suddenly a voice afar off cried, "You're all dressed, aren't you, Jim?" And, oh, horror, from the white drawing-room beyond the screen of hydrangias stentorian tones replied: "As dressed as I'm going to be, old man. If you don't like me this way, you'll have to get another best man."

"All right," came the distant bridegroom's answer, "I'm on my way to my frock coat now!"

She was trapped. There in the next room sat the best man, Mr. Armitage, whom she had not even met the night before, when he returned from a hurried journey to New York. He must have come in just after her embarrassed flight to the conservatory, and she would have to pass him if she wanted to escape. For an instant "Pattie" thrilled with pleasurable excitement at the thought. It was almost romantic! Then Martha's

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bewildered terror absolutely overwhelmed the joys of possible drama and its appeal to her imagination. What could she do? The question came with tragic force, and was answered after an instant by a dawning smile, and at last by an almost audible laugh. "Why, nothing at all, but sit still till the man goes," thought Martha, and folded her hands. For half an hour there was silence in the alcove, and only the monotonous rustle of turning leaves in the next room. "He is reading," murmured the girl. "But there isn't a book in the place. They have all been carried upstairs. It's not noisy enough for a newspaper. What can——" Here an awful thought paralyzed articulate speech. Her manuscript, her study in satire, her story, into which she had written her very self,—her ironical sketches of the little folk of her native Attica, her longing for wider, better proportioned life—so much, so much of her inmost being—where had she left it this morning, when Aunt Caroline had called her away so absurdly early to dress? She had been correcting and rereading, dissatisfied with her own ignorance and clumsiness in the use of the wonderful weapon of language; then her aunt had called her. She was usually so terribly orderly, but just to-day—it must have been the infectious wedding excitement in the air! She must have left the manuscript downstairs, for she could not remember carrying it up. She must have left it in the drawing-room! And that man! A sudden rustle of many pages came from the next room—"By George, that's good!"

The words acted as an electric shock, and Martha sprang to life.

James Armitage, still chuckling over the spicy satire in his hands, looked up, startled at a tall vision in blue, who, stammering with excitement, demanded her manuscript.

"Is it yours?" He rose instantly. "I beg your pardon for reading it, but it was lying here half open, you know. Did you write it, really?"

Martha was too angry to know what she was saying. "Of course I wrote it. I'm sorry. It isn't meant to be horrid about—about the people at home, but—but they are funny, and they don't know it. And—and the rest is—is just what I do think," she flung out defiantly. The man stared at her an instant, and then threw back his brown head and roared.

"My dear child," he gasped at last, unchecked by the fact that the girl before him had suddenly frozen into her usual glacial condition of repression, and was horrified at her explosion of a minute ago. "Don't be sorry for a word of it. It's heavenly! And besides it's deuced clever! I beg your pardon, but—you write like a man, and I forgot you weren't one."

"I am not one," Martha said, simply because it seemed necessary for her to speak, and words were always scarce with her.

The man smiled and bit his lip a little, glancing down at the pages in his hand. The girl stood implacable before him, an iceberg in pale blue. But the instincts of a born critic were in him, and even the stiff coldness of her manner could not crush them. "You won't mind if I say something, will you? You ought to have given yourself freer rein," he said abruptly. "You don't let go enough in the places where you want to strike straight out from the shoulder. The thoughts are there, but the language is cramped."

Martha collapsed suddenly. Her heart stretched out hungry hands for just this understanding criticism. "Is that the trouble?" she asked eagerly, coming a step nearer. She forgot that he was a man, a stranger. For the moment "Pattie," the creature of impulse, the woman of vivid imagination and graphic pen, was to the fore. The touch of sympathy, the comprehension that no one had ever given her, drew her out of her unlovely shell. Martha was free of her limitations.

"Well, here, for instance." He found the place, and made room for her on the sofa. Without an atom of self-consciousness or of her usual primness, Martha sat down beside him. "You have given a full description of the girl's utter lack of humor, you make her out perfectly uninteresting, and yet you interest one in her by the delicious sarcasm. Now, the emergency comes, the real *she* is called on, all her forces spring into action, and then you shy at the result. Instead of sketching her in a few bold strokes, letting her stand out firmly against the petty background of the other people, you are afraid of the strong words, and you utterly miss your picture. Do you see?"

"Yes," the girl said earnestly, "that's it, but I didn't know what was the matter."

At the end of an hour, Mrs. Denis found

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them still absorbed, and hurried them off to the carriages. Martha stood up bewildered, looked straight into a pair of very kind gray eyes, and suddenly stiffened. She did not want to be different. Heaven knew she longed to keep that new, glorious comradeship, but it was gone. She could only say primly, all her old chrysalis hardening about her, "Thank you very much. I am afraid I have kept you too long."

She thought the Fates had sent her one unrepeatable, meteor-like hour of pleasure, but for once the Fates were kind. In the six weeks that followed he was often at her aunt's house, and they worked together over her stories and sketches. Left to herself, Martha would never have asked for another word of criticism; but James Armitage had caught one vivid glimpse of a strong personality, and the more formal and proper Martha became, the more he insisted on her showing him her work, the more he sought the woman underneath. And though she never forgot herself as on that first day, yet in those weeks Martha was often almost pleasant. She was drawn toward the man by a strong tie, for with him she was at her *better* at least, and that meant much to her, who knew that she was only at her *best* on a lonely mountain top or in the locked silence of her own room. Many a day "Pattie," with quickened heart-beats, planned that she would tell him this or that, that she would speak to him of herself, her life, her hopes and ambitions. But the greatest result of her joyous scheming was perhaps an awkward silence, after which Martha would blurt out, "Attica is all hills, you know," or "The lilacs are in bloom now at home." She was utterly tongue-tied as soon as she even thought of herself. And meanwhile James Armitage, who came to know and understand the woman under the writings, was dazed and puzzled by the action of circumstance and loveless environment on the shy girl he saw, and puzzled hourly over her rigid, painful propriety till she was gone, after her own strange, awkward way, without a word of warning or farewell. Then, with a gleam of very unmannish intuition, he suddenly understood that, whatever the reason might be, Martha simply could not be herself! He worried about it no more, but cast over her whole unbending plainness a tender mantle of pity for the struggling character that needed something as yet unfound to draw it from its repellant covering. It would be a fascinating work, he thought, to bring such a woman to herself. "She is all Martha now, hard and unlovely," he said, "but I will make her to be Pattie instead, womanly and bright and full of sweetness." And he smiled at the quaint conceit.

So Martha had gone. All that hour with Mr. Armitage, that she only knew to be the last, "Pattie" within her was aching for a friend's farewell. But because of the very strength of her longing she had no words to tell him that she was going. And at last she let him leave her with only the formal little "Good-by"—that means "till we next meet"—instead of the words of strong feeling and hope that "Pattie" struggled to utter, and so James Armitage passed out of Martha Endicott's life. She had not mentioned him to Violet when she came home. Violet did not expect such heart histories from Martha; for it never occurred to her that plain, commonplace Martha had a heart. Only there was a curious scene in the third-story room overlooking the garden when the traveller returned to the familiar repressive atmosphere of her native town. (In black and white Attica called itself city, but not even its oldest inhabitant dignified it by the title.)

The big, brown trunk, that had from long association acquired a look of its staid, serious mistress, was unlocked, and the neatly folded dresses were neatly unpacked and neatly laid away again. Then Martha looked around her room. Her heart was full to bursting. A tragic feeling of staring at the drop-curtain and knowing that play and actors were gone forever came over her. But the cosmic law of her being, the unbreakable law of order, the systematic order of common things, held her still—held her now more than ever, since she had come home to an unbroken *régime* of orderly trifles. If she were the girl that her dreams made her, she would cry, she thought, and found herself arranging her collars with mathematical precision in her top bureau drawer. It occurred to her that it would be untold joy to put both hands into that tidy drawer and muss it hopelessly. So she shut it, carefully lifting it to prevent its sticking, and turned to her trunk again. A small bundle of notes and the red ribbon that had once bound a candy box, all

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fastened together, not by the pale-blue band of romance, but by a broad elastic strap, met her eye. She knelt down and lifted it carefully out, staring at the strong, small handwriting on the topmost envelope. Something—she did not give it a name—made her head swim and her hands tremble for a minute. It was over, over, all over! She would never see him again, because she had been nothing in his busy, much-befriended existence; but he in her empty life, he who had taken the trouble to make her talk, who had listened patiently while she struggled against the inborn repression of her nature, for how much he counted! "Pattie" would have caught the packet to her breast and sobbed out to the budding garden her passionate, forsaken loneliness. Martha could see how she would fling herself face downward on the floor, pressing the letters against her lips, and how the strange smell of the ink—the ink that had dried under his blotter—would comfort her. Then in a supreme instant, renouncing the scorching memory of a flame now forever extinguished she would set the letters on the window-sill and send up a pitiful little burnt offering to the implacable gods. Then Martha looked down critically and saw her big, brown hands trembling. She laughed, a slow-coming, patient laugh, full of tolerance and utterly devoid of pity for the awkward, shaking things—a laugh that started about the sweet, large mouth and ended by crinkling the nondescript, plain nose, that was not even picturesquely ugly. Then she rose and laid the packet carefully in the lowest drawer of her desk, dusting the edges as she drew out the drawer. "Pattie" within was acting out a concentrated tragedy; Martha without had not dramatic *abandon* enough to lock the drawer. She never locked drawers. It would entail the keeping of many keys, and to what purpose? No one would suspect her of having any secrets.

That was all. She had not looked at the package since that morning. Why should she? The notes were perfectly commonplace little social epistles that she did not want to read over. Her memory was better. Unhampered by mere facts, it made a true shrine of the lower drawer, and "Pattie" revelled in sad memories for a while. But orderly readjustment, absolute proportion, was Martha's existence, and though for a while her dreaming was tinged with melancholy, and all her heroes were broad-shouldered, simple men, unconscious of their own charm, with gray eyes, firm mouths, and a grave, kind smile, yet she grew no thinner nor paler as the summer waxed and waned—and only once, one cool September evening in the mountains, did she let "Jim" bend over "Pattie" in the shadow of an old stranded wreck on the moonlit shore of a still dream sea and whisper: "Darling, are you never going to let me come to you? Must I always seem to force myself upon you? Pattie, my little Pattie, I love you so." That experiment was cut short, for Martha suddenly interfered. Straight, mud-colored hair, tall figure, big brown hands and all, she stumbled into "Pattie's" fairy-land and blindly tore away all the tinsel and the pretty paper flowers. "Nonsense," she muttered fiercely, aloud, to the stars. Then surprised and shocked at this unwonted violence, she did a foolish thing in the darkness. She blushed, and had to wait till her cheeks were cool before slipping indoors and up to bed. It was a strange fact that, large as she was, Martha was very light on her well-shaped, well-proportioned feet; but she had not the comfort of it, for no one had ever told her that, nor had anyone ever let her know that her physique was superb, her carriage unusually fine, and her figure symmetrical. And how should she know? She thought she was hopelessly ungainly, and took refuge in "Pattie's" evanescent charms.

That blush troubled her and resulted in the abandonment of all brown-haired, gray-eyed heroes. Martha did not try to understand why the dynasty of dark, compelling men who followed them never really filled "Pattie's" tropic soul with the old fervor. She remembered incidentally that she, Martha Endicott, had only blushed once before. (Of course "Pattie" was often suffused with throbbing color, etc.) Long ago, in the little chapel among the mountains, a dear old bishop had preached. It was a missionary sermon full of zeal and strength. The lanky fourteen-year-old girl in the front seat, outwardly prim and placid, had been stirred inwardly to white heat of excitement. Already she had seen herself working among the poor, soul-starved Indians, fighting through filth, pestilence, and sin to bring them nearer God. The

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bishop leaned forward and with all his might laid on the people their share of responsibility. He made them see that only in the leaf and branch of missionary ardor, each in his own degree, each in his own way, could a man show the vital sap of his personal Christianity. "Men and brothers," he cried with passionate earnestness, "if we are indeed Christians, we *cannot but* preach those things which we have seen and heard!" The girl was still tingling with an excitement that would have carried her easily as far as the fiercest Sioux tribes of Dakota, when the good bishop turned at the end of the service to give his benediction. Almost every head was raised to catch a last glimpse of the finely cut face; and then, as they looked, he opened his lips to speak, and his whole set of false teeth, loosened, no doubt, by the energy of his appeal, came out. It was over in a moment, and forgotten next day, but to Martha it was a moment of agony. A dull, brick-red crept up over her face, and her visions of missionary work fell crashing about her. Poor, splendid, militant saint! That his teeth should have fallen out after such a sermon! Did it ever happen when he was quelling a mob of treacherous savages? If so, did they refrain from laughter? She strove to bring her noble pictures of the work back to mind, but in each scene the teeth came in. If she went out there, if she stood between hostile chiefs, and with ringing voice called them to peace, she saw herself so only for an instant. Then in the very moment of triumph, she saw herself clutching madly at her departing teeth, and heard derisive yells of mocking laughter.

Needless to state, the bishop was too used to his teeth to mind them, and the congregation forgot them. Martha, however, was troubled. She could not understand why she had blushed. At last it came to her slowly. It was not vicarious mortification nor suppressed mirth; it was just intense anger at the killing of her sublime dream, the utter ruin of her high thrill of self-sacrifice and work, at the touch of the repulsive, uncrushable, ridiculous. The delicate harp had been keyed to highest pitch, the strings taut and quivering with sweetest music. A rough, coarse hand had come crashing down, throwing the whole instrument into a very chaos of discord, and that melody was spoiled forever.

When she tried to understand this second blush in the September starlight she came to much the same conclusion. Left to itself, her nature did not admit of anger against its own opposite elements; but a sullen rage seized her if into the untrammelled freedom of her dream-life that heavy, ungainly, daily self of hers rushed, with clumsy fingers putting far out of reach of possibility the dear things that to "Pattie" were deliciously possible and sweet. Would her two beings never fuse into a consistent whole? What brought them thus into collision? The first time—humor, the irresistible absurd. The second time—— When Martha had thought so far, she always drifted off, wandered away into the spirit country and forgot herself.

One afternoon in December, when she had established the dark kings firmly upon her heart-throne, a tall, brown-haired, gray-eyed man walked into the stiff, painfully ordered drawing room, and Miss Endicott, dazed to the point of paralysis, stood apparently frozen to the top of a minute step-ladder that looked absurdly inadequate to its burden and grasped the Christmas holly till the sharp leaves pricked and pitted her poor hands. In that brief minute she thought of a dozen cordial greetings, and said nothing at all, because every one was of "Pattie," and Martha simply could not utter them. He broke the silence.

"Just as I should have expected to find you," he laughed; "brandishing a bristling holly-bough to ward off any approaching friendly hand. You are unconquerably prickly, aren't you, Miss Endicott? But I learned in my nursery the way to deal with nettles and such-like unfriendly creatures. Come down at once, and tell me why you never said good-by to me last spring." He took the holly deliberately from her and held out his hand. Martha laid hers in it with a throb of joyous emotion. Then her eyes fell to his face, dropped a step farther, and saw the foolish red-pricked hands, and the emotion was routed instantly by her own tolerant, infectious smile.

"I'm not fit to shake hands, Mr. Armitage," she said, descending from the step-ladder. "But I—I'm very glad to see you. Er—er—will you have some tea?"

"Please. Well," as they sat down, "don't you want to know why I am here, how I came— anything at all about me?"

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"Of course," Martha murmured, "er—anything you would like to tell me."

"You're not a bit encouraging, Miss Endicott. If you think you're being cordial, I beg to undeceive you. But as I know you're dying of curiosity, all the same, I will tell you. I am in charge of the canal, and as I had a free foot as to where to pitch headquarters' tent, I naturally chose Attica."

"Naturally," agreed Martha, wondering what possible advantages Attica offered for the headquarters of the Canal-building Commission.

"I came chiefly to ask you why you had not told me you were leaving Washington," he went on. Martha could only look helplessly at him and stammer awkwardly, "I—I thought——"

"You ran away," he accused her, with a quiet smile. "You're a perfect little coward; and you were tired of being criticised. How is the work?"

"I haven't written much lately." Martha could never have shown him the swan-song of her happiness that had seen the light in June.

"We'll work hard, then, this winter," he said calmly.

Tea came and Martha made it. A sudden glimpse was vouchsafed to her of "Pattie," with beating heart and trembling fingers, lifting the too-heavy kettle with small, delicate hands, and of "Jim" taking it from her and gently chiding her rashness. But she swung the kettle just as easily as usual, a little more so, perhaps, for her arm stiffened in the fear of weakening, and "Pattie" drifted away in a cloud of steam.

Mr. Armitage had been talking on of Washington friends, of his joy in his engineering, of the canal, of his plans for the winter, and Martha forgot herself at last in her interest, and talked a little, asking shy, hesitating questions, and then making a dash for cover behind the kettle, till his eager, pleased answers brought her out again to stay out half a minute longer each time. At last he rose. "May I come often?" he said earnestly. "You know you are my only friend here." He knew the way to Martha's hospitality, but he did not anticipate the result. Martha instantly determined that it was her painful duty to introduce him at once to Violet Andrews, who would know how to amuse him, as she did all men. "He must have a good time here," she thought desperately, "and he hasn't anyone to talk to except me. He must be very tired of me." Aloud she said very formally: "Will you dine with us on Friday night? I should like you to meet some—of my friends."

"I should love to. You're sure you want me? Yes, I know you do," he added, smiling down gravely into her grieved eyes. "If you didn't, you never would have worked yourself up to such an effort of cordiality as asking me, instead of writing a stiff little note. I want to meet your father and mother, too, so I am doubly glad to come."

"My—my stepmother," Martha corrected, not quite knowing why she told him anything so impossibly personal.

"Oh, is it?" Mr. Armitage said. "You never told me. Are there—have you sisters?"

"Oh, yes," Martha assured him hastily. "But—but they're not old enough. Violet ——" She stopped in utmost confusion, and covered her retreat by a defiant silence. He had opened his lips to ask her what she meant, but her eyes stopped him.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered, as he passed into the hall after a formal parting.

Martha half heard the words.

"He thinks she is my sister, of course," she thought. "It isn't as bad as that for her, just being my friend, and Violet understands me. She knows I don't mean to be horrid. He—he needn't be so sorry for her."

Then she noticed that the hand that held her handkerchief was shaking, and she grew suddenly aware that she was very, very tired. She sat down in a stiff arm-chair and wondered if she would be always hopelessly awkward and repressed. "I had so much to say to him," she breathed regretfully, "but it didn't come." The pulse in her throat began to beat nervously, and she realized that it would be heaven to fling herself down somewhere and cry, and cry, and cry, till the half pain, half excitement, was all cried away. In unwonted abandonment she clasped her hands in her lap, but that brought her to earth. She could forget her face, but those hands were always in plain sight. They were well-shaped enough, but they were big and brown and they looked so utterly silly clasped in that helpless way that the anomaly of it struck their owner

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forcibly, and Martha laughed again and rose to put the room to rights. Her "redding up" was only delayed by one remarkable incident. When she came to the branch of holly that had so sorely hurt her much-abused hands she put it hesitatingly aside, and afterward furtively, laughing at herself all the way upstairs, she carried it to her room and put it above her dead mother's expressionless, faded photograph. She had almost laughed the sentiment away by the time the deed was done, but it was done, and "Pattie," standing before the little Christmas decoration, held triumphant carnival for a full minute, because she had made Martha do a foolish thing. The victim went on laughing, but the holly stayed on the wall.

That was the beginning of the second chapter. Then, distrusting her own power to interest and amuse, she had presented Mr. Armitage to Miss Andrews, who, nothing loath, bestirred herself to please. Martha had told her nothing but that they had met in Washington. James Armitage told her only that while no building could be done till spring, the preparatory work of his canal would keep him in Attica all winter. So Violet let her oft-conquered heart seek a new tyrant. Gradually he came to see her oftener, and Violet talked to him at length about her troubles. Jim was always sympathetic and kind. He never laughed at her. Even Martha was sometimes a little cruel and unfeeling, but Jim always understood. She never dreamed that he sandwiched his visits to her between the long afternoons in Martha's stiff drawing-room, when with books and her manuscript he beguiled her, till she forgot her plain self and talked, not as "Pattie" talked to him in her dreams, but still earnestly, day by day breaking away the loosened stones of that gateless, breachless wall of reserve. Violet did not know that he sat with her, absently answering, with absurd enthusiasm, her most vapid remarks, simply because he dared not visit Martha every day, and she was at least near the rose. And she told him a great deal about Martha and Martha's family, to show him how really ideal it was to have a stepmother and a perfectly indifferent family.

"You see," she remarked one afternoon, "my family are always fondling me and fussing over me, and it bores me dreadfully. It is more than one ought to be expected to bear, such selfish love! Look at Martha Endicott. Her stepmother is one of those cheerful, practical people who doesn't worry a bit if you are ill. I remember when Martha had diphtheria, Mrs. Endicott said for a week that she wasn't going to worry over a sore throat. She had seen too many. And she didn't bother Martha a bit—just left her alone up in her room till the doctor was sent for because the child didn't get any better, and then of course they had a nurse and Mrs. Endicott took the children away to be free from chance of infection. She never frets about Martha at all, doesn't make her go to balls or criticise her dresses, or anything. I don't believe she knows what Martha has on. I wish *my* mother was that way. It is hard, isn't it?"

"Very," James Armitage answered, thinking of the loneliness of a pair of *jarouche* blue eyes. "Don't you suppose she sometimes wants a little—a little petting?"

"Not at all," Violet said with conviction. "She hates it when you kiss her. I do it very seldom."

"She doesn't know how, poor little girl," the man thought.

Violet went on: "Mr. Endicott is just absorbed in his law-books and his political work. I think the second Mrs. Endicott must have been a disappointment. He seems to avoid being at home just as much as he can."

"They are an interesting family," Jim remarked vaguely, and looked up to meet two brown, reproachful eyes.

"They are a very convenient family," Miss Andrews murmured. "I could get on perfectly with reasonable people like that. My problem is so different. Mr. Armitage, I don't believe you are interested in my little troubles. You are hardly listening. I wanted your advice."

Jim felt that he had been unpardonably rude, and hastened to make much more cordial amends than were necessary. It was his way to be kind and tender to women—perhaps because he was so big—and Violet accepted the absent-minded sympathy with self-satisfied sweetness and melancholy. All the men she knew were in love with her. It was not strange that she should be too stupid to detect the absence of Mr. Armitage's heart in his pleasant words.

When he came away from the Andrews's

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house in Moose Street that afternoon, he walked to his canal and back and never noticed the afternoon's work on the trenches; neither did he know that he had skipped dinner entirely. The only idea that he remembered having, beyond the persistent image of a tall fair woman with lonely eyes, was that when Attica was a frontier city the settlers must have been of an unusually humorous turn of mind. They could never have been Dutchmen, he mused, or they would not have thought of naming their streets Bear, Moose, Beaver, Snake, Buck, etc., and crossing them with Birch, Ash, Maple, Buck-eye, Oak, and the other trees of the forest.

"I won't go to her till to-morrow," he concluded, as he turned firmly away from his magnetic pole. Then he turned back with equal firmness and walked twice up and down three blocks of Beaver Street, which, curiously enough, seemed to him to contain only one house—an ugly red brick mansion, with a garden running all around it and lilac-bushes in full bloom scenting the night air. "Good-night, 'Pattie,'" he whispered.

To Martha, under the horse-chestnut, next morning, came a languid, happy Violet to retail with minute accuracy each word of this red-letter afternoon, and into all Mr. Armitage's sympathetic speeches, as she repeated them, crept a tone, a suggestive note, of something more, which was simply the prevailing key of Violet Andrews's mind.

"Poor boy!" Violet murmured; "I wish I could care for him. Perhaps it will come. O Martha, did I tell you, he called me by my name once, quite by accident? He didn't seem to notice the slip, either. I suppose he thinks of me that way."

"What way?" said Martha, and if she had not had by nature a good contralto voice, her tone might have been called gruff.

"Oh, as 'Violet.'" The little dark head lay back against the bench and the brown eyes were soft and a little wistful. Martha felt a sudden fierce longing to change her own name. Would it do to ask Violet to call her "Pattie"? No; she knew she could never bring her lips to speak the quaint pet name sacred to her dreams. But she heard in spirit James Armitage's voice saying the homely "Martha," and she felt sure that the very sound of it must repel, as the sound of "Violet" attracted. She was fighting her jealousy, telling herself that it was nature for a man to love a pretty, bright girl, and not a tall, plain, clever one. It was no comfort to imagine that some men might love clever women, for Violet had taught her for many years, with quite unconscious cruelty, that brains didn't count, so the long, happy afternoons seemed to hold a colder meaning. "He wants me for a friend," she thought, "and that's all."

"The thing that half frightened me was his manner," Miss Andrews went on. "It was so queer and abstracted, as if while he said one thing he was thinking quite another. Ah, well, they are all that way. He was holding on to himself, too. I love that suppressed volcano feeling. For instance, something was said about short people, and I told him—I didn't mean to fish, but he is so understanding—that it was one of my great sorrows, being so little; and he said, 'Why should you feel so? Some little girls are very nice.' Then he started to say something, and looked across at me quickly and stopped. I pretended not to notice, of course, but it was rather exciting—not the words, you know, but the way he said it; and then it was so jolly to stand beside him and look up. He is so wonderfully big. The only man I know bigger than you, dear."

Long habit during the winter, long listening to these confidences, had given Martha the necessary, passive endurance under torture. Now she did not know that she suffered. She only thought vaguely what a waste of good material it was that so tall a man should care for Violet, who would look well beside the very shortest. How stupid of Fate!

Miss Andrews rose.

"Must I go, Martha? There's the lunch bell. I should love to stay, but I do not want to be in your way. I don't have to ask you to say nothing of what I've told you. People will know soon enough. I suppose he will come this afternoon. After yesterday's volcanic suppression, the—the —explosion——"

"Eruption," said Martha, who hated unfinished metaphors.

"Eruption—yes—must come soon. Well, may I stay to lunch?"

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The most patient of souls will rebel, and Martha had a hurt creature's longing to be alone—all alone.

"I'm sorry, not to-day, Violet," she said, leading her guest back to the house. "I—I have a great deal to do."

Miss Andrews did not mind being sent home, and strolled away down Beaver Street with leisurely ease. Martha watched her till the white parasol was a dot in the distance. Then she went in to luncheon.

Later, when she had escaped upstairs, she sat down and forced herself sanely to think it out. Violet and James Armitage loved one another. Then there was nothing more to be said. As to herself—she was a brute—she had been jealous and horrid to Violet! If not in word, at least in spirit, she had—had hated her. That was a revealing flash, after which Martha gravely reviewed her soul and body, and said aloud calmly: "Fool! How could a man care for me? Fool!" The girl was densely unconscious of any charm in herself. "Fool!" Martha repeated evenly, and then she laughed. But for the first time her laugh was bitter. She did not desire to be his friend! With hard eyes and drawn mouth she stood for a minute before the window, fighting with her agony of love and jealousy. At last the control of her twenty suppressed years gave way, and with trembling hands she tore the pins out of her orderly hair and let it loose in great billows below her waist. Then she flung off her simple white linen gown, and found and shook out the pale-blue India silk, whose glories had not seen the light since Mary Denis's wedding-day. With reckless abandonment, she coiled the despised pale-gold hair low on her neck, crowning all with a superb old tortoise-shell comb of her mother's. The effect as she stared into the mirror satisfied her. She looked round the room. It reflected herself, her old, admirable, systematic self, and for the moment she had that self under her heel. She snatched up her work-basket and childishly, fiercely, turned it inside out. Spools and reels of many-colored silk and cotton rolled distractedly in all directions, buttons peppered the table and floor, needles and pins sparkled among the stiff sofa-cushions. The whole cosmos was made chaos. Martha laughed again, this time with joyous relief in every line of her face. Her eyes were sad still, and lonely, but the strained look was gone—she was free. A knock, and a hard determined voice broke in upon her pæon of victory.

"Martha, dear, let me in at once. I want to speak to you before you go down."

"Yes, mother." Martha had a distressing relapse into self at the thought of her room, but she boldly opened the door. "What is it?"

"I want you to be properly dressed. That old white linen really isn't decent. Mr. Armitage can wait a minute." By this time Mrs. Endicott had adjusted her glasses. In one surprised look she took in Martha's regal dignity, her unwonted air of distinction, and the ruins over which the pale-blue silk towered. Then her suspicion, her hope, her match-making scheme of a second ago came over her with double force. She overlooked the unwonted scene, asked no questions, but gave her orders like a general and a stepmother.

"Go down at once," she said.

"Mr. Armitage is there?" Martha was utterly dazed, her defiant mood gone, her courage lost. Mrs. Endicott fairly swept her down the stairs, and the girl hardly knew that she was left alone at the drawing-room door, and that she stood there petrified, with frightened eyes, for a full half minute.

To James Armitage, coming toward her across the room, Martha was beautiful in that moment. He held out both hands as she moved forward. But after that one wild outburst in her room, a double mantle of constraint had fallen over her—and while her brain throbbed with the tumultuous thoughts of the afternoon and a pulse seemed beating out in her head the insistent demand that she should make up to Violet for those moments of her hatred, she said aloud primly:

"How do you do? I am so glad you have gotten on so far with the trenches. I saw them yesterday. Will you have some tea?"

She was utterly unconscious of her own changed appearance. The becoming, distinguished coiffure and the soft India silk were part of a day whose promise had not been fulfilled, of a mood that was gone. In spirit Martha was clothed in the plain white linen. She made tea, talking a little meanwhile because Mr. Armitage sat so silent. His eyes never left her face, but she

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did not know it. By and by, because her manner troubled him, he began to speak of Violet as the next best subject of conversation. And Martha braced herself to expiate her morning's sin of jealousy. "Pattie," however, "Pattie" who had been given several inches only an hour ago, asserted herself, loudly demanding her ell. The dramatic quality of this piteous little penance appealed to her imagination. What she did she would do well. With breaking heart, she would throw all her strength into the work. She, "Pattie," would help her rival to this happiness that was not for her. Martha spoke.

"She is a dear child, isn't she? I ought not to say 'child.' She is older than I, but I always forget it, because she is so—so pretty and—and sweet, and—little."

"She is pretty," Mr. Armitage agreed; and the pain that made her spirit wince at his words nerved "Pattie" to break out at last and say her say. Martha, her dominion already shaken, gave way at once.

"She is a darling," she cried breathlessly. "No one knows how good and noble and dear she is but I. I have known her since she was a child, and she has never been anything but lovely to me. It isn't everyone that would be always loving and sweet to a bear like me; but she is never cross for a minute. No wonder everyone loves her. I—I do myself, though I'm not much given to caring about people. And I never knew a man who didn't fall down and worship her. She has such wonderful charm——" She stopped a moment to take breath and think what more there was that she could say of her friend. And in that momentary pause she had time to be amazed at her own unwonted flow of enthusiasm. In that moment, too, James Armitage recovered from his surprise at her strange outburst, and seized his opportunity.

"I like Miss Andrews awfully," he remarked, leaning forward and playing with the teaspoons on the silver tray, "but I don't think it's a proof of nobility exactly that she should be fond of you, Miss Endicott. Besides, I—if you don't mind—I came for a special purpose this afternoon, and it has nothing to do with Miss Andrews." He drew a quick breath and looked about the rigid, mathematically ordered room with a sense of oppression; then at Martha, a changed Martha, whom the surroundings no longer suited, as they had done before. "Suppose we go out into the garden," he said, with frank joy in his inspired suggestion. "Pattie's" spirit was broken; her splendid effort had been checked, not to say snubbed, and bewildered into dumb obedience, she led the way to the bench under the horse-chestnut, and sat down, meekly yielding to his will. Jim Armitage stood before her. Here he could breathe and speak, and at last he would test the value of his long, slow wooing.

"Martha," he said firmly, "I want to tell you that I love you. I want you to be my wife. I have not told you before, because I didn't want to startle you; but now—you must have seen—have understood——" His control gave way a little, and he checked himself, looking down entreatingly into her scared blue eyes. Martha swallowed once. She had forgotten Violet. She did not care what "Pattie" would have done. She no longer wanted red-brown curls, and Jim was taller than she, anyhow, so what need to mitigate her height. He loved her! But she must answer him somehow, and as usual the words would not come. "Pattie" and Martha were indeed fused, but she was none the less tongue-tied. Her whole being was locked in a vast silence of humble wonder. Then, fearing her stillness, Jim held out his hands in eager appeal. "Child," he said, "don't look like that. Speak to me. Tell me that you will try at least to care for me." Of a sudden the humor of it penetrated to Martha's brain. "Try to care"—she who had been fighting through four slow moving seasons against her love for him. Her lips quivered, and a merry smile widened the big mouth. Then she rose, and a trembling laugh startled the listening lilacs.

"I don't have to try," she said, and behold she was in his arms.

"Martha, my love," he breathed, "my little Pattie! May I call you that? You have always been Pattie to me. My love, my Pattie!" A long shudder swept over her, and the last bars went tumbling down.

"O Jim," she gasped, "I—I want to cry, b—but I can't," and she sobbed on his shoulder.

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ROME

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE PINCIAN BY J. WARREN CUTLER

O MOTHER, suckled by the wolf—
O Mother, drenched with martyrs' blood—
O Mother of the seven hills—
O Mother of the cowl and hood—
I gaze across the evening's glow
Where Father Tiber's yellow flow
Bends by the castle of Saint Angelo.
Beyond the castle's roof I see
The wall of Urban, with its port
Guarding the bastion of the fort.
Straining my eyes as best I can,
I see the sacred Vatican,
Where sits the patient, white-haired man.
The air is tinctured with the scent
Of incense, that the breezes bring
From countless shrines where censers swing.
Good-night, sweet Mother. Help me, God,
I humbly pray, to kiss the rod
And walk the path thy saints have trod.
Good-night, sweet Mother. Help me, God!
To-morrow, at the break of day,
I take my solitary way
To that sad isle where trade-winds blow—
That isle from which no man may go—
That isle of lepers, white as snow.

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From a photograph taken on the Pincian by J. Warren Cutler.

O Mother, will you help me then
To practise what I dare to preach
And, shuddering, wash the feet of men
Who dread the soft sands of the beach?
O Christ, hide not from me Thy face—
Be Thou my comrade—give me grace
To fight the fight and run the race.
And when the blessed end shall come
And I am quitted of my task,
Is it too much, O Christ, to ask
That some white sail may bring me home
Where, in the shadow of her dome,
My dust may be the dust of Rome?

Then, when the trumpet calling from the skies
Wakens the sleepers for the great assize,
Some saint, some Cæsar, mingled with my dust,
May whisper, "Friend, we tried, and God is just."

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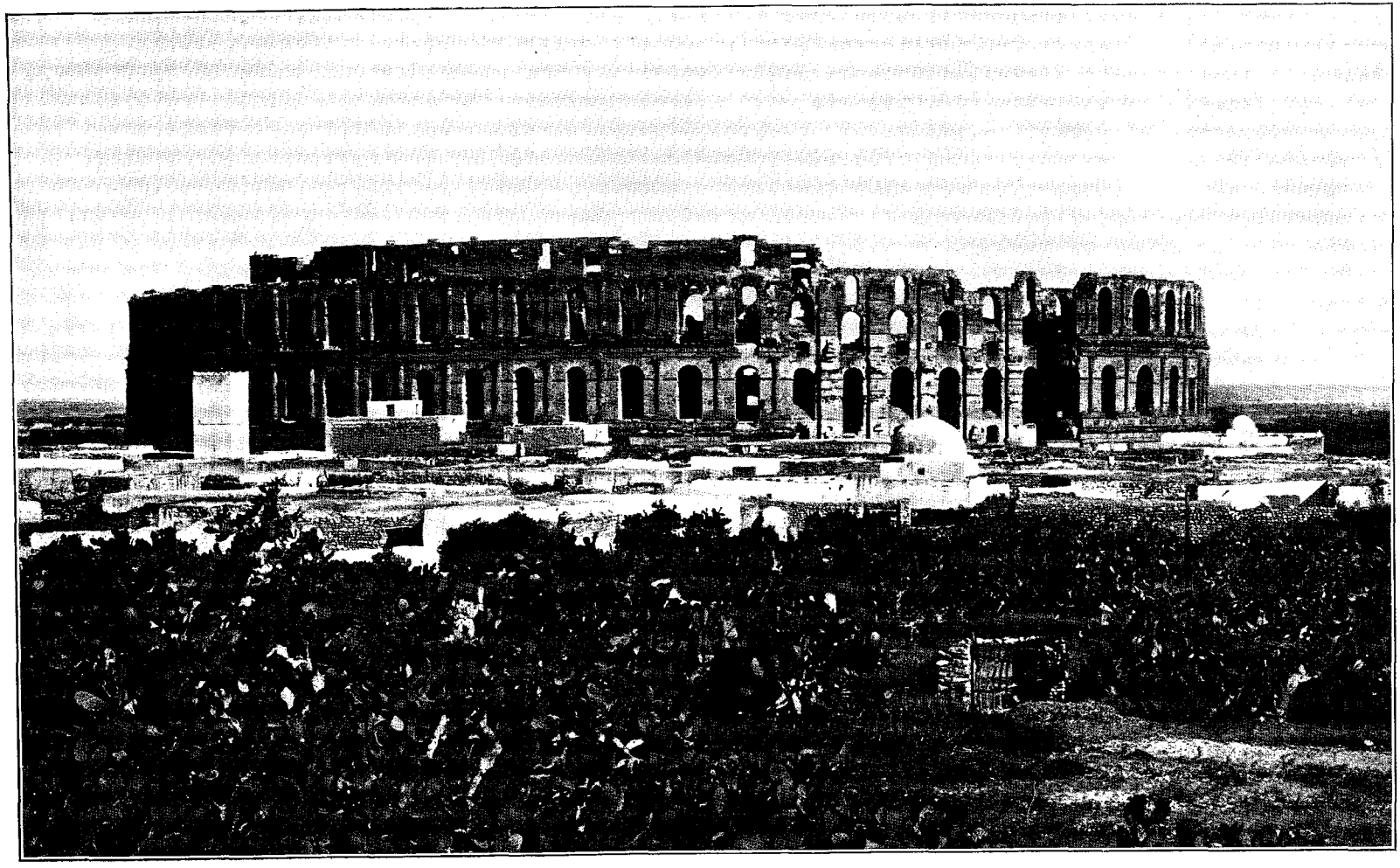

The amphitheatre at El Djem (Thysdrus).

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Mosaic from Thysdrus.

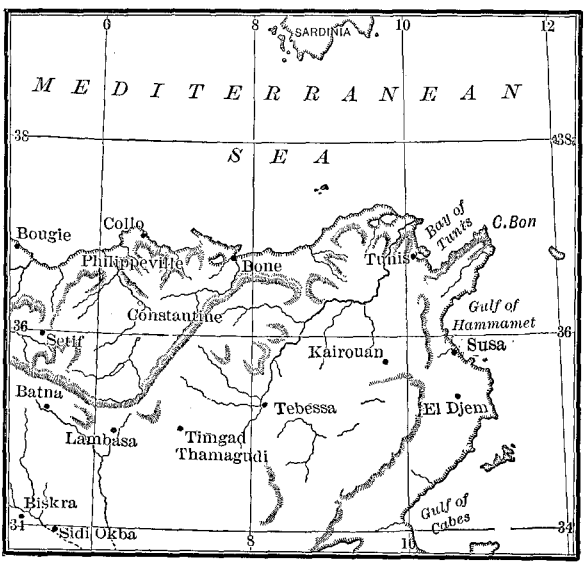
THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

By Dwight L. Elmendorf

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND TELEPHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ABOUT a hundred miles south of Susa, at the eastern end of the Desert of Sahara, in Tunis, stands one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity, the great amphitheatre of El Djem, the ancient Thysdrus or Thysdritana Colonia of the Romans, first mentioned in history by Hirtius. After the defeat of Scipio at Thapsus it submitted to Cæsar. It was here that the proconsul Gordian was proclaimed Emperor, A.D. 238. This majestic building is almost as large as the Coliseum at Rome, its major axis being only forty feet shorter. The architect here in some respects surpassed in magnificence all other edifices of this kind.

At the close of the third Punic War Rome became mistress of the whole African coast from Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean. Shortly afterward Africa became the stronghold of the Pompeian faction, and though Pompey was dead, yet his two sons and Scipio, as well as Cato, were all united with Juba, the native prince who married Cleopatra Selene, the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra, in continuing the conflict in Barbary. Cæsar



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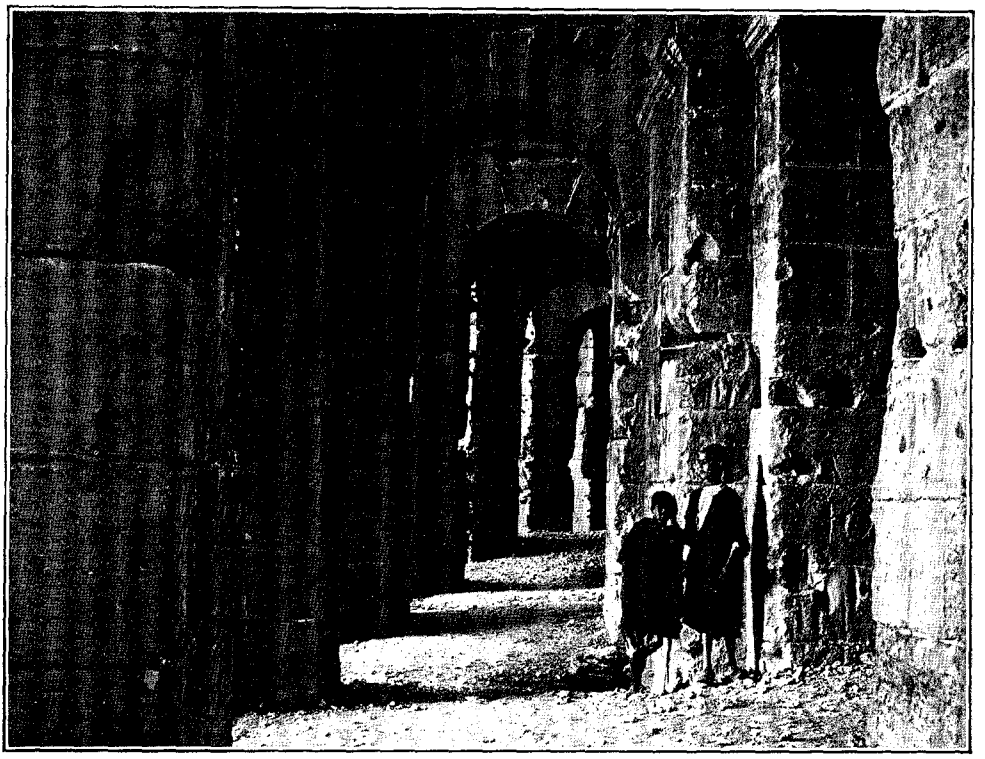
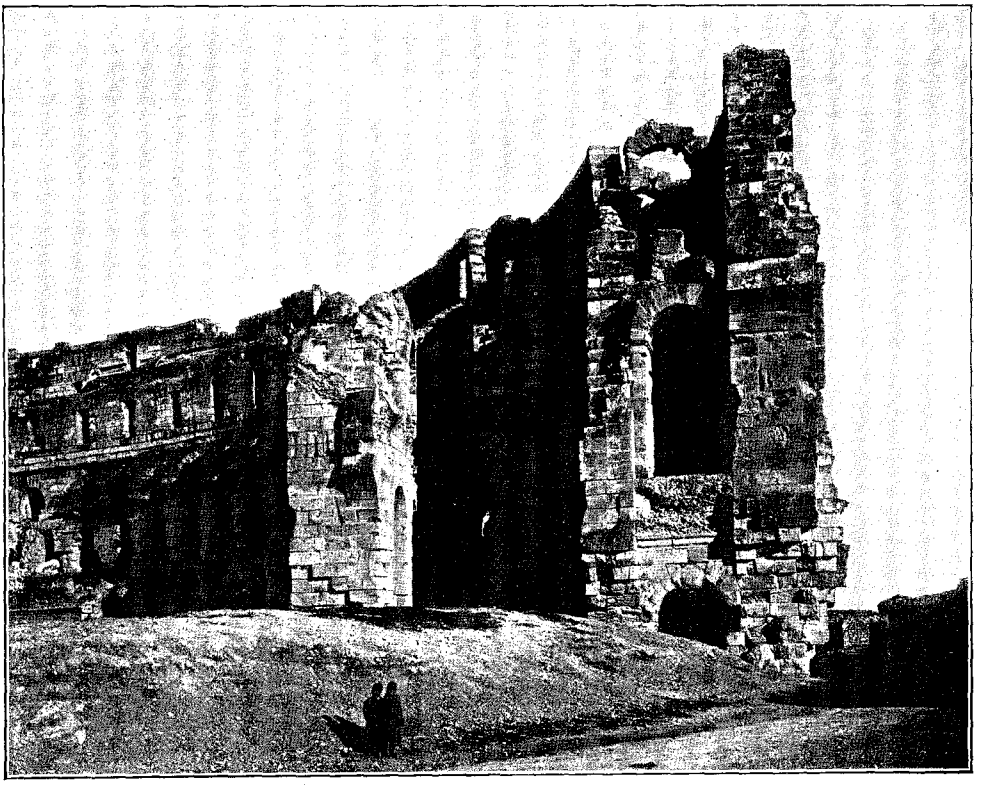
Gallery amphitheatre, El Djem, Thysdrus.





The massive walls showing *débris* covering the arena, El Djem.

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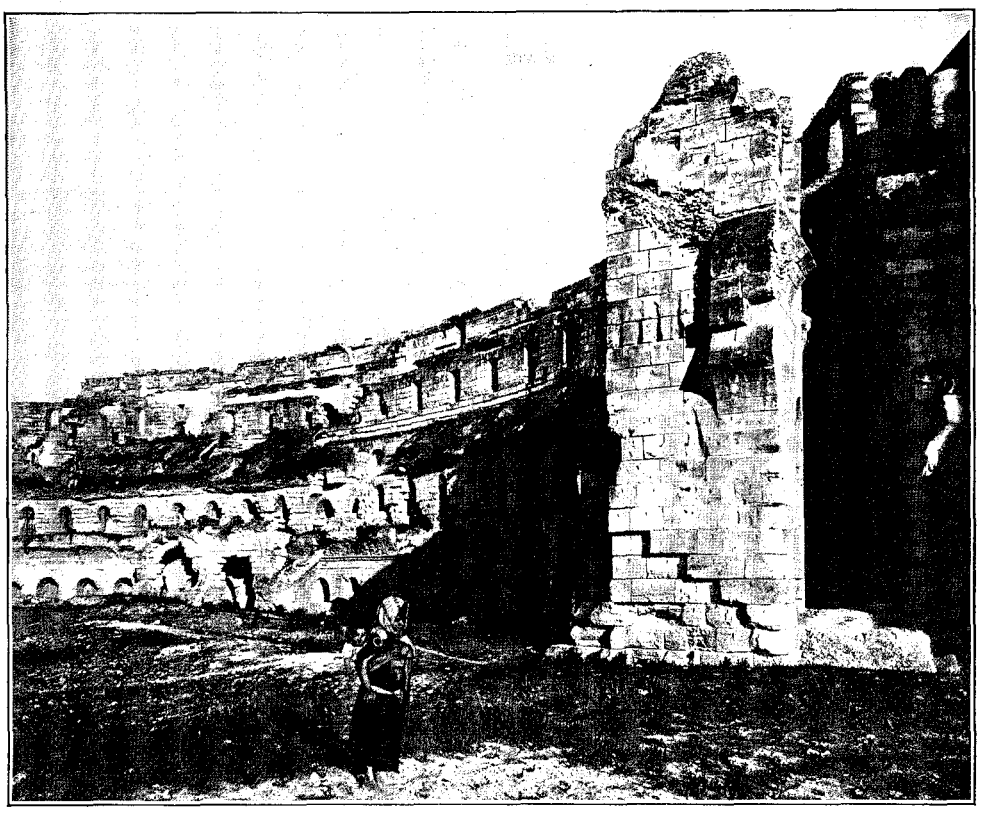
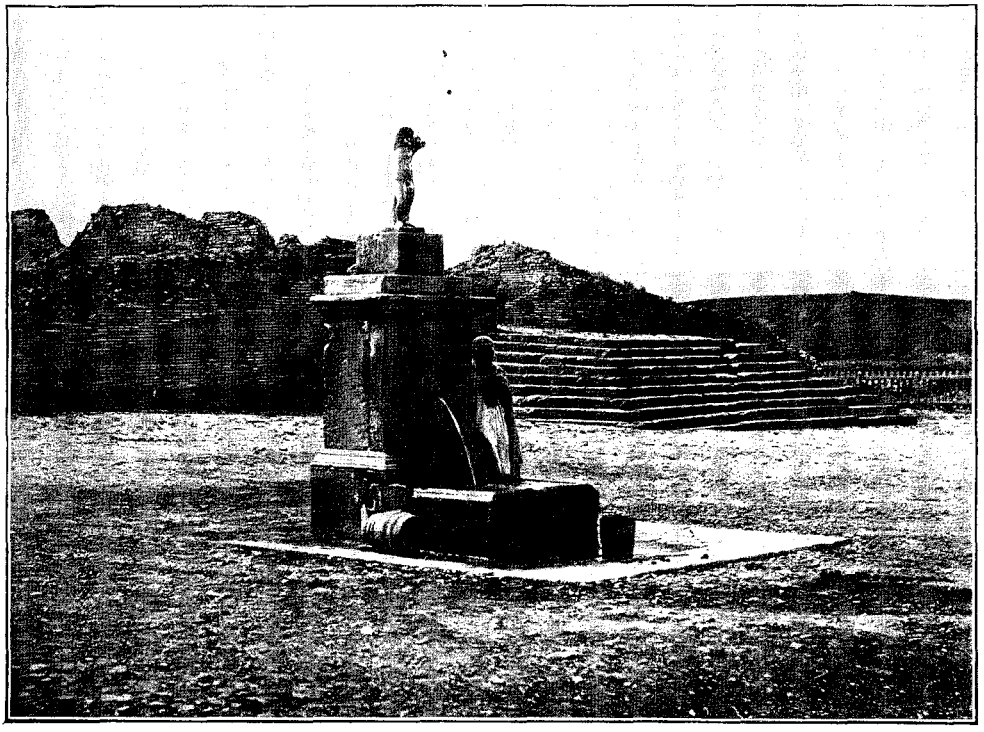
Interior amphitheatre, El Djem, Thysdrus.





The fountain, Timgad (Thamagudi).

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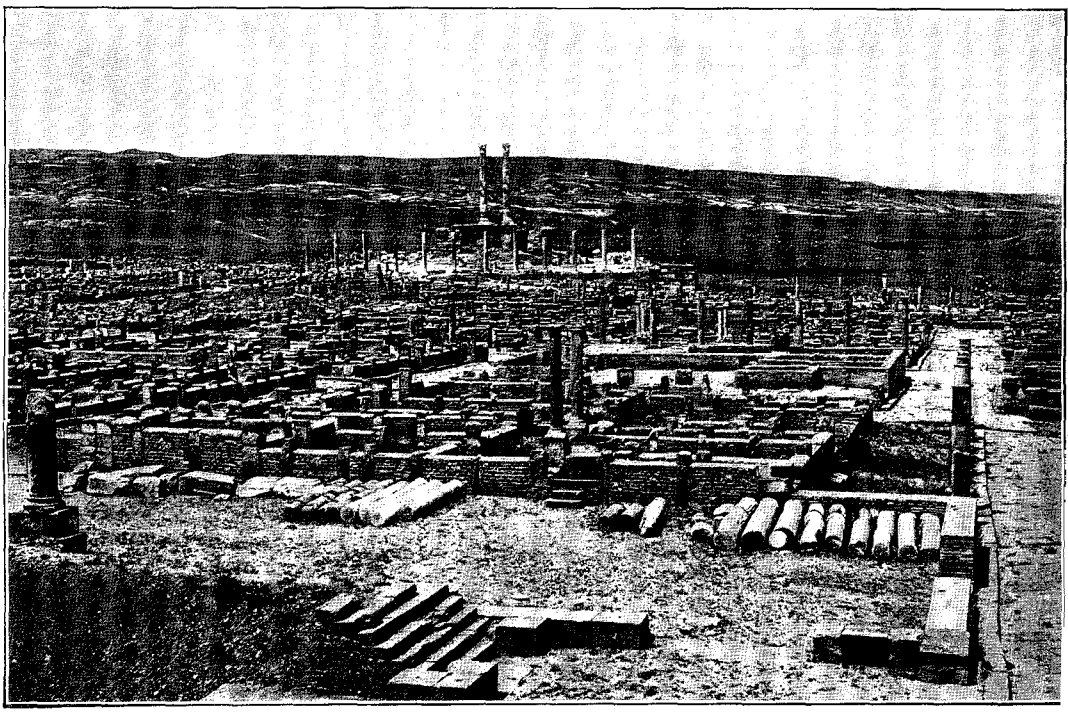

Timgad (Thamagudi), looking toward the capitol.

himself came to Africa for the purpose of subduing this faction.

He landed at Susa, the ancient Hadrumentum, a city much older than Carthage, on the eastern coast of Tunis, about a hundred miles south of the modern city of Tunis.

After the great battle of Thapsus the whole country was converted into Roman provinces. The first three centuries of the Christian era were the most prosperous in the history of North Africa, and it is to this epoch that most of the splendid ruins in Tunis and Algeria belong.

The entire coast from Cherchel, the ancient Cæsarea in Algiers, to Bône, the ancient Hippone, is rich in Roman relics above and below the surface. The grandest monuments of this period, however, are along the northern edge of the Desert of Sahara, about two hundred miles from the coast. This district consists of great plains rising gradually from a low level in the east to an altitude of over three thousand feet in the west at Timgad.

Very little rain falls in some sections of it, while in others enough descends in some years to afford fair crops. In these more favored places the Romans founded great outposts for their armies, some of which became wealthy cities, flourished for a while, and then disappeared as if by magic and were forgotten for centuries. When the French occupied this section they at once began to explore these ancient strongholds, and although but little real excavation has been accomplished, yet it is possible to gain some idea of these forgotten cities.

The road south from Susa is a fine one, typical of all French highways everywhere, but is little used by the natives, who prefer the old caravan routes which go around the many hills of the district. It was a curious sensation as our automobile started on the journey south, the idea of presuming to enter this ancient country in such a very modern manner. Several villages with unpronounceable names were passed, the natives staring with frightened eyes and open mouths as the red demon coughed its way through the narrow, crooked streets. Quite frequently we begged the chauffeur to go slower for we had no desire to strew our

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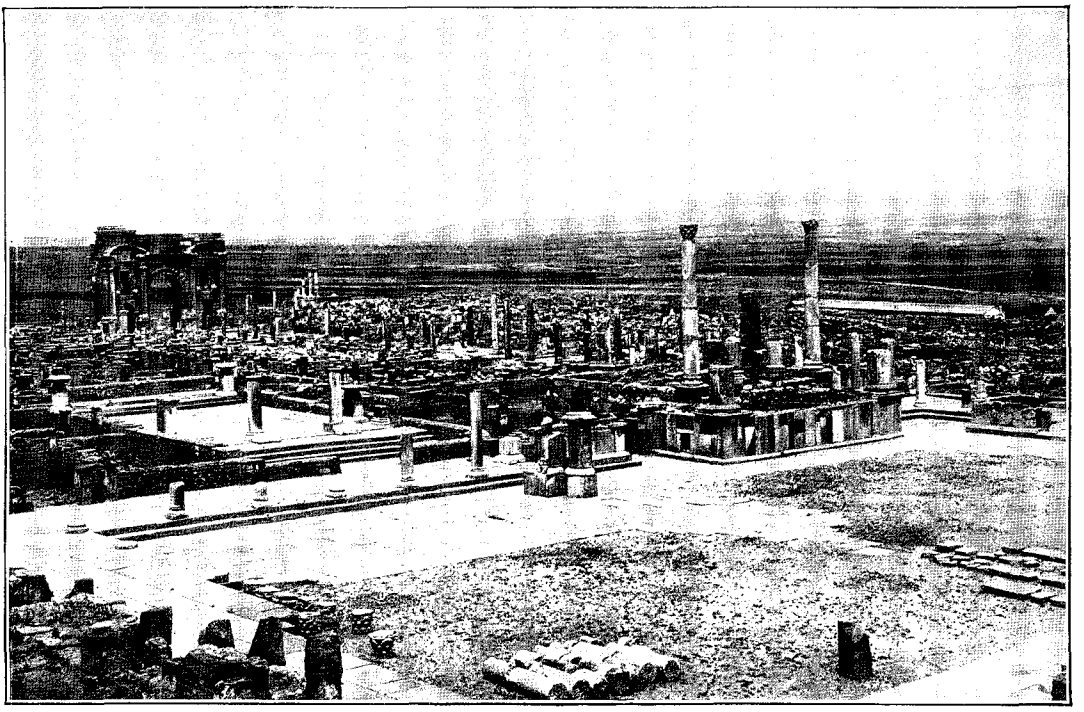

Timgad (Thamagudi), looking toward the forum and the arch of Trajan.

way with dead or wounded lords of the desert; with a gesture of disgust he acquiesced, simply remarking that they were only Arabs. A little while afterward we came upon a long camel train. The sedate animals took one disdainful glance at our machine and then beat a most undignified retreat up the steep sides of the road, throwing the whole caravan into the wildest disorder. While we were enjoying this comical sight our chauffeur stopped of his own accord, much to our surprise. With a peculiar twinkle in his eye he explained that to injure or kill a camel meant an expense of about two hundred dollars or more, while in the case of an Arab being hurt, the Arab himself might be fined for obstructing traffic. With a very expressive shrug of his shoulders we started on, followed by some sweet Arab sounds that expressed much, although we couldn't speak the language. After passing a few olive groves we entered upon wide open plains, very dreary and monotonous. For about forty miles we bowled along over never-ending hills, very barren from lack of water, yet probably fertile, for in the hollows where there was a little moisture beautiful wild flowers seemed to abound. Finally we reached the summit of a hill higher than the others, from which we obtained a magnificent view toward the desert. Instantly our attention was riveted upon the huge amphitheatre of El Djem, about ten miles distant, looming up as a great bronze tower glittering in the dazzling light of the desert sun. As we drew nearer we began to wonder at its size, position, and the desolate surroundings. The magnificence of the amphitheatre seemed enhanced by the terrible solitude.

Hovering close to the south side is a miserable little native village, peopled by descendants of the ancient Berbers, stately and dignified, yet piteously ignorant and fanatical, who stared in amazement at our automobile and then calmly went about their business, but what that was we never could discover. The town is built entirely of stones taken from the amphitheatre, which stands a mute yet powerful expression of the grandeur of the Roman period. The full height of the building can only be conjectured, as the ancient city lies buried

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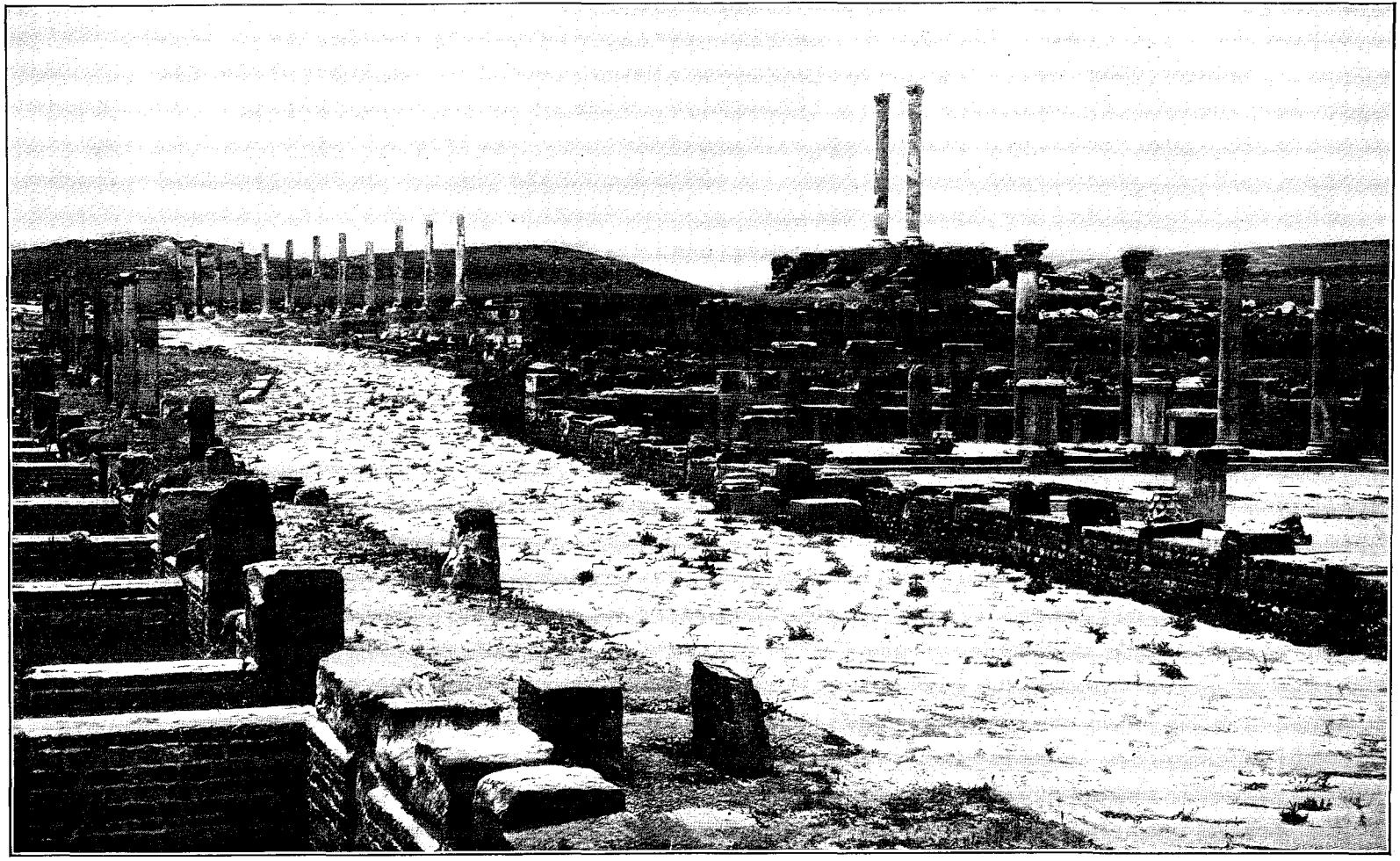

The market and capitol, Timgad (Thamagudi).

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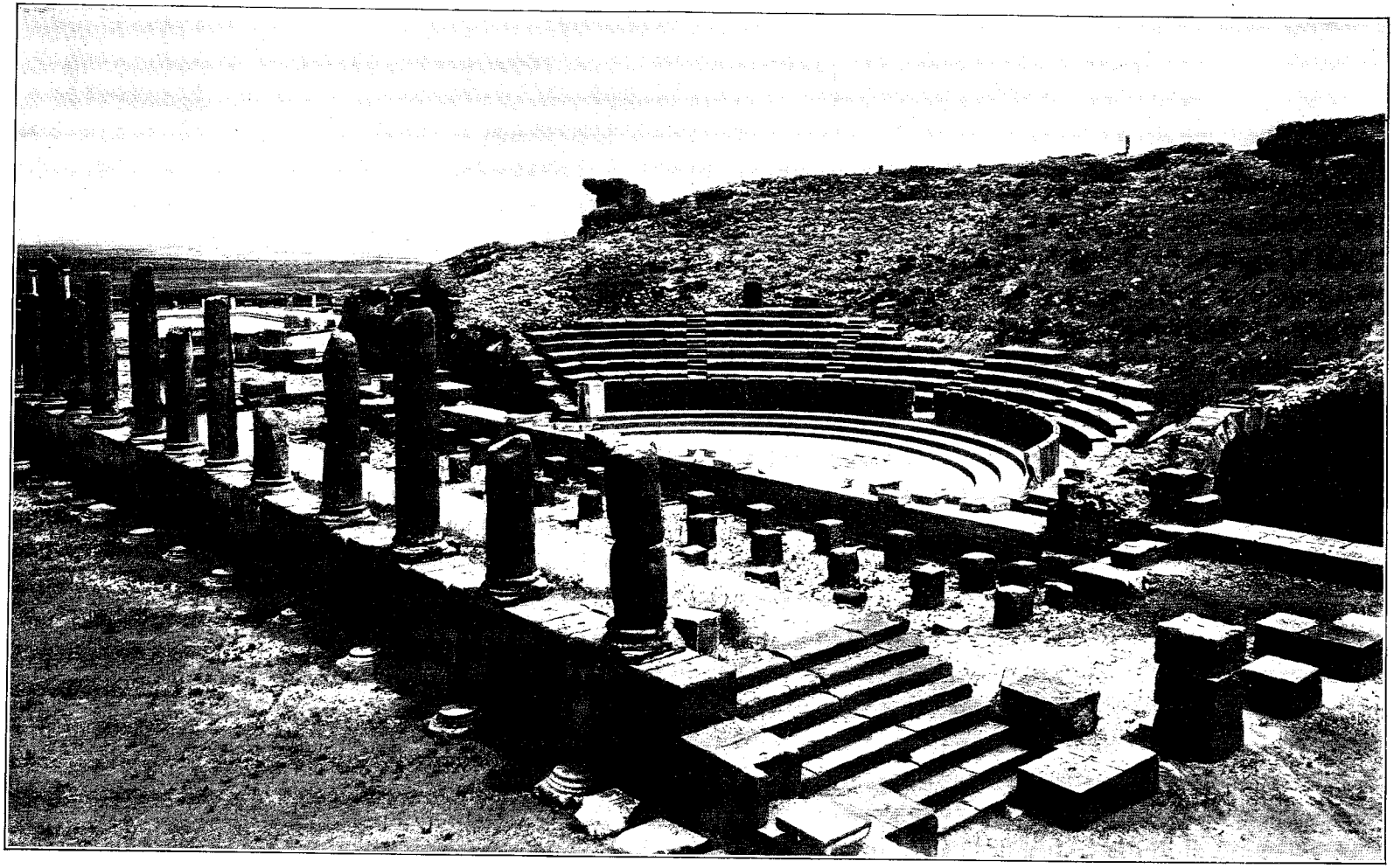

Theatre, Timgad (Thamagudi).

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to a considerable depth beneath the accumulated rubbish of centuries of neglect.

The interior has suffered more than the exterior, for unfortunately the building was used frequently as a fortress by the Arabs, who used the stones of the interior to block up the lower galleries and arches. The arena is entirely covered with a great mass of *débris*. During the early Arab times the sorceress, El Kahina, entrenched herself here and withstood a long siege before she was compelled to leave, and for many centuries the name of Kase el Kahina was attached to the amphitheatre. The natives regarded the place with awe and feared to approach the fortress of the sorceress.

Thanks to their superstitions, the building suffered no further damage until 1697, when Mohammed Bey made the tremendous breach in the western walls to prevent it from being used as a fortress again. The town of Thysdrus, just south of the amphitheatre, remains to be unearthed, and from our own slight attempts at excavating it seems to be only about twenty feet below the present surface. Bits of marble and pottery everywhere abound; now and then one comes upon an opening in the old aqueduct. At present there is nothing above ground but a few little huts surrounded by cactus plants, and above all rises the majestic amphitheatre enveloped in the wonderful light and mysterious silence of the desert.

Returning to Susa, we bade farewell to all modern means of conveyance and started with camels and donkeys for Tebessa, the ancient town of Theveste, about one hundred and ninety miles southwest of Carthage. During the first three centuries it was the chief centre of commerce for Central Africa. It lies on a high fertile plain just north of the desert, and its position from a strategic point of view was most advantageous. The history of the place is very meagre and the time of its foundation uncertain. The triumphal arch of Caracalla, of the description called quadrifrons, each face representing an ordinary single arch, gives some very interesting data as to the time of its prosperity. When Solomon, the successor of Belisarius arrived, he found the city in ruins and immediately began to rebuild and fortify it. This beautiful four-sided arch was incorporated in the walls built by Solomon and so was preserved from further destruction. The only known specimens of this kind are the arch of Janus Quadrifrons at Rome, much inferior to this in every way, and another in Tripoli. From inscriptions upon it we learn that there was a very rich family consisting of three brothers, Cornelius Fortunatus, Cornelius Quintus and Cornelius Egrilianus. The last commanded the Fourteenth Legion, and when he died he left all his property to his brothers upon certain conditions, one of which was that they should erect an arch to the two Augusti. On each façade above the arches was a tablet containing a dedicatory inscription. The western one was in honor of Julia Domna, wife of the Emperor Septimius Severus and mother of the two emperors Geta and Caracalla. Since Septimius Severus died in A. D. 211, some idea of the date of the arch may be obtained.

Just within the wall behind the arch is the beautiful tetrastyle temple of Jupiter surrounded by modern buildings. This has passed through many vicissitudes, having once been used as a soap factory and later as a Christian church with fittings of the worst style, but it has now been cleared of these monstrosities and restored to its original beauty.

It was formerly called the Temple of Minerva because the eagles on the entablature were mistaken for owls. The telephotograph reveals the decorations distinctly. Over the columns and pilasters are panels ornamented by ox skulls. The intermediate panels are highly sculptured with eagles holding thunderbolts, on either side of which are serpents and branches with trilobate leaves. The vertical panels have trophies of armor and the oblong ones garlands and horns of plenty. Theveste formed the junction of the ancient roads from Carthage, Cirta, Hippone, Tacape and Thamagudi. Traversing, the last road, we came to another high plain separated from the desert only by the Aures Mountains.

At the bottom of a depression two great pillars were very conspicuous and they indicated the site of Thamagudi, the modern Timgad. Of all the Roman cities in Africa this is the most interesting, because it has been partially excavated by the French Government and the portion unearthed reveals a city more complete than anything of the kind in Italy itself, and it has well been

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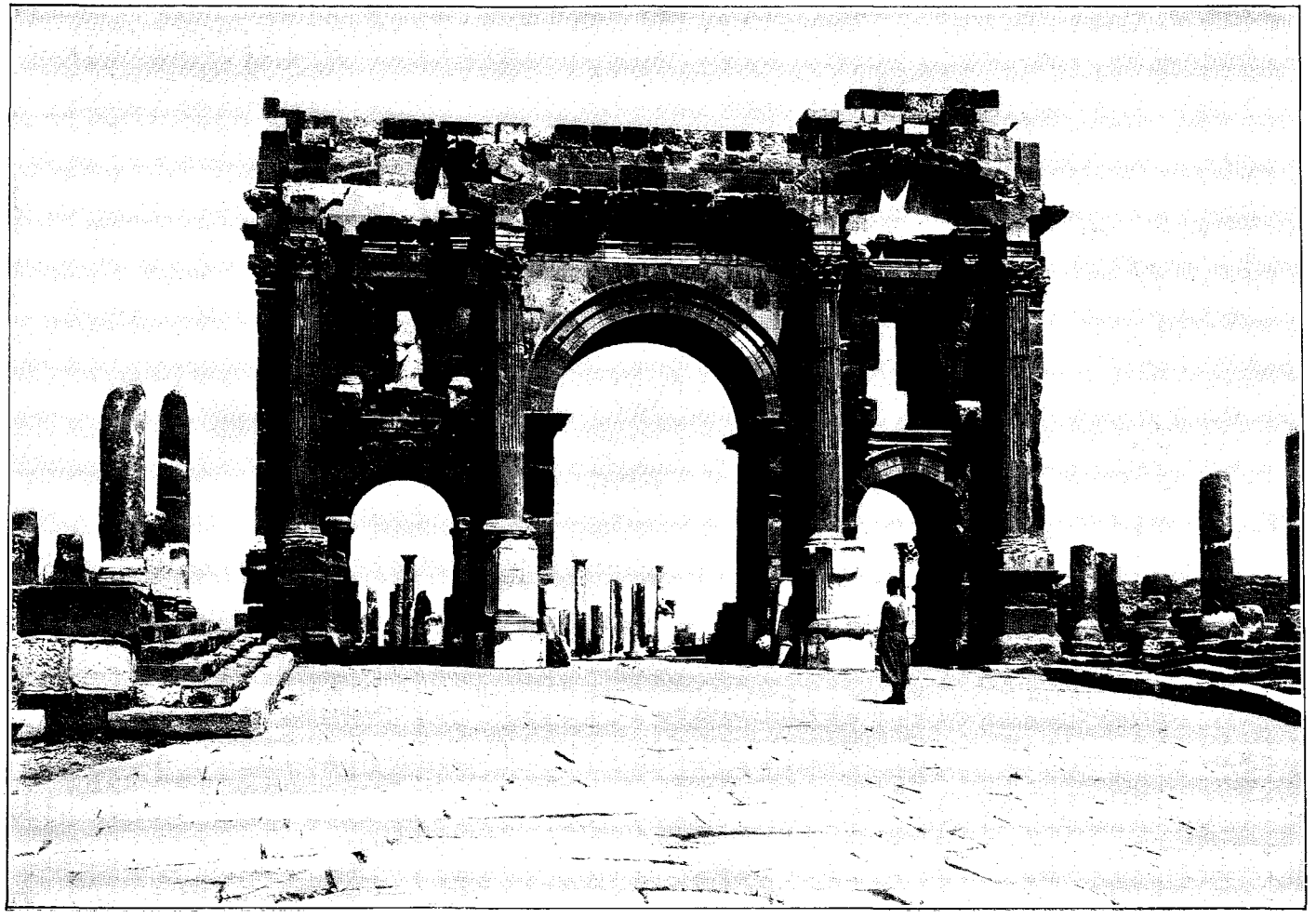

The Arch of Trajan, Timgad (Thamagudi).

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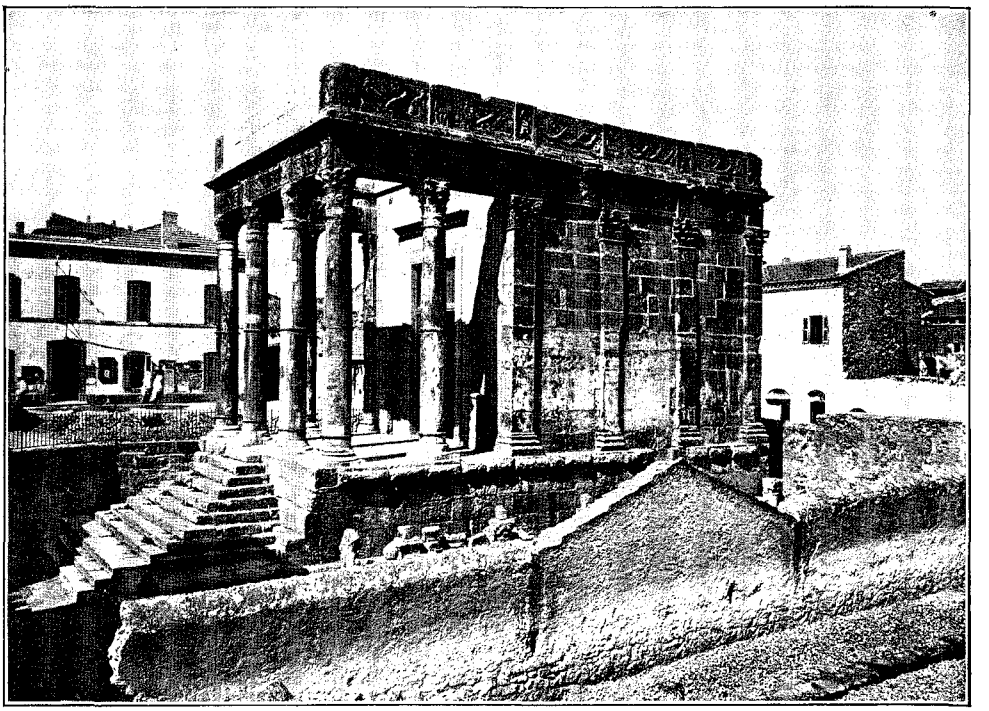
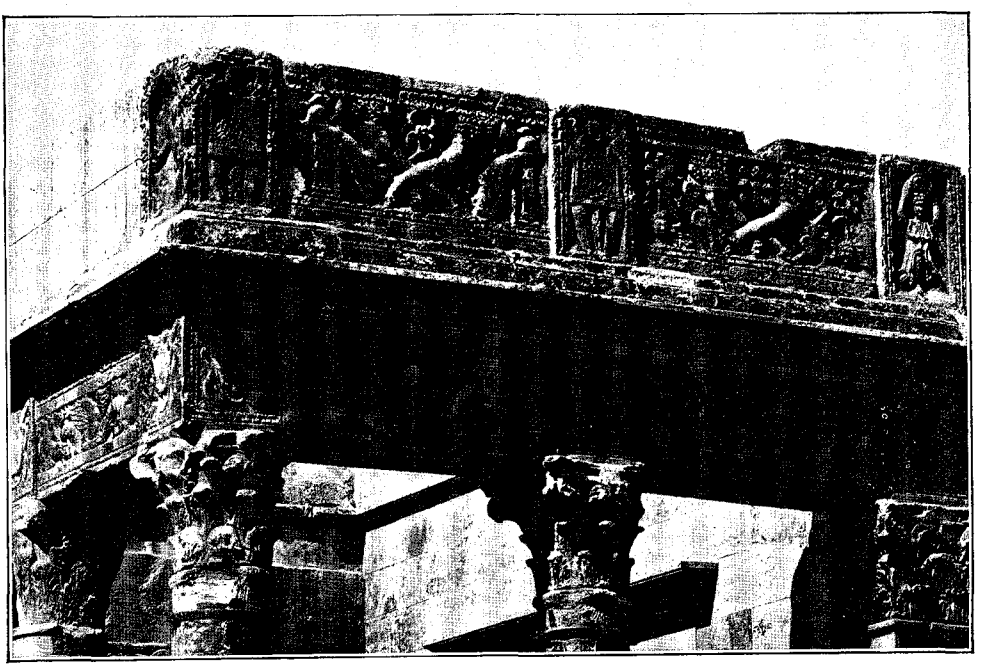


The Temple of Jupiter, Tebessa (Theveste).



Detail of the Temple of Jupiter.
From a telephotograph.

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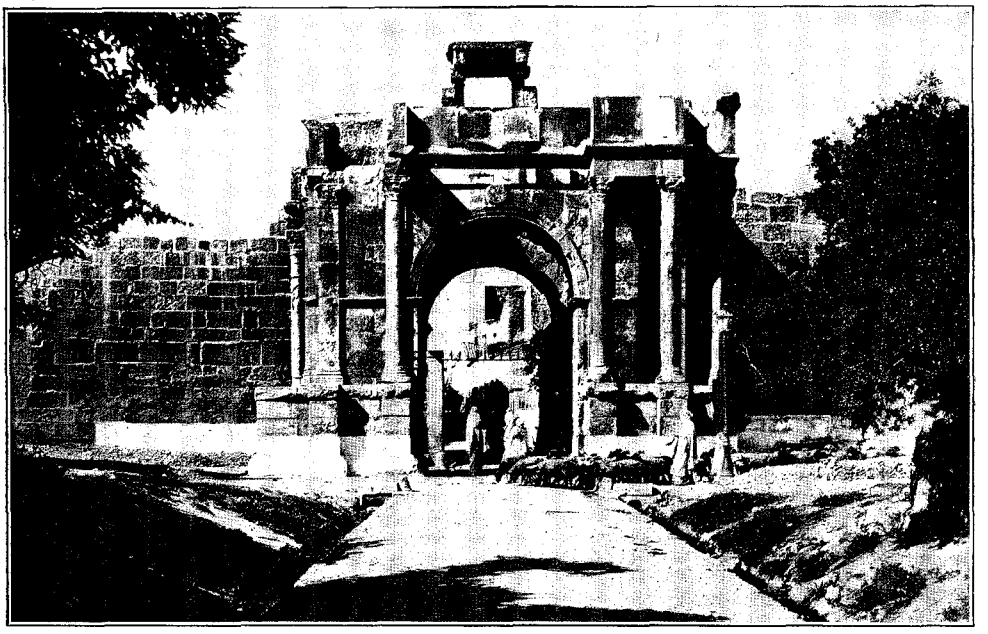
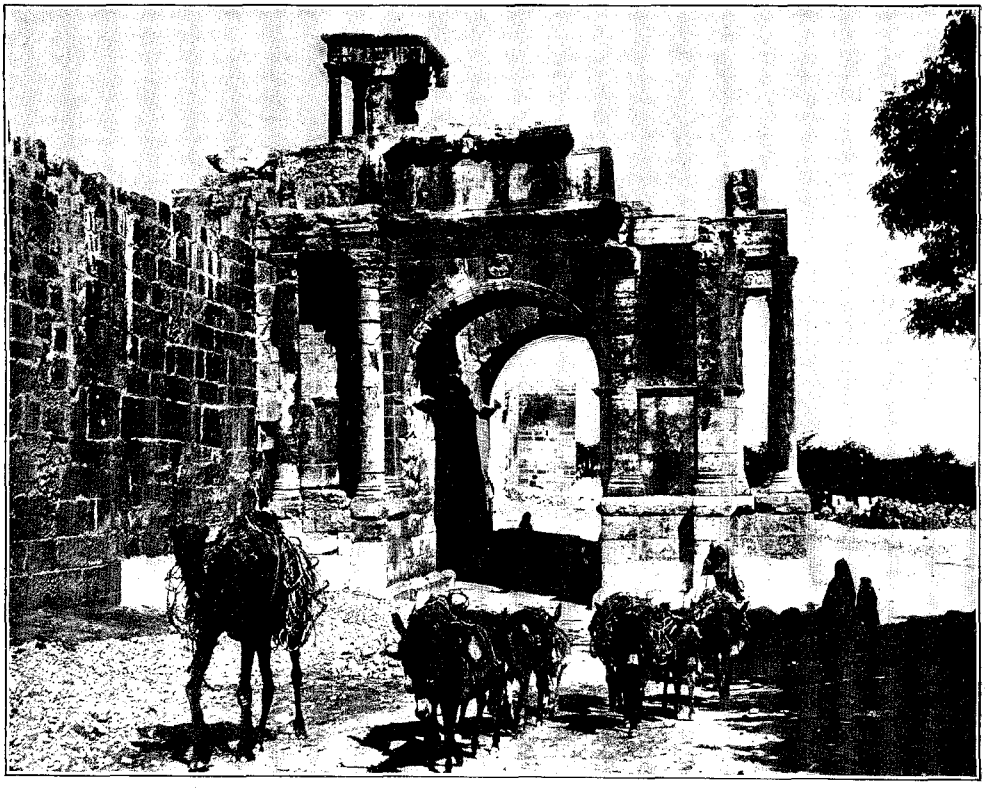


Front, arch of Caracalla, Tebessa (Theveste).



Arch of Caracalla, Tebessa (Theveste).

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called the Algerian Pompeii. While Pompeii was a summer resort of the most luxurious kind, Thamagudi was a stronghold and a genuine Roman city occupied by the Thirtieth Legion and given to them by the emperor in recognition of their valor. The city is laid out in true Roman style, with two main streets at right angles, one called Cardo Maximus, the other Decumanus Maximus, and at their intersection was the forum with a colonnade the entire length of the north side. To the east was a basilica, which was a court of justice; the prætor or judge was seated in the apse with the assessors on either side. A railing separated the apse from the nave. This form of building being peculiarly adapted for the Christian form of worship, it was immediately adopted by the Western Church. The bishop took the place of the prætor, his subordinates the offices of the assessors. The altar, like the statue of the god of the ancients, was in front of the bishop, separating him from the congregation in the nave. Near the forum was the theatre, built on the side of a hill. The auditorium is almost entire and would accommodate about four thousand persons. The stage has disappeared, but the portico still remains. The theatre was very substantially built and was evidently fireproof. The acoustics are perfect, the slightest whisper being heard in every part of the auditorium.

Below the theatre on the floors of some of the buildings are curious inscriptions rudely cut, one being quite legible.

VENARI	LAVARE
LVDERE	RIDERE
OCCEST	VIVERE

In an open space are holes such as boys now use in playing marbles. Outside the north gate were the Thermæ, paved with mosaics, perfectly preserved. Near the gate is a little fountain flowing with pure water brought from a distant spring through the original stone pipes. From numerous inscriptions it has been decided that the city was built in the second century during the reign of Septimius Severus. From the top of the theatre a fine general view of the city is obtained. Looking southwest the two great pillars of the capitol stand out like sentinels grim and silent; all the others lie scattered about the temple supposed to be that of Jupiter Capitolinus. In front of the temple was a large court with a beautiful colonade, portions of which are still standing. The temple must have been a beautiful structure, for the walls are over six feet thick, while the stones used in their construction are very large. The pillars are over four feet in diameter and are fluted. The interior was lined with reddish marble of great beauty, obtained from the quarries of Aïn-Smara, not far from Constantine.

Near the capitol is the market-place, founded in the third century by a Roman lady whose statue with a dedicatory inscription was found almost entirely perfect. On the side toward the capitol is a hemicycle with seven shops. In front of each was a flat stone table which was used as a counter in a modern shop.

In the street Decumanus Maximus stands the Triumphal Arch, the finest of its kind in Africa. It has three openings or archways, the centre being about eleven feet wide. Above the side arches are niches for statues, one of which still is in place. None of the original inscriptions remains *in situ*, but from fragments found near by it is called the Arch of Trajan. Just behind the arch on either side of the street are houses of various sizes filled with mortars, mills, and other household utensils made of stone. It seems possible to reconstruct the place so that in the near future one may see just what a Roman frontier city was. Wandering about these silent cities of an extinct race of mighty men, the imagination pictures the streets full of life, the markets teeming with activity, triumphal processions passing through Trajan's arch, incense rising from the altars of the gods—— But the vision vanishes and the causes of all this destruction are sought for. Unfortunately, the nomadic tribes from the desert and the Aures Mountains which caused it have left no history or literature behind them, and all that is known is the fact that immense hordes of the natives came suddenly down upon these strongholds, weakened by the excesses of their rulers, and literally swept them from the pages of history for many centuries.

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ON THE SHORE

By Edith Wyatt

GRAY the day and airy.
  Rain clouds swing and climb.
Tarry, spirit, tarry:
  Tarry, tarry, time.
Light your footsteps fall for me
  Walking on the shore.
Cool and still you call to me,
  Call me evermore.
Toward the morning, toward the main,
  Toward Saint Lawrence Bay,
Toward the daybreak's silver wain
  Dips the water's way.
Tree-top, tree-top, in the wind,
  Flag-flower, swamp, and brakes,
Rapids fleet as hart and hind,
  Linked and dappling lakes,
Dune and mist and rain-touched lea—
  Spirit on the shore,
Cool and still you call to me,
  Call me evermore.
All the world's my halidome,
  At your step divine.
All the earth mine own free home,
  Winds and waters mine.
Mine the misty morning,
  Sun-cloud, hail, and rime.
Tarry, spirit, tarry:
  Tarry, tarry, time.
Mine to see the poplar quiver
  In the ether's sweep;
Mine to hark to lake and river
  Buoyed toward the deep.
Mine Arcturus airy
  In his starry prime.
Tarry, spirit, tarry:
  Tarry, tarry time.
Mine to walk in glory
  Down the night and day,
Walk past breath, past life, past death,
  Down creation's way.
Would that through my lesser hours
  Full your cry would carry.
Tarry, tarry, time for me:
  Tarry, spirit, tarry.
In your voice I'd fain rejoice
  Deeply evermore,
Walking through my life divine,
  Walking on the shore.

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"I am ready to marry you whenever you wish."—Page 339.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK II—(Continued)

VI

AS became persons of their rising consequence, the Gormers were engaged in building a country-house on Long Island; and it was a part of Miss Bart's duty to attend her hostess on frequent visits of inspection to the new estate. There, while Mrs. Gormer plunged into problems of lighting and sanitation, Lily had leisure to wander, in the bright autumn air, along the tree-fringed bay to which the land declined. Little as she was addicted to solitude, there had come to be moments when it seemed a welcome escape from the empty noises of her life. She was weary of being swept passively along a current of pleasure and business in which she had no share; weary of seeing other people pursue amusement and squander money, while she felt herself of no more account among them than an expensive toy in the hands of a spoiled child.

It was in this frame of mind that, striking back from the shore one morning into the windings of an unfamiliar lane, she came suddenly upon the approaching figure of George Dorset. The Dorset place was in the neighbourhood of the Gormer's newly-acquired estate, and in her motor-flights thither with Mrs. Gormer, Lily had caught one or two passing glimpses of the couple; but they moved in so different an orbit that she had not considered the possibility of a direct encounter.

Dorset, swinging along with bent head, did not see Miss Bart till he was close upon her; but the sight, instead of bringing him to a halt, as she had half-expected, sent him forward with an eagerness which found expression in his opening words.

"Miss Bart!—You'll shake hands, won't you? I've been hoping to meet you—I should have written if I'd dared." His face, with its tossed red hair and straggling moustache, had a driven, uneasy look, as though life had become an unceasing race between himself and the thoughts at his heels.

The look drew a word of compassionate greeting from Lily, and he pressed on, as if encouraged by her tone: "I wanted to apologize—to ask you to forgive me for the miserable part I played——"

She checked him with a quick gesture. "Don't let us speak of it: I was very sorry for you," she said, with a tinge of disdain which, as she instantly perceived, was not lost on him.

He flushed to his haggard eyes, flushed so cruelly that she repented the thrust. "You might well be; you don't know—you must let me explain. I was deceived: abominably deceived——"

"I am still more sorry for you, then," she interposed, without irony; "but you must see that it's impossible I should discuss the subject with you."

He met this with a look of genuine wonder. "Why not? Isn't it to you, of all people, that I owe an explanation——"

"No explanation is necessary: the situation was perfectly clear to me."

"Ah——" he murmured, his head drooping again, and his irresolute hand switching at the underbrush along the lane. But as Lily made a movement to pass on, he broke out with fresh vehemence: "Miss Bart, for heaven's sake don't turn from me! We used to be good friends—you were always kind to me—and you don't know how I need a friend now."

The weakness of the words roused a motion of pity in Lily's breast. She too needed friends—she had tasted the pang of loneliness; and her resentment of Bertha Dorset's cruelty softened her heart to the poor wretch who was after all the chief of Bertha's victims.

"I still wish to be kind; I feel no ill-will

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toward you," she said. "But you must understand that after what has happened we can't be friends again—we can't see each other."

"Ah, you *are* kind—you're merciful—you always were!" He fixed his miserable gaze on her. "But why can't we be friends—why not, when I've repented in dust and ashes? Isn't it hard that you should condemn me to suffer for the falseness, the treachery of others? I was punished enough at the time—is there to be no respite for me?"

"I should have thought you had found complete respite in the reconciliation which was effected at my expense," Lily began, with renewed impatience; but he broke in imploringly: "Don't put it in that way—when that's been the worst of my punishment. My God! what could I do—wasn't I powerless? You were singled out as a sacrifice: any word I might have said would have been turned against you——"

"I have told you I don't blame you; all I ask you to understand is that, after the use Bertha chose to make of me—after all that her behaviour has since implied—it's impossible that you and I should meet."

He continued to stand before her in his dogged weakness. "Is it—need it be? Mightn't there be circumstances——?" He checked himself, slashing at the wayside weeds in a wider radius. Then he began again: "Miss Bart, listen—give me a minute. If we're not to meet again, at least let me have a hearing now. You say we can't be friends after—after what has happened. But can't I at least appeal to your pity? Can't I move you if I ask you to think of me as a prisoner—a prisoner you alone can set free?"

Lily's inward start betrayed itself in a quick blush: was it possible that this was really the sense of Carry Fisher's adumbrations?

"I can't see how I can possibly be of any help to you," she murmured, drawing back a little from the mounting excitement of his look.

Her tone seemed to sober him, as it had so often done in his stormiest moments. The stubborn lines of his face relaxed, and he said, with an abrupt drop to docility: "You *would* see, if you'd be as merciful as you used to be: and heaven knows I've never needed it more!"

She paused a moment, moved in spite of herself by the returning sense of her influence over him. Her fibres had been softened by suffering, and this glimpse into his mocked and broken life disarmed her contempt for his weakness.

"I am very sorry for you—I would help you willingly; but you must have other friends, other advisers."

"I never had a friend like you," he answered simply. "And besides—can't you see?—you're the only person"—his voice dropped to a whisper—"the only person who knows."

Again she felt her colour change; again her heart rose in precipitate throbs to meet what she felt was coming.

"You do see, don't you? You understand? I'm desperate—I'm at the end of my tether. I want to be free, and you can free me: I know you can. You don't want to keep me bound fast in hell, do you? You can't want to take such a vengeance as that. You were always kind—your eyes are kind now. You say you're sorry for me. Well, it rests with you to show it; and heaven knows there's nothing to keep you back. You understand, of course—there wouldn't be a hint of publicity—not a sound or a syllable to connect you with the thing. It would never come to that, you know: all I need is to be able to say definitely: 'I know this—and this—and this'—and the fight would drop, and the way be cleared, and the whole abominable business swept out of sight in a second."

He spoke pantingly, like a tired runner, with breaks of exhaustion between his words; and through the breaks she caught, as through the shifting rents of a fog, great golden vistas of peace and safety. For there was no mistaking the definite intention behind his vague appeal; she could have filled up the blanks without the help of Mrs. Fisher's insinuations. Here was a man who turned to her in the extremity of his loneliness and his humiliation: if she came to him at such a moment he would be hers with all the force of his deluded faith. And the power to make him so lay in her hand—lay there in a completeness he could not even remotely conjecture. Revenge and rehabilitation might be hers at a stroke—there was something dazzling in the completeness of the opportunity.

She stood silent, gazing away from him

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down the autumnal stretch of the deserted lane. And suddenly fear possessed her—fear of herself, and of the terrible force of the temptation. All her past weaknesses were like so many eager accomplices drawing her toward the path their feet had already smoothed. She turned quickly, and held out her hand to Dorset.

"Goodbye—I'm sorry; there's nothing in the world that I can do."

"Nothing? Ah, don't say that," he cried; "say what's true: that you abandon me like the others. You, the only creature who could have saved me!"

"Goodbye—goodbye," she repeated hurriedly; and as she moved away she heard him cry out on a last note of entreaty: "At least you'll give me one more chance to see you?"

Lily, on regaining the Gormer grounds, struck rapidly across the lawn toward the unfinished house, where she fancied that her hostess might be speculating, not too resignedly, on the cause of her delay; for, like many unpunctual persons, Mrs. Gormer disliked to be kept waiting.

As Miss Bart reached the avenue, however, she saw a smart phaeton with a high-stepping pair disappear behind the shrubbery in the direction of the gate; and on the doorstep stood Mrs. Gormer, with a glow of retrospective pleasure on her open countenance. At sight of Lily the glow deepened to an embarrassed red, and she said with a slight laugh: "Did you see my visitor? Oh, I thought you came back by the avenue. It was Mrs. George Dorset—she said she'd dropped in to make a neighbourly call."

Lily met the announcement with her usual composure, though her experience of Bertha's idiosyncrasies would not have led her to include the neighbourly instinct among them; and Mrs. Gormer, relieved to see that she gave no sign of surprise, went on with a deprecating laugh: "Of course what really brought her was curiosity—she made me take her all over the house. But no one could have been nicer—no airs, you know, and so good-natured: I can quite see why she's thought so fascinating."

This surprising event, coinciding too completely with her meeting with Dorset to be regarded as contingent upon it, had yet immediately struck Lily with a vague sense of foreboding. It was not in Bertha's habits to be neighbourly, much less to make advances to any one outside the immediate circle of her affinities. She had always consistently ignored the world of outer aspirants, or had recognized its individual members only when prompted by motives of self-interest; and the very capriciousness of her condescensions had, as Lily was aware, given them special value in the eyes of the persons she distinguished. Lily saw this now in Mrs. Gormer's unconcealable complacency, and in the happy irrelevance with which, for the next day or two, she quoted Bertha's opinions and speculated on the origin of her gown. All the secret ambitions which Mrs. Gormer's native indolence, and the attitude of her companions, kept in habitual abeyance, were now germinating afresh in the glow of Bertha's advances; and whatever the cause of the latter, Lily saw that, if they were followed up, they were likely to have a disturbing effect upon her own future.

She had arranged to break the length of her stay with her new friends by one or two visits to other acquaintances as recent; and on her return from this somewhat depressing excursion she was immediately conscious that Mrs. Dorset's influence was still in the air. There had been another exchange of visits, a tea at a country-club, an encounter at a hunt ball; there was even a rumour of an approaching dinner, which Mattie Gormer, with an unnatural effort at discretion, tried to smuggle out of the conversation whenever Miss Bart took part in it.

The latter had already planned to return to town after a farewell Sunday with her friends; and, with Gerty Farish's aid, had discovered a small private hotel where she might establish herself for the winter. The hotel being on the edge of a fashionable neighbourhood, the price of the few square feet she was to occupy was considerably in excess of her means; but she found a justification for her dislike of poorer quarters in the argument, that at this particular juncture, it was of the utmost importance to keep up a show of prosperity. In reality, it was impossible for her, while she had the means to pay her way for a week ahead, to lapse into a form of existence like Gerty Farish's. She had never been so near the brink of in-

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solvency; but she could at least manage to meet her weekly hotel bill, and having settled the heaviest of her previous debts out of the money she had received from Trenor, she had a still fair margin of credit to go upon. The situation, however, was not agreeable enough to lull her to complete unconsciousness of its insecurity. Her rooms, with their cramped outlook down a sallow vista of brick walls and fire-escapes, her lonely meals in the dark restaurant, with its surcharged ceiling and haunting smell of coffee—all these material discomforts, which were yet to be accounted as so many privileges soon to be withdrawn, kept constantly before her the disadvantages of her state; and her mind reverted the more insistently to Mrs. Fisher's counsels. Beat about the question as she would, she knew the outcome of it was that she must try to marry Rosedale; and in this conviction she was fortified by an unexpected visit from George Dorset.

She found him, on the first Sunday after her return to town, pacing her narrow sitting-room to the imminent peril of the few knick-knacks with which she had tried to disguise its plush exuberances; but the sight of her seemed to quiet him, and he said meekly that he hadn't come to bother her—that he asked only to be allowed to sit for half an hour and talk of anything she liked. In reality, as she knew, he had but one subject: himself and his wretchedness; and it was the need of her sympathy that had drawn him back. But he began with a pretense of questioning her about herself, and as she replied, she saw that, for the first time, a faint realization of her plight penetrated the dense surface of his self-absorption. Was it possible that her old beast of an aunt had actually cut her off? That she was living alone like this because there was no one else for her to go to, and that she really hadn't more than enough to keep alive on till the wretched little legacy was paid? The fibres of sympathy were nearly atrophied in him, but he was suffering so intensely that he had a faint glimpse of what other sufferings might mean—and, as she perceived, an almost simultaneous perception of the way in which her particular misfortunes might serve him.

When at length she dismissed him, on the pretext that she must dress for dinner, he lingered entreatingly on the threshold to blurt out: "It's been such a comfort—do say you'll let me come again—" but to this direct appeal it was impossible to reply assentingly; and she said with gentle firmness "I'm sorry—but you know why I can't."

He coloured to the eyes, pushed the door shut, and stood before her embarrassed but insistent. "I know how you might, if you would—if things were different—and it lies with you to make them so. It's just a word to say, and you put me out of my misery!"

Their eyes met, and for a second she trembled again with the nearness of the temptation. "You're mistaken; I know nothing; I saw nothing," she said, trying, by force of reiteration, to build a barrier between herself and her peril; and as he turned away, groaning out: "You sacrifice us both," she continued to repeat, as if it were a charm: "I know nothing—absolutely nothing."

Lily had seen little of Rosedale since her illuminating talk with Mrs. Fisher, but on the two or three occasions when they had met she was conscious of having distinctly advanced in his favour. There could be no doubt that he admired her as much as ever, and she believed it rested with herself to raise his admiration to the point where it should bear down the lingering counsels of expediency. The task was not an easy one; but neither was it easy, in her long sleepless nights, to face the thought of what George Dorset offered her. Baseness for baseness, she hated the other least: there were even moments when a marriage with Rosedale seemed the only honourable solution of her difficulties. She did not indeed let her imagination range beyond the day of plighting: after that everything faded into a haze of material well-being, in which the personality of her benefactor remained mercifully vague. She had learned, in her long vigils, that there were certain things not good to think of, certain midnight images that must at any cost be exorcised—and one of these was the image of herself as Rosedale's wife.

Carry Fisher, on the strength, as she frankly owned, of the Brys' Newport success, had taken for the autumn months a small house at Tuxedo; and thither Lily was bound on the Sunday after Dorset's visit. Though it was nearly dinner-time when she arrived, her hostess was still out,

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and the firelit quiet of the small silent house descended on her spirit with a sense of peace and familiarity. It may be doubted if such an emotion had ever before been evoked by Carry Fisher's surroundings; but, contrasted to the world in which Lily had lately lived, there was an air of repose and stability in the very placing of the furniture, and in the quiet competence of the parlour-maid who led her up to her room. Mrs. Fisher's unconventionality was, after all, a merely superficial divergence from an inherited social creed, while the manners of the Gormer circle represented their first attempt to formulate such a creed for themselves.

It was the first time since her return from Europe that Lily had found herself in a congenial atmosphere, and the stirring of familiar associations had almost prepared her, as she descended the stairs before dinner, to enter upon a group of her old acquaintances. But this expectation was instantly checked by the reflection that the friends who remained loyal were precisely those who would be least willing to expose her to such encounters; and it was hardly with surprise that she found, instead, Mr. Rosedale kneeling domestically on the drawing-room hearth before his hostess's astute and melancholy little girl.

Rosedale in the paternal rôle was hardly a figure to soften Lily; yet she could not but notice a quality of homely goodness in his advances to the child. They were not, at any rate, the premeditated and perfunctory endearments of the guest under his hostess's eye, for he and the little girl had the room to themselves; and something in his attitude made him seem a simple and kindly being compared to the small critical creature who endured his homage. Yes, he would be kind—Lily, from the threshold, had time to feel—kind in his gross, unscrupulous, rapacious way, the way of the predatory creature with his mate. She had but a moment in which to consider whether this sudden glimpse of the fireside man mitigated her repugnance, or gave it, rather, a more concrete and intimate form; for at sight of her he was immediately on his feet again, the florid and dominant Rosedale of Mattie Gormer's drawing-room.

It was no surprise to Lily to find that he had been selected as her only fellow-guest. Though she and her hostess had not met since the latter's tentative discussion of her future, Lily knew that the acuteness which enabled Mrs. Fisher to lay a safe and pleasant course through a world of antagonistic forces was not infrequently exercised for the benefit of her friends. It was, in fact, characteristic of Carry that, while she actively gleaned her own stores from the fields of affluence, her real sympathies were on the other side—with the unlucky, the unpopular, the unsuccessful, with all her hungry fellow-toilers in the shorn stubble of success.

Mrs. Fisher's experience guarded her against the mistake of exposing Lily, for the first evening, to the unmitigated impression of Rosedale's society. Kate Corby and two or three men dropped in to dinner, and Lily, alive to every detail of her friend's method, saw that such opportunities as had been contrived for her were to be deferred till she had, as it were, gained courage to make effectual use of them. She had a sense of acquiescing in this plan with the passiveness of a sufferer resigned to the surgeon's touch; and this feeling of helplessness continued when, after the departure of the guests, Mrs. Fisher followed her upstairs.

"May I come in and smoke a cigarette over your fire? If we talk in my room we shall disturb the child." Mrs. Fisher looked about her with the eye of the solicitous hostess. "I hope you've managed to make yourself comfortable, dear? Isn't it a jolly little house? It's such a blessing to have a few quiet weeks here with the baby."

Carry, in her rare moments of prosperity, became so instinctively maternal that Miss Bart sometimes wondered whether, if she could ever get time and money enough, she would not end by devoting them both to her daughter. "It's a well-earned rest: I'll say that for myself," she continued, sinking down with a sigh of content on the pillowed lounge near the fire. "Louisa Bry is a stern task-master: I often used to wish myself back with the Gormers. Talk of love making people jealous and suspicious —it's nothing to social ambition! Louisa used to lie awake at night wondering whether the women who called on us called on *me* because I was with her, and on *her* because she was with me; and she was always laying traps to find out what I thought. Of course I had to disown my oldest friends, rather than let her suspect she owed me the

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chance of making a single acquaintance—when, all the while, that was what she had me there for, and what I owe this delightful house to—and, I trust, many favours to come."

Mrs. Fisher was not a woman who talked of herself without cause, and the practice of direct speech, far from precluding in her an occasional resort to roundabout methods, served rather, at crucial moments, the purpose of the juggler's chatter while he shifts the contents of his sleeves. Through the haze of her cigarette smoke she continued to gaze meditatively at Miss Bart, who, having dismissed her maid, sat before the toilet-table shaking out over her shoulders the loosened undulations of her hair.

"Your hair's wonderful, Lily. Thinner—? What does that matter, when it's so light and alive? So many women's worries seem to go straight to their hair—but yours looks as if there had never been an anxious thought under it. I never saw you look better than you did this evening. Mattie Gormer told me that Morpeth wanted to paint you—why don't you let him?"

Miss Bart's immediate answer was to address a critical glance to the reflection of the countenance under discussion. Then she said, with a slight touch of irritation: "I don't care to accept a portrait from Paul Morpeth."

Mrs. Fisher mused. "N—no. And just now, especially—well, he can do you when you're married." She waited a moment, and then went on: "By the way, I had a visit from Mattie the other day. She turned up here last Sunday—and with Bertha Dorset, of all people in the world!"

She paused again to measure the effect of this announcement, but the brush in Miss Bart's lifted hand maintained its unwavering downward stroke from brow to nape.

"I never was more astonished," Mrs. Fisher pursued. "I don't know two women less predestined to intimacy—from Bertha's standpoint, that is; for of course poor Mattie thinks it natural enough that she should be singled out—I've no doubt the rabbit always thinks it is fascinating the anaconda. Well, you know I've always told you that Mattie secretly longed to bore herself with the really fashionable; and now that the chance has come, I see that she's capable of sacrificing all her old friends to it."

Lily laid aside her brush and turned a penetrating glance upon her friend. "Including *me?*" she suggested.

"Ah, my dear," murmured Mrs. Fisher, rising to push back a log from the hearth.

"That's what Bertha means, isn't it?" Miss Bart went on. "For of course she always means something; and before I left Long Island I saw that she was beginning to lay her toils for Mattie."

Mrs. Fisher sighed evasively. "She has her fast now, at any rate. To think of that loud independence of Mattie's being only a subtler form of snobbishness! Bertha can already make her believe anything she pleases—and I'm afraid she's begun, my poor child, by insinuating horrors about you."

Lily flushed under the shadow of her drooping hair. "The world is too vile," she murmured, averting herself from Mrs. Fisher's anxious scrutiny.

"It's not a pretty place; and the only way to keep a footing in it is to fight it on its own terms—and above all, my dear, not alone!" Mrs. Fisher gathered up her floating implications in a resolute grasp. "You've told me so little that I can only guess what has been happening; but in the rush we all live in there's no time to keep on hating people without a cause, and if Bertha is still nasty enough to want to injure you it must be because she's still afraid of you. From her standpoint there's only one reason for being so; and my own idea is that, if you want to punish her, you hold the means in your hand. I believe you can marry George Dorset to-morrow; but if you don't care for that particular form of retaliation the only thing to save you from Bertha is to marry somebody else."

VII

THE light projected on the situation by Mrs. Fisher had the cheerless distinctness of a winter dawn. It outlined the facts with a cold precision unmodified by shade or colour, and refracted, as it were, from the blank walls of the surrounding limitations: she had opened windows from which no sky was visible. But the idealist subdued to vulgar necessities must employ vulgar minds to draw the inferences to which

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he cannot stoop; and it was easier for Lily to let Mrs. Fisher formulate her case than to put it plainly to herself. Once confronted with it, however, she went the full length of its consequences; and these had never been more clearly present to her than when, the next afternoon, she set out for a walk with Rosedale.

It was one of those still November days when the air is haunted with the light of summer, and something in the lines of the landscape, and in the golden haze which bathed them, recalled to Miss Bart the September afternoon when she had climbed the slopes of Bellomont with Selden. The importunate memory was kept before her by its ironic contrast to her present situation, since her walk with Selden had represented an irresistible flight from just such a climax as the present excursion was designed to bring about. But other memories importuned her also; the recollection of similar situations, as skilfully led up to, but through some malice of fortune, or her own unsteadiness of purpose, always failing of the intended result. Well, her purpose was steady enough now. She saw that the whole weary work of rehabilitation must begin again, and against far greater odds, if Bertha Dorset should succeed in breaking up her friendship with the Gormers; and her longing for shelter and security was intensified by the passionate desire to triumph over Bertha, as only wealth and predominance could triumph over her. As the wife of Rosedale—the Rosedale she felt it in her power to create—she would at least present an invulnerable front to her enemy.

She had to draw upon this thought, as upon some fiery stimulant, to keep up her part in the scene toward which Rosedale was too frankly tending. As she walked beside him, shrinking in every nerve from the way in which his look and tone made free of her, yet telling herself that this momentary endurance of his mood was the price she must pay for her ultimate power over him, she tried to calculate the exact point at which concession must turn to resistance, and the price *he* would have to pay be made equally clear to him. But his dapper self-confidence seemed impenetrable to such hints, and she had a sense of something hard and self-contained behind the expansive warmth of his manner.

They had been seated for some time in the seclusion of a rocky glen above the lake, when she suddenly cut short the culmination of an impassioned period by turning upon him the grave loveliness of her gaze.

"I *do* believe what you say, Mr. Rosedale," she said quietly; "and I am ready to marry you whenever you wish."

Rosedale, reddening to the roots of his glossy hair, received this announcement with a recoil which carried him to his feet, where he halted before her in an attitude of almost comic discomfiture.

"For I suppose that is what you do wish," she continued, in the same serenely modulated tone. "And, though I was unable to consent when you spoke to me in this way before, I am ready, now that I know you so much better, to trust my happiness to your hands."

She spoke with the noble directness which she could command on such occasions, and which was like a large steady light thrown across the tortuous darkness of the situation. In its inconvenient brightness Rosedale seemed to waver a moment, as though conscious that every avenue of escape was unpleasantly illuminated.

Then he gave a short laugh, and drew out a gold cigarette-case, in which, with plump jewelled fingers, he groped for a gold-tipped cigarette. Selecting one, he paused to contemplate it a moment before saying: "My dear Miss Lily, I'm sorry if there's been any little misapprehension between us—but you made me feel my suit was so hopeless that I had really no intention of renewing it."

Lily's blood tingled with the undisguised brutality of the rebuff; but she checked the first leap of her anger, and said in a tone of gentle dignity: "I have no one but myself to blame if I gave you the impression that my decision was final."

Her word-play was always too quick for him, and this reply held him in puzzled silence while she extended her hand and added, with the faintest inflection of sadness in her voice: "Before we bid each other goodbye, I want at least to thank you for having once thought of me as you did."

The touch of her hand, the moving mildness of her look, thrilled a soft fibre in Rosedale. It was her exquisite inaccessibleness, the sense of distance she could convey without a hint of disdain, that made it hardest for him to give her up.

"Why do you talk of saying goodbye? Ain't we going to be good friends all the

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same?" he asked, without releasing her hand.

"What is your idea of being good friends?" she returned with a slight smile. "Making love to me without asking me to marry you?"

Rosedale laughed with a recovered sense of ease. "Well, that's about the size of it, I suppose. I can't help making love to you—I don't see how any man could; but I don't mean to ask you to marry me as long as I can keep out of it."

She continued to smile. "I like your frankness; but I don't see how our friendship is to continue on those terms."

She turned away, as though to mark that its final term had in fact been reached, and he followed her for a few steps with a baffled sense of her having, after all, kept the game in her own hands.

"Miss Lily——" he began impulsively; but she walked on without seeming to hear him.

He overtook her in a few quick strides, and laid a persuasive hand on her arm. "Miss Lily—don't hurry away like that. You're beastly hard on a fellow; but if you don't mind speaking the truth I don't see why you shouldn't allow me to do the same."

She had paused a moment with delicately lifted brows, drawing away from his touch though she made no effort to evade his words.

"I was under the impression," she rejoined, "that you had done so without waiting for my permission."

"Well—why shouldn't you hear my reasons for doing it, then? We're neither of us such new hands that a little plain speaking is going to hurt us. I'm all broken up on you: there's nothing new in that. I'm more in love with you than I was this time last year; but I've got to face the fact that the situation is changed."

She continued to confront him with the same air of ironic composure. "You mean to say that I'm not as desirable a match as you thought me?"

"Yes; that's what I do mean," he answered resolutely. "I won't go into what's happened. I don't believe the stories about you—I don't *want* to believe them. But they're there, and my not believing them ain't going to alter the situation."

She flushed to her temples, but the extremity of her need checked the retort on her lip and she continued to face him composedly. "If they are not true," she said, "doesn't *that* alter the situation?"

He met this with a steady gaze of his small stock-taking eyes, which made her feel herself no more than some superfine human merchandise. "I believe it does in novels; but I'm certain it don't in real life. You know that as well as I do: if we're speaking the truth, let's speak the whole truth. Last year I was wild to marry you, and you wouldn't look at me: this year—well, you appear to be willing. Now, what has changed in the interval? Your situation, that's all. Then you thought you could do better; now——"

"You think you can?" broke from her ironically.

"Why, yes, I do: in one way, that is." He stood before her, his hands in his pockets, his chest sturdily expanded under its vivid waistcoat. "It's this way, you see: I've had a pretty steady grind of it these last years, working up my social position. Think it's funny I should say that? Why should I mind saying I want to get into society? A man ain't ashamed to say he wants to own a racing stable or a picture gallery. Well, a taste for society's just another kind of hobby. Perhaps I want to get even with some of the people who cold-shouldered me last year—put it that way if it sounds better. Anyhow, I want to have the run of the best houses; and I'm getting it too, little by little. But I know the quickest way to queer yourself with the right people is to be seen with the wrong ones; and that's the reason I'm determined to avoid mistakes."

Miss Bart continued to stand before him in a silence that might have expressed either mockery or a half-reluctant respect for his candour, and after a moment's pause he went on: "There it is, you see. I'm more in love with you than ever, but if I married you now I'd queer myself for good and all, and everything I've worked for all these years would be wasted."

She received this with a look from which all tinge of resentment had faded. After the tissue of social falsehoods in which she had so long moved it was refreshing to step into the open daylight of an avowed expediency.

"I understand you," she said. "A year

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ago I should have been of use to you, and now I should be an encumbrance; and I like you for telling me so quite honestly." She extended her hand with a smile.

Again the gesture had a disturbing effect upon Mr. Rosedale's self-command. "By George you're a dead game sport, you are!" he exclaimed; and as she began once more to move away, he broke out suddenly: "Miss Lily—stop. You know I don't believe those stories—I believe they were all got up by a woman who didn't hesitate to sacrifice you to her own convenience——"

Lily drew away with a movement of quick disdain: it was easier to endure his insolence than his commiseration.

"You are very kind; but I don't think we need discuss the matter farther."

Rosedale's natural imperviousness to hints made it easy for him to brush such resistance aside. "I don't want to discuss anything; I just want to put a plain case before you," he said.

She paused in spite of herself, held by the note of a new purpose in his look and tone; and he went on, keeping his eyes firmly upon her: "The wonder to me is that you've waited so long to get square with that woman, when you've had the power in your hands." She continued silent under the rush of astonishment that his words produced, and he moved a step closer to ask with low-toned directness: "Why don't you use those letters of hers you bought last year?"

Lily stood speechless under the shock of the interrogation. In the words preceding it she had conjectured, at most, an allusion to her supposed influence over George Dorset; nor did the astonishing indelicacy of the reference diminish the likelihood of Rosedale's resorting to it. But now she saw how far short of the mark she had fallen; and the surprise of learning that he had discovered the secret of the letters left her, for the moment, unconscious of the special use to which he was in the act of putting his knowledge.

Her temporary loss of self-possession gave him time to press his point; and he went on quickly, as though to secure completer control of the situation: "You see I know where you stand—I know how completely she's in your power. That sounds like stage-talk, don't it?—but there's a lot of truth in some of those old gags; and I don't suppose you bought those letters simply because you're collecting autographs."

She continued to look at him with deepening bewilderment: her only clear impression resolved itself into a scared sense of his power.

"You're wondering how I found out about 'em?" he went on, answering her look with a note of conscious pride. "Perhaps you've forgotten that I'm the owner of the Benedick—but never mind about that now. Getting on to things is a mighty useful accomplishment in business, and I've simply extended it to my private affairs. For this *is* partly my affair, you see—at least, it depends on you to make it so. Let's look the situation straight in the eye. Mrs. Dorset, for reasons we needn't go into, did you a beastly bad turn last spring. Everybody knows what Mrs. Dorset is, and her best friends wouldn't believe her on oath where their own interests were concerned; but as long as they're out of the fight it's much easier to follow her lead than to set themselves against it, and you've simply been sacrificed to their laziness and selfishness. Isn't that a pretty fair statement of the case?—Well, some people say you've got the neatest kind of an answer in your hands: that George Dorset would marry you to-morrow, if you'd tell him all you know, and give him the chance to show the lady the door. I daresay he would; but you don't seem to care for that particular form of getting even, and, taking a purely business view of the question, I think you're right. In a deal like that, nobody comes out with perfectly clean hands, and the only way for you to start fresh is to get Bertha Dorset to back you up, instead of trying to fight her."

He paused long enough to draw breath, but not to give her time for the expression of her gathering resistance; and as he pressed on, expounding and elucidating his idea with the directness of the man who has no doubts of his cause, she found the indignation gradually freezing on her lip, found herself held fast in the grasp of his argument by the mere cold strength of its presentation. There was no time now to wonder how he had heard of her obtaining the letters: all her world was dark outside the monstrous glare of his scheme for using them. And it was not, after the first moment, the horror of the idea that held her

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spell-bound, subdued to his will; it was rather its subtle affinity to her own inmost cravings. He would marry her to-morrow if she could regain Bertha Dorset's friendship; and to induce the open resumption of that friendship, and the tacit retractation of all that had caused its withdrawal, she had only to put to the lady the latent menace contained in the packet so miraculously delivered into her hands. Lily saw in a flash the advantage of this course over that which poor Dorset had pressed upon her. The other plan depended for its success on the infliction of an open injury, while this reduced the transaction to a private understanding, of which no third person need have the remotest hint. Put by Rosedale in terms of business-like give-and-take, this understanding took on the harmless air of a mutual accommodation, like a transfer of property or a revision of boundary lines. It certainly simplified life to view it as a perpetual adjustment, a play of party politics, in which every concession had its recognized equivalent: Lily's tired mind was fascinated by this escape from fluctuating ethical estimates into a region of concrete weights and measures.

Rosedale, as she listened, seemed to read in her silence not only a gradual acquiescence in his plan, but a dangerously far-reaching perception of the chances it offered; for as she continued to stand before him without speaking, he broke out, with a quick return upon himself: "You see how simple it is, don't you? Well, don't be carried away by the idea that it's *too* simple. It isn't exactly as if you'd started in with a clean bill of health. Now we're talking let's call things by their right names, and clear the whole business up. You know well enough that Bertha Dorset couldn't have touched you if there hadn't been—well—questions asked before—little points of interrogation, eh? Bound to happen to a good-looking girl with stingy relatives, I suppose; anyhow, they *did* happen, and she found the ground prepared for her. Do you see where I'm coming out? You don't want these little questions cropping up again. It's one thing to get Bertha Dorset into line—but what you want is to keep her there. You can frighten her fast enough—but how are you going to keep her frightened? By showing her that you're as powerful as she is. All the letters in the world won't do that for you as you're situated now; but with a big backing behind you, you'll keep her just where you want her to be. That's *my* share in the business—that's what I'm offering you. You can't put the thing through without me—don't run away with any idea that you can. In six months you'd be back again among your old worries, or worse ones; and here I am, ready to lift you out of 'em to-morrow if you say so. *Do* you say so, Miss Lily?" he added, moving suddenly nearer.

The words, and the movement which accompanied them, combined to startle Lily out of the state of tranced acquiescence into which she had insensibly slipped. Light comes in devious ways to the groping consciousness, and it came to her now through the disgusted perception that her would-be accomplice assumed, as a matter of course, the likelihood of her distrusting him and perhaps trying to cheat him of his share of the spoils. This glimpse of his inner mind seemed to present the whole transaction in a new aspect, and she saw that the essential baseness of the act lay in its ignoble freedom from risk.

She drew back with a quick gesture of rejection, saying, in a voice that was a surprise to her own ears: "You are mistaken—quite mistaken—both in the facts and in what you infer from them."

Rosedale stared a moment, puzzled by her sudden dash in a direction so different from that toward which she had appeared to be letting him guide her.

"Now what on earth does that mean? I thought we understood each other!" he exclaimed; and to her murmur of "Ah, we do *now*," he retorted with a sudden burst of brutality: "I suppose it's because the letters are to *him*, then? Well, I'll be damned if I see what thanks you've got from him!"

VIII

THE autumn days declined to winter. Once more the leisure world was in transition between country and town, and Fifth Avenue, still deserted at the week-end, showed from Monday to Friday a broadening stream of carriages between house-fronts gradually restored to consciousness.

The Horse Show, some two weeks earlier,

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had produced a passing semblance of reanimation, filling the theatres and restaurants with a human display of the same costly and high-stepping kind as circled daily about its ring. In Miss Bart's world the Horse Show, and the public it attracted, had ostensibly come to be classed among the spectacles disdained of the elect; but, as the feudal lord might sally forth to join in the dance on his village green, so society, unofficially and incidentally, still condescended to look in upon the scene. Mrs. Gormer, among the rest, was not above seizing such an occasion for the display of herself and her horses; and Lily was given one or two opportunities of appearing at her friend's side in the most conspicuous box the house afforded. But this lingering appearance of intimacy made her only the more conscious of a change in the relation between Mattie and herself, of a dawning discrimination, a gradually formed social standard, emerging from Mrs. Gormer's chaotic view of life. It was inevitable that Lily herself should constitute the first sacrifice to this new ideal, and she knew that, once the Gormers were established in town, the whole drift of fashionable life would facilitate Mattie's detachment from her. She had, in short, failed to make herself indispensable; or rather, her attempt to do so had been thwarted by an influence stronger than any she could exert. That influence, in its last analysis, was simply the power of money: Bertha Dorset's social credit was based on an impregnable bank-account.

Lily knew that Rosedale had overstated neither the difficulty of her own position nor the completeness of the vindication he offered: once Bertha's match in material resources, her superior gifts would make it easy for her to dominate her adversary. An understanding of what such domination would mean, and of the disadvantages incurred by her rejection of it, was brought home to Lily with increasing clearness during the early weeks of the winter. Hitherto she had kept up a semblance of movement outside the main flow of the social current; but with the return to town, and the concentrating of scattered activities, the mere fact of not slipping back into her old habits of life marked her as being unmistakably excluded from them. If one were not a part of the season's fixed routine, one swung unsphered in a void of social non-existence. Lily, for all her dissatisfied dreaming, had never really conceived the possibility of revolving about a different centre: it was easy enough to despise the world, but decidedly difficult to find any other habitable region. Her sense of irony never quite deserted her, and she could still note, with a touch of self-derision, the abnormal value suddenly acquired by the most insignificant details of her former life. Its very drudgeries had a charm now that she was involuntarily released from them: card-leaving, note-writing, enforced civilities to the dull and elderly, and the smiling endurance of tedious dinners—how pleasantly such obligations would have filled the emptiness of her days! She did indeed leave cards in plenty; she kept herself, with a smiling and valiant persistence, well in the eye of her world; nor did she suffer any of those gross rebuffs which sometimes produce a wholesome reaction of contempt in their victim. Society did not turn away from her, it simply drifted by, preoccupied and inattentive, letting her feel, to the full measure of her humbled pride, how completely she had been the creature of its favour.

She had rejected Rosedale's suggestion with a promptness of scorn almost surprising to herself: she had not lost her capacity for high flashes of indignation. But she could not breathe long on the heights; there had been nothing in her training to develop any continuity of moral strength: what she craved, and really felt herself entitled to, was a situation in which the noblest attitude should also be the easiest. Hitherto her intermittent impulses of resistance had sufficed to maintain her self-respect. If she slipped she recovered her footing, and it was only afterward that she was aware of having recovered it each time on a slightly lower level. She had rejected Rosedale's offer without conscious effort; her whole being had risen against it; and she did not yet perceive that, by the mere act of listening to him, she had learned to live with ideas which would once have been intolerable to her.

To Gerty Farish, keeping watch over her with a tenderer if less discerning eye than Mrs. Fisher's, the results of the struggle were already visible. She did not, indeed, know what hostages Lily had already given to expediency; but she saw her passionately

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and irretrievably pledged to the ruinous policy of "keeping up." Gerty could smile now at her own early dream of her friend's renovation through adversity: she saw that Lily was not of those to whom privation teaches the unimportance of what they have lost. But this very fact, to Gerty, made her friend the more piteously in want of aid, the more exposed to the claims of a tenderness she was so little conscious of needing.

Lily, since her return to town, had not often climbed Miss Farish's stairs. There was something irritating to her in the mute interrogation of Gerty's sympathy: she felt the real difficulties of her situation to be incommunicable to any one whose theory of values was so different from her own, and the restrictions of Gerty's life, which had once had the charm of contrast, now reminded her too painfully of the limits to which her own existence was shrinking. When at length, one afternoon, she put into execution the belated resolve to visit her friend, this sense of shrunken opportunities possessed her with unusual intensity. The walk up Fifth Avenue, unfolding before her, in the brilliancy of the hard winter sunlight, an interminable procession of fastidiously-equipped carriages—giving her, through the little squares of brougham-windows, peeps of familiar profiles bent above visiting-lists, of hurried hands dispensing notes and cards to attendant footmen—this glimpse of the ever-revolving wheels of the great social machine made Lily more than ever conscious of the steepness of Gerty's stairs, and of the cramped blind-alley of life to which they led. Dull stairs destined to be mounted by dull people: how many thousands of insignificant figures were going up and down such stairs all over the world at that very moment—figures as shabby and uninteresting as that of the middle-aged lady in limp black who descended Gerty's flight as Lily climbed to it!

"That was poor Miss Jane Silverton—she came to talk things over with me: she and her sister want to do something to support themselves," Gerty explained, as Lily followed her into the sitting-room.

"To support themselves? Are they so hard up?" Miss Bart asked with a touch of irritation: she had not come to listen to the woes of other people.

"I'm afraid they have nothing left: Ned's debts have swallowed up everything. They had such hopes, you know, when he broke away from Carry Fisher; they thought Bertha Dorset would be such a good influence, because she doesn't care for cards, and—well, she talked quite beautifully to poor Miss Jane about feeling as if Ned were her younger brother, and wanting to carry him off on the yacht, so that he might have a chance to drop cards and racing, and take up his literary work again."

Miss Farish paused with a sigh which reflected the perplexity of her departing visitor. "But that isn't all; it isn't even the worst. It seems that Ned has quarrelled with the Dorsets; or at least Bertha won't allow him to see her, and he is so unhappy about it that he has taken to gambling again, and going about with all sorts of queer people. And Cousin Grace Van Osburgh accuses him of having had a very bad influence on Bertie, who left Harvard last spring, and has been a great deal with Ned ever since. She sent for Miss Jane, and made a dreadful scene; and Jack Stepney and Herbert Melson, who were there too, told Miss Jane that Bertie was threatening to marry some dreadful woman to whom Ned had introduced him, and that they could do nothing with him because now he's of age he has his own money. You can fancy how poor Miss Jane felt—she came to me at once, and seemed to think that if I could get her something to do she could earn enough to pay Ned's debts and send him away—I'm afraid she has no idea how long it would take her to pay for one of his evenings at bridge. And he was horribly in debt when he came back from the cruise. I can't see why he should have spent so much more money under Bertha's influence than Carry's: can you?"

Lily met this query with an impatient gesture. "My dear Gerty, I always understand how people can spend much more money—never how they can spend any less!"

She loosened her furs and settled herself in Gerty's easy-chair, while her friend busied herself with the tea-cups.

"But what can they do—the Miss Silvertons? How do they mean to support themselves?" she asked, conscious that the note of irritation still persisted in her voice. It was the last topic she had meant to

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discuss—it really did not interest her in the least—but she was seized by a perverse curiosity to know how the two colourless shrinking victims of young Silverton's sentimental experiments meant to cope with the necessity which lurked so close to her own threshold.

"I don't know—I am trying to find something for them. Miss Jane reads aloud very nicely—but it's so hard to find any one who is willing to be read to. And Miss Annie paints a little——"

"Oh, I know—apple-blossoms on blotting-paper; just the kind of thing I shall be doing myself before long!" exclaimed Lily, starting up with a vehemence of movement that threatened destruction to Miss Farish's fragile tea-table.

Lily bent over to steady the cups; then she sank back into her seat. "I'd forgotten there was no room to dash about in—how beautifully one does have to behave in a small flat! Oh, Gerty, I wasn't meant to be good," she cried incoherently.

Gerty lifted an apprehensive look to her pale face, in which the eyes shone with a peculiar sleepless lustre.

"You look horribly tired, Lily; take your tea, and let me give you this cushion to lean against."

Miss Bart accepted the cup of tea, but put back the cushion with an impatient hand.

"Don't give me that! I don't want to lean back—I shall go to sleep if I do."

"Well, why not, dear? I'll be as quiet as a mouse," Gerty urged affectionately.

"No—no; don't be quiet; talk to me—keep me awake! I don't sleep at night, and in the afternoon a dreadful drowsiness creeps over me."

"You don't sleep at night? Since when?"

"I don't know—I can't remember." She rose and put the empty cup on the tea-tray. "Another, and stronger, please; if I don't keep awake now I shall see horrors tonight—perfect horrors!"

"But they'll be worse if you drink too much tea."

"No, no—give it to me; and don't preach, please," Lily returned imperiously. Her voice had a dangerous edge, and Gerty noticed that her hand shook as she held it out to receive the second cup.

"But you look so tired: I'm sure you must be ill——"

Miss Bart set down her cup with a start. "Do I look ill? Does my face show it?" She walked quickly toward the little mirror above the writing-table. "What a horrid looking-glass—it's all blotched and discoloured. Any one would look ghastly in it!" She turned back, fixing her plaintive eyes on Gerty. "You stupid dear, why do you say such odious things to me? It's enough to make one ill to be told one looks so! And looking ill means looking ugly." She caught Gerty's wrists, and drew her close to the window. "After all, I'd rather know the truth. Look me straight in the face, Gerty, and tell me: am I perfectly frightful?"

"You're perfectly beautiful now, Lily: your eyes are shining, and your cheeks have grown so pink all of a sudden——"

"Ah, they *were* pale, then—ghastly pale, when I came in? Why don't you tell me frankly that I'm a wreck? My eyes are bright now because I'm so nervous—but in the mornings they look like lead. And I can see the lines coming in my face—the lines of worry and disappointment and failure! Every sleepless night leaves a new one—and how can I sleep, when I have such dreadful things to think about?"

"Dreadful things—what things?" asked Gerty, gently detaching her wrists from her friend's feverish fingers.

"What things? Well, poverty, for one—and I don't know any that's more dreadful." Lily turned away and sank with sudden weariness into the easy-chair near the tea-table. "You asked me just now if I could understand why Ned Silverton spent so much money. Of course I understand—he spends it on living with the rich. You think we live *on* the rich, rather than with them: and so we do, in a sense—but it's a privilege we have to pay for! We eat their dinners, and drink their wine, and smoke their cigarettes, and use their carriages and their opera-boxes and their private cars—yes, but there's a tax to pay on every one of those luxuries. The man pays it by big tips to the servants, by playing cards beyond his means, by flowers and presents—and—and—lots of other things that cost; the g' l pays it by tips and cards too—oh, yes, I've had to take up bridge again—and by going to the best dressmakers, and having just the right dress for every occasion, and always keeping herself fresh and exquisite and amusing!"

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She leaned back for a moment, closing her eyes, and as she sat there, her pale lips slightly parted, and the lids dropped above her fagged brilliant gaze, Gerty had a startled perception of the change in her face—of the way in which an ashen daylight seemed suddenly to extinguish its artificial brightness. She looked up, and the vision vanished.

"It doesn't sound very amusing, does it? And it isn't—I'm sick to death of it! And yet the thought of giving it all up nearly kills me—it's what keeps me awake at night, and makes me so crazy for your strong tea. For I can't go on in this way much longer, you know—I'm nearly at the end of my tether. And then what can I do—how on earth am I to keep myself alive? I see myself reduced to the fate of that poor Silverton woman—slinking about to employment agencies, and trying to sell painted blotting-pads to Women's Exchanges! And there are thousands and thousands of women trying to do the same thing already, and not one of the number who has less idea how to earn a dollar than I have!"

She rose with a hurried glance at the clock. "It's late, and I must be off—I have an appointment with Carry Fisher. Don't look so worried, you dear thing—don't think too much about the nonsense I've been talking." She was before the mirror again, adjusting her hair with a light hand, drawing down her veil, and giving a dexterous touch to her furs. "Of course, you know, it hasn't come to the employment agencies and the painted blotting-pads yet; but I'm rather hard-up just for the moment, and if I could find something to do—notes to write and visiting-lists to make up, or that kind of thing—it would tide me over till the legacy is paid. And Carry has promised to look up someone who wants a kind of social secretary—you know she makes a specialty of the helpless rich."

Miss Bart had not revealed to Gerty the full extent of her anxiety. She was in fact in urgent and immediate need of money: money to meet the vulgar weekly claims which could neither be deferred nor evaded. To give up her apartment, and shrink to the obscurity of a boarding-house, or to the provisional hospitality of a bed in Gerty Farish's sitting-room, was an expedient which could only postpone the problem confronting her; and it seemed wiser as well as more agreeable to remain where she was and find some means of earning her living. The possibility of having to do this was one which she had never before seriously considered, and the discovery that, as a bread-winner, she was likely to prove as helpless and ineffectual as poor Miss Silverton, was a severe shock to her self-confidence.

Having been accustomed to take herself at the popular valuation, as a person of energy and resource, naturally fitted to dominate any situation, she vaguely imagined that such gifts would be of value to seekers after social guidance; but there was unfortunately no specific head under which the art of saying and doing the right thing could be offered in the market, and even Mrs. Fisher's resourcefulness failed before the difficulty of discovering a workable vein in the vague wealth of Lily's graces. Mrs. Fisher was full of indirect expedients for enabling her friends to earn a living, and could conscientiously assert that she had put several opportunities of this kind before Lily; but more legitimate methods of bread-winning were as much out of her line as they were beyond the capacity of the sufferers she was generally called upon to assist. Lily's failure to profit by the chances already afforded her might, moreover, have justified the abandonment of farther effort on her behalf; but Mrs. Fisher's inexhaustible good-nature made her an adept at creating artificial demands in response to an actual supply. In the pursuance of this end she at once started on a voyage of discovery in Miss Bart's behalf; and as the result of her explorations she now summoned the latter with the announcement that she had "found something."

Left to herself, Gerty mused distressfully upon her friend's plight, and her own inability to relieve it. It was clear to her that Lily, for the present, had no wish for the kind of help she could give. Miss Farish could see no hope for her friend but in a life completely reorganized and detached from its old associations; whereas all Lily's energies were centred in the determined effort to hold fast to those associations, to keep herself visibly identified with them, as long as the illusion could be maintained.

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Pitiable as such an attitude seemed to Gerty, she could not judge it as harshly as Selden, for instance, might have done. She had not forgotten the night of emotion when she and Lily had lain in each other's arms, and she had seemed to feel her very heart's blood passing into her friend. The sacrifice she had made had seemed unavailing enough; no trace remained in Lily of the subduing influences of that hour; but Gerty's tenderness, disciplined by long years of contact with obscure and inarticulate suffering, could wait on its object with a silent forbearance which took no account of time. She could not however, deny herself the solace of taking anxious counsel with Lawrence Selden, with whom, since his return from Europe, she had renewed her old relation of cousinly confidence.

Selden himself had never been aware of any change in their relation. He found Gerty as he had left her, simple, undemanding and devoted, but with a quickened intelligence of the heart which he recognized without seeking to explain it. To Gerty it would once have seemed impossible that she should ever again talk freely with him of Lily Bart; but what had passed in the secrecy of her own breast seemed to resolve itself, when the mist of the struggle cleared, into a breaking down of the bounds of self, a deflecting of the wasted personal emotion into the general current of human understanding.

It was not till some two weeks after her visit from Lily that Gerty had the opportunity of communicating her fears to Selden. The latter, having presented himself on a Sunday afternoon, had lingered on through the dowdy animation of his cousin's tea-hour, conscious of something in her voice and eye which solicited a word apart; and as soon as the last visitor was gone Gerty opened her case by asking how lately he had seen Miss Bart.

Selden's perceptible pause gave her time for a slight stir of surprise.

"I haven't seen her at all—I've perpetually missed seeing her since she came back."

This admission made Gerty pause too; and she was still hesitating on the brink of her subject when he relieved her by adding: "I've wanted to see her—but she seems to have been absorbed by the Gormer set since her return from Europe."

"That's all the more reason: she's been very unhappy."

"Unhappy at being with the Gormers?"

"Oh, I don't defend her intimacy with the Gormers; but that too is at an end now, I think. You know people have been very unkind since Bertha Dorset quarrelled with her."

"Ah——" Selden exclaimed, rising abruptly to walk to the window, where he remained with his eyes on the darkening street while his cousin continued to explain: "Judy Trenor and her own family have deserted her too—and all because Bertha Dorset has said such horrible things. And she is very poor—you know Mrs. Peniston cut her off with a small legacy, after giving her to understand that she was to have everything."

"Yes—I know," Selden assented curtly, turning back into the room, but only to stir about with restless steps in the circumscribed space between door and window. "Yes—she's been abominably treated; but it's unfortunately the precise thing that a man who wants to show his sympathy can't say to her."

His words caused Gerty a slight chill of disappointment. "There would be other ways of showing your sympathy," she suggested.

Selden, with a slight laugh, sat down beside her. "What are you thinking of, you incorrigible little missionary?"

Gerty's colour rose, and her blush was for a moment her only answer. Then she made it more explicit by saying: "I am thinking of the fact that you and she used to be great friends—that she used to care immensely for what you thought of her—and that, if she takes your staying away as a sign of what you think now, I can imagine its adding a great deal to her unhappiness."

"My dear child, don't add to it still more—at least to your conception of it—by attributing to her all sorts of susceptibilities of your own." Selden, for his life, could not keep a note of dryness out of his voice; but he met Gerty's look of perplexity by saying more mildly: "But, though you immensely exaggerate the importance of anything I could do for Miss Bart, you can't exaggerate my readiness to do it—if you ask me to." He laid his hand for a moment on hers, and there passed between them, on the current of the rare contact, one of those

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exchanges of meaning which fill the hidden reservoirs of affection. Gerty had the feeling that he measured the cost of her request as plainly as she read the significance of his reply; and the sense of all that was suddenly clear between them made her next words easier to find.

"I do ask you, then; I ask you because she once told me that you had been a help to her, and because she needs help now as she has never needed it before. You know how dependent she has always been on ease and luxury—how she has hated what was shabby and ugly and uncomfortable. She can't help it—she was brought up with those ideas, and has never been able to find her way out of them. But now all the things she cared for have been taken from her, and the people who taught her to care for them have abandoned her too; and it seems to me that if some one could reach out a hand and show her the other side—show her how much is left in life and in herself——" Gerty broke off, abashed at the sound of her own eloquence, and impeded by the difficulty of giving precise expression to her vague yearning for her friend's retrieval. "I can't help her myself: she's passed out of my reach," she continued. "I think she's afraid of being a burden to me. When she was last here, two weeks ago, she seemed dreadfully worried about her future: she said Carry Fisher was trying to find something for her to do. A few days later she wrote me that she had taken a position as private secretary, and that I was not to be anxious, for everything was all right, and she would come in and tell me about it when she had time; but she has never come, and I don't like to go to her, because I am afraid of forcing myself on her when I'm not wanted. Once, when we were children, and I had rushed up after a long separation, and thrown my arms about her, she said: 'Please don't kiss me unless I ask you to, Gerty'—and she *did* ask me, a minute later; but since then I've always waited to be asked."

Selden had listened in silence, with the concentrated look which his thin dark face could assume when he wished to guard it against any involuntary change of expression. When his cousin ended, he said with a slight smile: "Since you've learned the wisdom of waiting, I don't see why you urge me to rush in——" but the troubled appeal of her eyes made him add, as he rose to take leave: "Still, I'll do what you wish, and not hold you responsible for my failure."

Selden's avoidance of Miss Bart had not been as unintentional as he had allowed his cousin to think. At first, indeed, while the memory of their last hour at Monte Carlo still held the full heat of his indignation, he had anxiously watched for her return; but she had disappointed him by lingering in England, and when she finally reappeared it happened that business had called him to the West, whence he came back only to learn that she was starting for Alaska with the Gormers. The revelation of this suddenly-established intimacy effectually chilled his desire to see her. If, at a moment when her whole life seemed to be breaking up, she could cheerfully commit its reconstruction to the Gormers, there was no reason why such accidents should ever strike her as irreparable. Every step she took seemed in fact to carry her farther from the region where, once or twice, he and she had met for an illumined moment; and the recognition of this fact, when its first pang had been surmounted, produced in him a sense of negative relief. It was much simpler for him to judge Miss Bart by her habitual conduct than by the rare deviations from it which had thrown her so disturbingly in his way; and every act of hers which made the recurrence of such deviations more unlikely, confirmed the sense of security with which he returned to the conventional view of her.

But Gerty Farish's words had sufficed to make him see how little this view was really his, and how impossible it was for him to live quietly with the thought of Lily Bart. To hear that she was in need of help—even such vague help as he could offer—was to be at once repossessed by that thought; and by the time he reached the street he had sufficiently convinced himself of the urgency of his cousin's appeal to turn his steps directly toward Lily's hotel.

There his zeal met a check in the unforeseen news that Miss Bart had moved away; but, on his pressing his enquiries, the clerk remembered that she had left an address, for which he presently began to search through his books.

It was certainly strange that she should have taken this step without letting Gerty

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Farish know of her decision; and Selden waited with a vague sense of uneasiness while the address was sought for. The process lasted long enough for uneasiness to turn to apprehension; but when at length a slip of paper was handed him, and he read on it: "Care of Mrs. Norma Hatch, Emporium Hotel," his apprehension passed into an incredulous stare, and this into the gesture of disgust with which he tore the paper in two, and turned to walk quickly homeward.

(To be continued.)

THE SUN-DIAL

By M'Cready Sykes

Not till the Sun in his coursing riseth up out of the ocean
Doth he mark me nor cast a shade. Through the Night and her silence,
Not to the senses of men, nor the children playing about me,
Speak I, nor tell of the Sun, nor the journey that ever he maketh.
Watch I alone with the Night, her mantle folded about her,
Brooding over the earth; with naught but a murmur of music
Swept from the under-world, or the twitter of birds in the dawning.
All, save these, is hushed, and the world swims round in the darkness.

All that I speak to men I speak with the great light upon me—
Glaring and seen of all, as the Sun with finger majestic
Pointeth the hours to men, crying, "Mortals! Thus cometh the ending."
Then about me, laughing, pass the men and the women;
Or with their wistful faces the children, the wonderful children.
They come and look upon me. They mark the hours in their passing,
Told by the silent shade of the Sun as he sweeps through the heavens.
Men and their children pass. I watch the ages, undying.

Yet not what cometh by day to me the meaning declareth
Of the soul of things. For only at night and in darkness
Hear I the music of worlds, the strains that are solemnly vibrant,
Floating and shimmering ever across the spaces of silence.
Night! Cometh peace, and the world's desire; ay! these be the music
Night bringeth. Looking before and after, here stand I steadfast:
For that I hearken by night, for me is no time and no passing;
Mortal time for the children of men; mine the voices eternal.

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ACROSS A PICKET FENCE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

THE two houses, the little white one and the big yellow one, stood side by side on the country road. Probably they had definite latitude and longitude, but you will better understand Rilla Everdean's description of their site as being "just half way between Tuppertown and nowhere."

The little white house was distinguished by a big roof-skylight and a name. The big yellow one was nameless, but it had a cupola and a "For Sale" sign nailed to one of the veranda posts. You might have thought, seeing them sitting vacant and tenantless there by the roadside, with nothing in sight but the empty fields and a few trees, that they had come together for the sake of companionship, and that the picket fence between them was an officious upstart.

Mr. Hewitt Tredway, however, viewed the surroundings with complete satisfaction. Peace and quiet were what Mr. Tredway most desired, for the next six months, at least, and when his friend Baxter, the artist, offered him the use of Placid Cottage he had eagerly accepted.

"But you'll find it rather lonely, I'm afraid," said Baxter. "The Harkways, who used to be our only neighbors, have moved to California."

"Neighbors are exactly what I don't want," said Tredway. "I mean to work on my Theory all summer, and that, you know, demands continued concentration."

This Theory of Tredway's—he always spoke of it as if it should be written in capitals throughout—was the result of a two years' post-graduate course and the absence of a necessity for doing anything else. To explain what it was—well, only Tredway could do that, and no one ever really knew what he was driving at when he was through. Beside, it makes no difference at all now what it meant. At the time he regarded it as tremendously important. But then, Hewitt Tredway took himself and his doings very seriously.

He brought with him to Placid Cottage an old housekeeper, a small trunk, and a big box of books. As soon as he had unpacked these last he plunged into the Theory.

Almost anyone but Tredway would have noticed the things which soon began happening to the big house next door. The shutters were thrown back, the windows opened, the "For Sale" sign pulled down, and van loads of furniture moved in. A gray-haired, kindly faced woman seemed to be in charge. Tredway's housekeeper guessed that the big house was being converted into a summer hotel, and she rejoiced secretly. To be sure, she guessed wrong.

As for Tredway, he remained entirely oblivious of his surroundings until one morning about a week after his arrival a two-horse covered stage drove out from the village. Tredway was sitting at his study window and could have looked across the picket fence to the front gate of the big house, but he had a book in either hand and one on his knee, and did not raise his eyes.

As the stage stopped, someone within said: "All together now, one—two—three!"

There ensued a rattling, penetrating, ear-splitting volume of sound out of which might have been deciphered this jubilant refrain:

> Chop-sticks—chow-chow—mustard-filled
> Sunshine kids of St. Mark's Guild!
> Chop-sticks—chow-chow—you know now—
> Hoop la! Hoop la! Wow-wow-wow!

At the final howl Tredway dropped his books and stood staring in open-mouthed wonder. He saw the stage emptied, as one shakes rats from a bag, of a score of youngsters, who leaped and laughed and shouted as they swarmed into the next yard. Behind them came a cheerful-looking young woman, who made a trumpet of her hands and called to the gray-haired matron on the veranda: "We're here!"

"It's perfectly obvious," said Tredway, to no one in particular. Then he closed his study window with a bang, and resolutely turned his back on the big house.

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This move of the stoop-shouldered, spectacled young man did not escape the big gray eyes of the young woman. She laughed and said: "It appears that we are not to be popular with our neighbors, Mrs. Norris."

Served with his dinner Tredway had a full account of the folks next door, in spite of his protests that he really didn't care for the information which his housekeeper had gathered from their cook.

"It's one of those summer homes where they send poor children from the city for a vacation," announced the housekeeper. "They get 'em in lots of twenty, fresh ones every two weeks. Did you ever hear such a racket, Mr. Tredway? It'll be like living next to a Wild West show, I guess. But the ladies are real lovely, both of them. Don't you think the young one, that's Miss Everdean, is awful pretty? The cook over there's a good soul, too, and she'll be lots of company for——"

"You may serve the coffee," said Tredway curtly. "I'm not especially interested in their cook."

For several weary hours Mr. Hewitt Tredway groped desperately about before he could pick up the scattered ends of thought which he was weaving into his grand Theory; but once he had recovered them, he was quite as indifferent to the riot which raged without as he had been to the previous stillness. This was very fortunate for his peace of mind, as the Sunshiners, whose manners were such as you might expect—only worse—paid no more attention to the picket fence than if it had been an imaginary line, like the equator. At almost any hour of the day, had he looked out, he could have seen a boy climbing over it, laden with flowers, unripe fruit, and other precious pillage. But his eyes seldom left his books. Had it not been for an apple tree in the back yard, Tredway and the Sunshiners might have remained total strangers.

It was only the morning after they came that he was roused from his studies by someone calling excitedly through the open window. He looked up to find the young woman from the big house standing on tiptoes and shouting at him.

"Come quickly!" she was saying. "Little Ikey Blumenstein is up in your apple tree and can't get down. He's going to fall. Come!"

There was nothing to do, of course, but to go. He trailed after her to the rear of the house, where he beheld the terror-stricken Ikey, his thin legs frantically treading the unsubstantial air as he dangled from a top branch.

"Hold tight, Ikey! The man will climb up and get you," encouraged Miss Everdean.

"No, no!" protested Tredway. "Really, I am not a good climber. I never could do it."

"But you must do something. Think, think!" Miss Everdean was staring up at Ikey, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. "A ladder!" she exclaimed. "No, that won't do. A life net! Oh, if we had a life net! I mean a table-cloth or a bed spread! Run!" And with this she seized the inert Tredway by the shoulders, whirled him about, and shoved him vigorously toward the cottage. The initial impetus thus gained lasted until he rushed pantingly back with a green table-cover snatched from his study table. He thrust it into her hands.

"No, you goose! Grab that side! Now stretch it tight and get right under him. There! Now drop, Ikey!"

The dangling Ikey cast one frightened look below.

"I—I—I dassent," he howled.

"You must, Ikey, you must! If you don't I'll shake the tree."

Perhaps it was because of the threat, perhaps Ikey's fingers were unequal to the strain. At any rate he suddenly obeyed. He struck the green cover squarely enough, but then he ricochetted toward Tredway, hitting him about amidships.

"Ugh!" remarked Tredway, just as he went to the grass with Ikey folded in his arms.

"Look out—you'll hurt him!" warned Miss Everdean.

Having no breath which he could spare for frivolous conversation, Tredway glared indignantly through his spectacles at her, disentangled himself from the undamaged Ikey, and started for the cottage.

"You've forgotten the table-cover," Miss Everdean called after him, but he paid no heed. So she wrapped Ikey in it and crawled through a newly made gap in the picket fence.

Almost the first object to catch Tred-

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way's eye as he entered his study was a burnt-wood panel above the fireplace. On it Baxter had artistically pyrographed the words "Placid Cottage." Wrenching the board from the brass hooks that held it in place, Tredway threw the thing into a corner.

An hour or so later, seeing her neighbor sitting with a towel tied about his head, Miss Everdean only smiled. But after supper, when the bee stings of the Foley twins had been soothed with poultices; when the Giovanni boy had been well dosed with green-apple antidote; when the entire twenty had been safely distributed among the rows of white iron cots in the cool upper chambers, and there had fallen upon the Home a grateful calm, Miss Everdean went forth with the olive branch.

"Don't you want your table-cover?" she asked, holding it over the fence. He came out and thanked her for it with cold formality.

"Angry, are you?" queried Miss Everdean mildly.

"Certainly not. I never allow myself to become angry."

"That's right. Besides, it's bad form to quarrel with your neighbors. What do you think of my chow-chow band, anyway?"

"Beg pardon—your what?"

"That's what I call my Sunshiners; they're such a mixed lot: all nationalities, you know. But you'll find them entertaining little rascals."

"I'm afraid not. I am not particularly fond of children."

"Aren't you? Why, I thought you were by the way you hugged little Ikey this morning."

Tredway stared over the top of his reading-glasses at the young woman on the other side of the fence. Her face was grave enough, but there was a suggestion of impudence in her big gray eyes.

"That was purely involuntary, I assure you," he said stiffly.

"Well, it was your apple tree, anyway," rejoined Miss Everdean irrelevantly. "If it hadn't been for your tree, little Ikey wouldn't have gotten into trouble."

"I apologize for the apple tree."

"That's real nice of you, at least. Now I'll apologize for calling you a goose—but you did act like one. Good-night." And before Tredway could reply he found himself alone, absent-mindedly trying to stuff the green table-cover into his pocket.

For a long time afterward Tredway sat with a book open before him, trying to persuade himself that he was at work. At last he exclaimed, as if making some important discovery: "By jove! I believe she was making game of me, all the while!"

With this as a starting point he began to consider how this girl with the impudent gray eyes might be made to know in what contempt he held such as she. Dared to mock him, had she? And he a man with that in his brain which was to rattle the dry bones of Science! Only a frivolous, saucy girl with freckles on her nose! Well, she should know how it felt to be utterly ignored. What if she did have long curves, and gray eyes that could shift and roll? Let her save her tricks for some soft-headed youth, not try them on a man who had before him a work to be done.

Most of the young women whom Tredway happened to know—and they were not a multitude—took him almost as seriously as he took himself. Generally they behaved as though they were half afraid of him, which tickled his vanity immensely.

But Rilla Everdean had been brought up with half a dozen brothers; she had attended a co-ed. university; she had taken a course in hospital nursing, and she was awed by no manner of man, spectacled or otherwise.

Thus it happened that when Tredway took pains to turn his back on her next morning she failed to notice it, in proof of which she smiled at him when next their glances met across the picket fence. In spite of his grim resolution to do something very different, Tredway smiled back, and then shut his jaws angrily because he did it. To even matters he set himself to watch for another opportunity. But in vain he followed her with his eyes as she moved about the yard leading the younger children in noisy games. Although he sat there in plain sight, she had forgotten all about him. And when at last she did chance to look his way she had caught him watching her and looked away again before he could assume the cold stare with which he had meant to reprove her. It was a trivial thing, to be sure, yet it left Tredway disturbed of mind and in a bad temper.

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This state of affairs was unknown to "Spud" McCarty, of course. "Spud" had various knowledge, chiefly of how to do things without being detected. His particular exploit on this occasion was the robbing of a rosebush that grew almost immediately under Tredway's study window. It was an adroit piece of vandalism. He had shinned back over the fence and was wondering what to do with his loot when he met Miss Everdean.

"Why, Spud! Where did you get all those roses?" she demanded suspiciously.

"He guv 'em ter me," said "Spud"; then, on sudden inspiration—"fer youse. He tol' me to give 'em to youse."

"Who did?"

"The duck next door; four eyes, there in the winder;" and "Spud" indicated the rounded shoulders of the unconscious Tredway.

"Honest, now?"

"Sure, Mike. 'Give 'em to the young leddy,' sez he. An' he said you was a peach, too."

"Spud, do you know what we do with little boys who tell fibs?"

"Spud" grinned audaciously.

"We wash their tongues with soap."

But she took the roses, and one of them she wore in her hair. She did not encounter Tredway again until it occurred to Otto Myers to pry the cover from an abandoned well and fall in. Then she ran for Tredway to help her pull Otto to the top. Otto came up very damp, much frightened, but wholly unhurt, there being no more than a foot of water at the bottom.

"Why, how speckled he is about the face!" commented Tredway.

"So he is," assented Miss Everdean. "Measles, I suppose. I've been expecting it."

"Measles!" Tredway backed hastily away.

"One would think I had said small-pox!" Miss Everdean was hurrying the dripping Otto toward the Home. As soon as she reappeared Tredway came to the fence and waited.

"I beg pardon, but are you certain that the boy has measles?" he asked anxiously.

"Perfectly. But there's nothing to be alarmed about. I have handled dozens of cases."

"I am alarmed, though; very much so. It is a contagious disease."

"What of that? you've had the measles, haven't you?"

"Never!" declared Tredway solemnly.

"Then it's high time you did."

"Thank you. I *shall* have the measles now, I'm sure of it."

"Well, if you're quite determined, I suppose you will. Only you must try very hard."

"How does the disease begin?"

"Oh, with sneezing and coughing. Do you feel it coming on now? When you do, come over to us. We'll put you in our isolation ward on the top floor. You'll be fed on bread and milk pudding and given picture books to look at."

"How amusing you must find me," said Tredway, as he turned abruptly from the laughing gray eyes.

Indeed, it did seem very absurd to Rilla Everdean that a grown man should be so frightened. In due time, however, she heard him coughing in a way that sounded suspiciously like the true "measles bark." When she saw his reddened eyelids she was almost convinced that he had "succeeded," as she put it.

"If he has, I suppose I really ought to go over and look after him, hadn't I?" she asked of the matron. Mrs. Norris agreed that it was her duty.

Well, Tredway did have the measles; had all of them there was to be had, and when Miss Everdean arrived to take charge, his temperature was topping the hundred mark. But she covered him with blankets, packed him about with hot-water bottles, and eventually "drove them out." Then, when he awakened from his first untroubled sleep and was rational once more, she sat beside him and fed him scalded milk from a spoon.

"You're most beautifully speckled now," she said comfortingly. "One would almost think you had been caught out in a shower of red ink. But you're beginning to feel a lot better, aren't you? That's because the badness in you is being boiled out, as I tell the children."

Tredway swallowed a spoonful and smiled a little. Then he settled back for another nap. Afterward, as he lay, hour on hour, dozing and waking, waking and dozing in the semi-darkened room, the

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fantastic thought recurred to him—Could there be anything in her fancy? Was this illness of his working some miraculous change in him?

Even after he was quite sure of the soundness of his mind the idea remained. Was he or was he not the same Hewitt Tredway that he had been a week before? He had a new view-point, anyway. He could see himself as he had been—self-centred, cold, arrogant, tasting none of the simpler joys of life, but feeding his vanity on the vague prospects of future honors.

How ridiculous it all seemed! Why, the thing to do was to laugh as you went, and to pass the laugh along. This should be his philosophy. Did he get it, he wondered, from the words of a little ballad he had heard Rilla Everdean hum to a tripping tune? It was all about a "girl who was born on an April day," and whose rule of life was to "Cry when I must, but laugh while I may." He had heard it sung before, he remembered, and had sneered at the cheap sentiment. It seemed the most profound wisdom now. He wondered if Rilla Everdean was April born. Some day he would ask her. There were a lot of things he wanted to talk to her about. Why? Because it was the most natural

"We're here!"—Page 350.

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thing in the world to wish to talk to her. The low, soothing tones in her voice were grateful to hear. And then to watch her eyes—those big, steady, gray eyes, cool and deep—why, it was entertainment enough just to see them kindle with fun, soften with sympathy, flash with quick intelligence. Yes, they were wonderful eyes.

As she moved about the room she reminded him, somehow, of a clover blossom, fresh and clean and sweet, a clover blossom with the dew still on it. He had always dreaded illness before, but now that she had taught him to look upon it as a sort of joke played on you by Nature—a joke at which you would soon be laughing yourself—it seemed almost a luxury.

"It's perfectly obvious."—Page 350.

With something of a shock he realized, one day when he had been allowed to sit up for an hour or so, that he would soon be well enough not to need Miss Everdean's care. Then she would go back to her Sunshiners, and he would get only distant glimpses of her. Even now she came in

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for only short intervals. There had been no opportunity for any of those talks which he had meant to have. She would not even allow him to thank her properly for what she had done.

"Oh, I reckoned you as one of my chow-chow band from the moment you caught Otto's measles. Besides, I haven't repaid you for those roses."

"Roses?" echoed Tredway.

"Have you forgotten? It was the day after I was so saucy to you. You sent them over by one of the boys, didn't you?"

"No," said Tredway slowly, "I'm sure I didn't. But I wish I had."

"Oh, you do? Have a care, sir! I'm just as likely to be saucy again to-morrow. I haven't changed any."

"I have, though. You know you told me that the measles boiled out badness?"

"Yes, but it's only the surplus that comes out. You haven't sprouted wings yet, young man. There, now I must run back."

Again she was gone. Expectantly Tredway waited for her next visit, but that proved to be the last. For a day or two she sent over dainty little dishes which she had prepared for him, and then, as once before, she seemed to have forgotten all about him. He could not feel angry. Of course, what she had done was prompted merely by impulsive good-nature. He saw that clearly. Yet the cottage seemed singularly empty and barren without her.

As for the grand Theory which was to have jostled the savants, it had gone stale. Who wanted to disturb the savants? He didn't. He wanted to learn how to take joy of life, and the only one who could teach him was just outside his study window, lavishing the sacred mysteries of the art on an assorted lot of tenement bred youngsters. How near she seemed, yet how remote she was! And what was he to do to mend matters? Yielding to the first crude impulse that came, Tredway made direct appeal to her.

"Don't you mean ever to come near me again?"

"Certainly not."

"But why?"

"Silly man! The conventions, of course."

"Then I'm coming over to see you."

"We have a case of mumps."

"I'm anxious to have the mumps."

"And chicken-pox is threatened."

"I'll take that, too."

She was looking at him out of her big gray eyes; not mockingly, as she had before, nor impudently, nor gravely, but curiously, as if trying hard to understand something. Suddenly there came a warmer glow into her sun-browned cheeks. She glanced away.

"Why should you wish to come?"

"Because I want to talk to you, and hear you talk. I want you to tell me about your plans and your work here. You like it, don't you—the youngsters and all that?"

"I like it well enough; but you don't imagine I wouldn't rather do something else, do you?"

"Why not do it, then?" It was a most inane question, but Tredway was in a most inane mood.

"Why don't I?" There was a trace of vexation in the words. Then she laughed. "Here, I'll tell you the whole story: Ministers don't leave fortunes, as a rule, do they? Well, my father was a minister. There were seven children of us. We are all making our own way, somehow or other. This is my way. There, isn't that lucid?"

There was too much blood in Tredway's head for comfort, and his tongue wouldn't work properly.

"Oh, don't apologize. I make no secret of it. You didn't think I was an heiress in disguise, did you?"

"Would you like—that is—might I say just what I do think of you—now?"

Miss Everdean eyed him critically. "No, I don't think I would care to hear it; not now, anyway."

"But you'll give me leave to come over evenings, won't you?"

"Once in a while, I suppose you may."

So he did. He interpreted his permission liberally. When Hewitt Tredway was in earnest about a thing he was terribly in earnest. Evening after evening he appeared at the Home, to sit on the veranda, sometimes with Mrs. Norris and Rilla, oftener with Miss Everdean alone; for the matron was a sensible sort of person who could remember when she herself had been young and fair to see.

"We seem to be more popular with our neighbors than we were," she laughed.

"He's lonely, poor fellow," said Miss Everdean.

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He ricochetted toward Tredway, hitting him about amidships.—Page 351.

"It's far worse than that, my dear. Only one man in the world ever followed me about with that look in his eyes—and he was the man I married."

"It's rather nice, though, isn't it, when a person looks at you like that?"

"At your age there's nothing to compare with it."

"Do you know," confided Rilla, "when we first came here I thought him perfectly ridiculous? I teased him outrageously. But I—I think I'm beginning to like him, just a little."

The matron made no reply, but she smiled indulgently, as one does at a twice-told tale.

Yet it was this same young woman who, barely two hours later, heard with a fine air of indifference Tredway's announcement that he was soon to go away.

"I don't suppose you care in the least, though," he ventured.

"Why should I?"

"You shouldn't, of course. But I wish you did. No one cares. You see, I've lived so much like a crab in its shell, that I

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Tredway stared over the top of his reading glasses at the young woman on the other side of the fence.—Page 352.

feel like a new guest at a big hotel. There's no one to say 'Hello,' no one to say 'Good-by.' And it's all my fault. One can't be of the world unless he's some use in it. You taught me that. There's so much more that you could teach me."

"Am I so wise, then? No one else seems to have found it out."

"I'm glad they haven't. But some day they will, and they will know better than I how to tell you so."

"It seems to me that you are not doing so badly, for a beginner."

"Now you are laughing at me again. You did that the first time we met. Perhaps you don't remember. It was ages ago. But whether you laugh at me or not, I—I love you, dear. I shall always love

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you. And when I go away, to wander lonesomely up and down the world, it will make me just a little glad to know that, once in a while, you will think of me, even if only to laugh."

Tredway left off abruptly and there fell a silence. Before them stretched the wide, empty fields, shimmering as uncertain as the sea, for the moonlight was at high tide. Within the house the gray-haired matron nodded over a book, under the mellow light of a reading-lamp. At length, slowly and more soberly than she had ever spoken before, Rilla Everdean made response:

"So you are really going away? Tell me, where will you go?"

"I shall hunt up Baxter, first. He has discovered some odd little village in Roumania that he raves about. You take the Orient express to Vienna, and then you travel by carriage and horseback for two or three days."

"The Orient express! Doesn't that sound good, though?"

"Does it?" He wondered dully why it should.

"It sounds like a voice calling. Not that I've ever travelled abroad. I've dreamed about it, though, until it almost seems that I know all about it—the queer sights and smells and sounds, the rush and the rattle, the sensation of getting away

"We'll have a honeymoon trip that will never end, if you say so. Shall we?"—Page 360.

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He sat in an armchair thinking exquisite thoughts.

from things you've always known, of shifting duties and responsibilities for a time, and being free. Oh, it must be glorious, every bit of it, from the minute you buy your steamer ticket to the day when you come down the gang plank with funny labels pasted all over your suit-case!"

"But if you were leaving behind the only one who could make life worth while?" Was it extraordinary obtuseness in Tredway, or was it just the common denseness of a lover?

"If there was anyone so necessary to me as that—" began Miss Everdean judicially.

"Yes?" urged Tredway, moving closer to catch her low-spoken decree.

"I should kiss them good-by first, and——"

"May I, Rilla? May I? I'm going to, anyway!"

Actually, he did. For an amateur the thing was quite successfully accomplished, too.

"And then," continued Miss Everdean, ignoring the interruption and firmly putting his arm back where it ought to be, "I should very humbly beg them to go along with me."

"Oh, but I do! I have! Will you, Rilla? We'll start now, to-morrow, next week. We'll have a honeymoon trip that will never end, if you say so. Shall we?"

"Hush! As if we were going off to be a pair of precious Wandering Jews! Behave, Hewitt, or I'll not go at all. And it's high time you went home. No, sir, not one more. Well, perhaps; but wait until to-morrow night comes."

Whereupon Hewitt Tredway, being filled with joy unutterable and untranslatable, and not knowing what else to do, vaulted the picket fence, climbed through his study window, burned all his notes on the great Theory, and then sat in an armchair thinking exquisite thoughts until the stars grew pale and he fell asleep.

As with the measles and other things, whatever it was that he was having, he was having it hard!

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THE WOMAN AND THE POET

By Alice Prescott Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

IN the forest gloom of the high Sierras, a woman was riding toward John Nash's cabin. John Nash was a poet. Had he been a miner, his cabin would have sought the untravelled timber instead of hanging on the red bank of the highway, just where the stage road lay level, for a breathing space, on the crest of the divide. Behind his cabin, the world dropped away into blue vapor; before it, the tableau of life drifted by. No poet could have asked for more.

But John Nash had other titles than that of poet. He was spoken of as an old man, and a failure. There were times when he confessed himself as such, rhyming his gentle melancholy into verses where rhapsodies on the eternal mountains and the land of gold lay down in murmurous harmony with the tale of a man's defeat. He had outlived his time. Success or dissipation had claimed his comrades—those comrades who, with him, had heard the elf-call of forty-nine, and crossed the plains to the land of fantasy. He saw the children of the successful ones; they passed his cabin on their summer wanderings to the fishing resorts of the upper river, and when they stopped to greet the old miner whom their fathers had known, not all their kindliness could disguise their pitying patronage. They were keen-faced men from San Francisco, successful in their turn, but John Nash felt that their eyes were preoccupied; that when they looked at the mist wraiths that drifted over the firs in the canyon, they saw only fog, and trees, and a hill-side. He saw more. And so he sat untouched upon the citadel of his pride, and when, after such a meeting, he went to his cabin to write yet again the story of his years, some of the swelling gladness of the mountains was prisoned in his lines. There would be sudden mists in scoffing eyes when he droned his verses to the lounging audience in the Chaparral House the next evening.

The Chaparral House was five miles away, and it brought him fame. The fishermen and campers who stopped there for a day on their way to the more pretentious resorts, heard of him, and rode over to his cabin, their cameras swinging on their saddle-horns. He showed them his view, and could be pressed to recite his poems in a shy sing-song. The women called him picturesque, and quoted Bret Harte openly. The men looked pitiful and wondering.

It was a sojourner who was riding toward him this July morning. She was a young woman and alone, which was unusual in John Nash's experience, but she was not of the mountains, he knew, for she rode a man's saddle, and did it without cringing or apology.

She slipped from her horse at the poet's door, and called to him. He saw, as he came toward her, that she was frowning.

"See if you can find a stone here." She lifted the horse's off fore-foot. "I can't. But he's limping."

The poet obeyed her. "There's nothing there," he decided. "He's stumbled and strained himself. That's one of Jim Littleton's horses."

"Yes, we're stopping at the Chaparral House. If you'll let me have another horse I'll leave this one in your corral till I come back this afternoon." She was still frowning; her face, under its red-dust coating, was pale.

"I haven't any horse."

"But you must have a horse!" Her breath of incredulity was near a sob. "I'm a good rider. I'll bring him back in good condition. Why, you must have a horse!"

The poet stood in resentful silence. He had always had a horse till now, and the empty corral stabbed him. He could not tell this singular young woman about the price of hay.

The young woman was equally silent. She tied her horse to the ring in the corner of the cabin, and turned to the poet. She was small; from her eyes to her riding

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boots, she looked red-brown and lustreless. The dust that covered her seemed less a profanation than when it fell on fairer women. She was gnome-like in her slender duskiness.

"May I sit in your cabin for a minute?" She pressed her fingers on the frown between her eyes. "I must think."

In the cabin the poet was again resentful. His guest's eyes recked nothing of the room's quaint homeliness; the fireplace of rough trachyte, that had been photographed by scores of women who had come before, she passed without an exclamation. Indeed, she showed her host as little ceremony. She dropped on the bench by the table, and buried her head in her hands. The dust from her riding-gauntlets and sombrero sifted over the well-scrubbed floor.

The man who had scrubbed the floor gathered his courage to protest.

"I should think you'd be—— Why, you're shivering! Are you cold?" His accusation, high with the peevish resolution of old age, trailed off into the gentlest solicitude.

"No." She raised her head. "No, I'm not cold. This is nervousness. I must get to Thayer's Mill to-day. You have no horse. They have no more at Chaparral. But I must get to the mill. What can I do?"

The poet was silent. The question was obviously idle. There was nothing that she could do. In the mountains one does not embroider speech with needless explanations.

The woman accepted the silence; she dropped her head back on her hand. Outside the tethered horse whinnied pleadingly.

"You might ride Littleton's horse, after all," the poet ventured after a time. "He isn't very lame. He might stand it."

"Punish an animal for a man's—mistake. No, I can't do that." She drew her gauntlet from her left hand, and the poet saw her wedding-ring. It seemed to free him from his unreasoning sense of responsibility. He shifted uneasily. He was old and mystery tired him. He wished that this silent woman would go.

Yet even as he thought it, the silent woman flared to life. She crossed the room and dropped beside him on the floor. She had been watching him. He could not know, since it was his own, how tender and patient was the face that other women had called only picturesque.

"Mr. Nash," she had a small voice, threaded with unexpected vibrations, "they have told me about you at Chaparral. I know that you live here even in the winter, when the snow drives the rest of the world away. I know that you are kind to everyone and everything. You must have learned to look at life very quietly and wisely in all these years alone with God and the mountains. Tell me, if you started to do something that you knew was right, but that hurt you cruelly—that might cost you your happiness—and then if an accident, a trivial, petty little accident, blocked your way, what would you do? Would you feel that you had done your part, and throw the responsibility on God or fate? Or would you know that you were still accountable, and that if you failed, God had *nothing* to do with it, but that you had lacked in will or courage?"

The poet's fingers busied themselves with his beard. He could not speak. His thoughts raced from the woman's question to dwell on the wonder that she should have deferred to him as a daughter to a father. She looked very young and unhappy. Her eyes trusted his power and knowledge as never woman had relied on him before. He battled with a longing to tell her to go home and be content.

"I guess God leaves it pretty much to us," he admitted.

"Then what is to be done? I am Isabel Dale. My husband is Morton Dale of 'The San Francisco and Sierra Land and Improvement Company.' If I can reach Thayer's Mill to-day, I can save what—what I care more for than for my happiness. Can I walk to Thayer's Mill? I am small, but very strong."

"You have to get there to-day?"

"To-day."

"Then come." He led her to the back of the cabin, and pointed downward. "Thayer's is down there where the East Fork comes in. It's a quarter the distance of the wagon road if you go the way the crow flies. But there's no trail."

The woman looked in silence. The abyss was not sheer. It was ribbed and tortured with rocky spurs and deep-gashed

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canyons. A mountain had struggled out of chaos, and the scars of the conflict were cut deep. The gulf palpitated with color; amethyst and purple strove with the black green of the pines. It was as beautiful as sunrise, or the tropic moon on quiet seas, or as any of the great silent joys of life. It was as relentless as the cruel-thorned chaparral that clothed it.

"When will they begin to look for you?" interrupted the poet.

"Not till sundown. My husband went to Madroña Gulch this morning. They think at Chaparral that I followed him. There will be no excitement till he comes back to-night."

The poet turned. "Then I'll get a snack of something to eat before we go." He had known few subtleties and fewer women, but he was sure that this girl who had looked to him as to a father had made up her mind.

"But you are not going?" Her lips flowered scarlet. Another, watching, might have seen that life could not have been kind to her that she should bloom so tropically under a stranger's gentleness. John Nash was thinking of something else.

"It's better for you to go," he argued, moodily—he could feel in advance the prick of the heat, and the panting exhaustion—"I see you've got to go to respect yourself. Yes, I'm going, too."

When they had fought with the brush for an hour, her arms were bleeding. The poet was older in woodcraft and saved himself, but he could place no bar to her impatience. She pressed against the thorn-set bushes, letting them tear at their will, if they would but give her passage. The pinching lines of anxiety left her face, and her tongue frolicked. She told John Nash stories of the mart and the crowded ways. The breath of cities stirred in her voice, peopling the loneliness of the thin hot air.

At the end of the second hour she lost her footing in the drifting rubble and was thrown the depth of a ravine. When the poet reached her she was holding herself upright by the limbs of a tree. The dark stains on her cotton waist were spreading, but her eyes laughed. A trickle of water moistened the bottom of the ravine, and the poet soaked his handkerchief and wiped her face.

"Tell me," she asked, wistfully—her face, freed of dust and blood-stains, was flower-sweet in its tenderness—"tell me, can a man—a strong man—ever forgive a woman who tricks and humiliates him? Couldn't he forgive her if he knew that she did it because his right was dearer to her than her own happiness?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about women," the poet answered dully. He looked away that he might not see where the red was starting afresh. "I've never known anything about women, and now it's too late. But I've been thinking that even if I had had a daughter she might not have been like you."

The woman sat down and cried. Her tears came as unexpectedly as her smiles, and passed as quickly. She clenched her hands, and started a trembling line of song that carolled of courage and laughter.

The third hour found them nearing the lower levels. Black gnats fell upon them; a sticky, noisome cloud that would not be brushed away.

"It's like the Bible plagues," said the poet.

"But it leads out of the land of bondage," triumphed the woman.

The later hours could not be reckoned by emotions. The main stream, chafed and turbulent, fretted the bottom of the canyon. The East Fork came in some miles away, and the banks that must be traversed were close-grown and boulder-beset. A large-leaved water plant grew in rank, wet jungles, and its slimy roots made treacherous footing.

But the poet, careless of bruises, urged the woman to haste. The clammiest fear of the day lay at his heart. This rock-lined gorge was of ill-omen, for it was already peopled. He could hear at every turn the silken swish of sliding bodies. The rough granitic rocks that scraped the flesh bare, seemed tender in their mercies when he thought of the small red puncture that might at any moment be pricked in the woman's soft skin.

And hour by hour the tragic hills looked down, watchful, impassive. Life was all about the wayfarers; savage life, teeming, exotic. Dragon flies brushed them with tropic-hued wings. Trout bared dappled backs to the slanting sunbeams. The stumbling figures on the stream's bank were the only aliens; all other life that

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breathed could swim or drift the air. Jealous Nature girded at the intruders, and knew no pity for each painful fall.

Red circles troubled the poet's eyes.

"Maybe we're lost," he mumbled, peevishly. "Maybe the East Fork isn't here. I can't seem to remember."

Then, without warning, came a meadow. Open, flower-spangled, it cuddled intimate and human in the cold majesty of the rock hills. A huddle of cabins showed curling smoke. Ten yoked steers, dumb and rebellious in their clanking chains, dragged a great log over the odorous grasses. A man urged them on with goad and blithe profanity.

"Why, yes, ma'am, my name is Thayer," he said.

The moon was high when the woman started homeward. Mrs. Thayer was crying; her arms were about the woman's neck.

"Stay with us, stay with us," she begged with sobs. She knew what had been said to her husband in the meadow.

But John Nash neither knew, nor cared to know, what had been the issue of their day. The madness of endeavor had left him. He was a quivering blank of fatigue.

He was to stay with Mrs. Thayer for a few days, but Isabel Dale would not tarry.

"I must get to my husband. I must get to my husband." Her voice broke into shivering rills of sound half inarticulate and crooning. "I must get to my husband."

A boy was to drive her to Chaparral. By pushing the horse they could hope to reach the hotel shortly after daybreak.

"You don't think that my husband will worry very much, do you?" she begged. "He ought not to lose a night's sleep. He's been so tired lately."

The poet rode with her as far as the edge of the meadow. He would leave the wagon where the wide-swung gate led into the high-road.

"Don't forget to have Littleton send over for his horse," he reiterated with querulous insistence. "I left water, but there ain't much fodder in the corral. Now, don't forget."

"There's a team coming!" The woman's voice broke sharply. "A white horse and a—— Oh, Morton! Morton! I'm here!"

The carriage veered. The horses were pulled to their haunches. The man who leaped to meet the woman's cry was broad of girth and leonine. But he was trembling.

She was over the wheel and in his arms. "Kiss me hard—once," she entreated. "Before I tell you."

He pushed her away. "What does this mean? I came back at noon. They told me that you had followed me. I could prove that you had not. I found that you had asked how to reach this place. Explain, Isabel."

The woman who had been pushed from his arms quivered at his voice. There was nothing gnome-like in her brown face now; it glinted with sudden lights.

"Go back," she said to the boy, "back to the house. Stay where you are, please, Mr. Nash." Her tones had surety but sweetness. John Nash could see the blood-stains rise and fall on the breast of her torn gown. He wondered gropingly whether he ought to show them to the man.

But the woman was speaking. "I came to warn Mr. Thayer. I told him that the company was going to file on this land for a mineral claim. Don't go. It's too late. He's on his way to Marysville now. He left before sunset. He will file his claim, or get a friend to do it, before your papers can go in."

Her husband fumbled for his whip, and John Nash cowered. Morton Dale was very angry, and his anger was a power that turned men white. The "San Francisco and Sierra Land and Improvement Company" knew this when they placed him in power.

He fought with himself for a moment, then pointed to the carriage.

"Get in there."

The woman quivered again, but her face was calming. She had the terrible composure that comes to women when what is dear lies dead.

"I knew that you might not be able to forgive me, but I had to do it."

"Get into the carriage."

Her hand went out to ward away his tone. "Will you let me tell you how I knew?"

"Be still, Isabel, this man here——"

"Oh, this man here!" She stretched out her arms with sudden abandon, and the inquisitive moonlight lingered on her tattered

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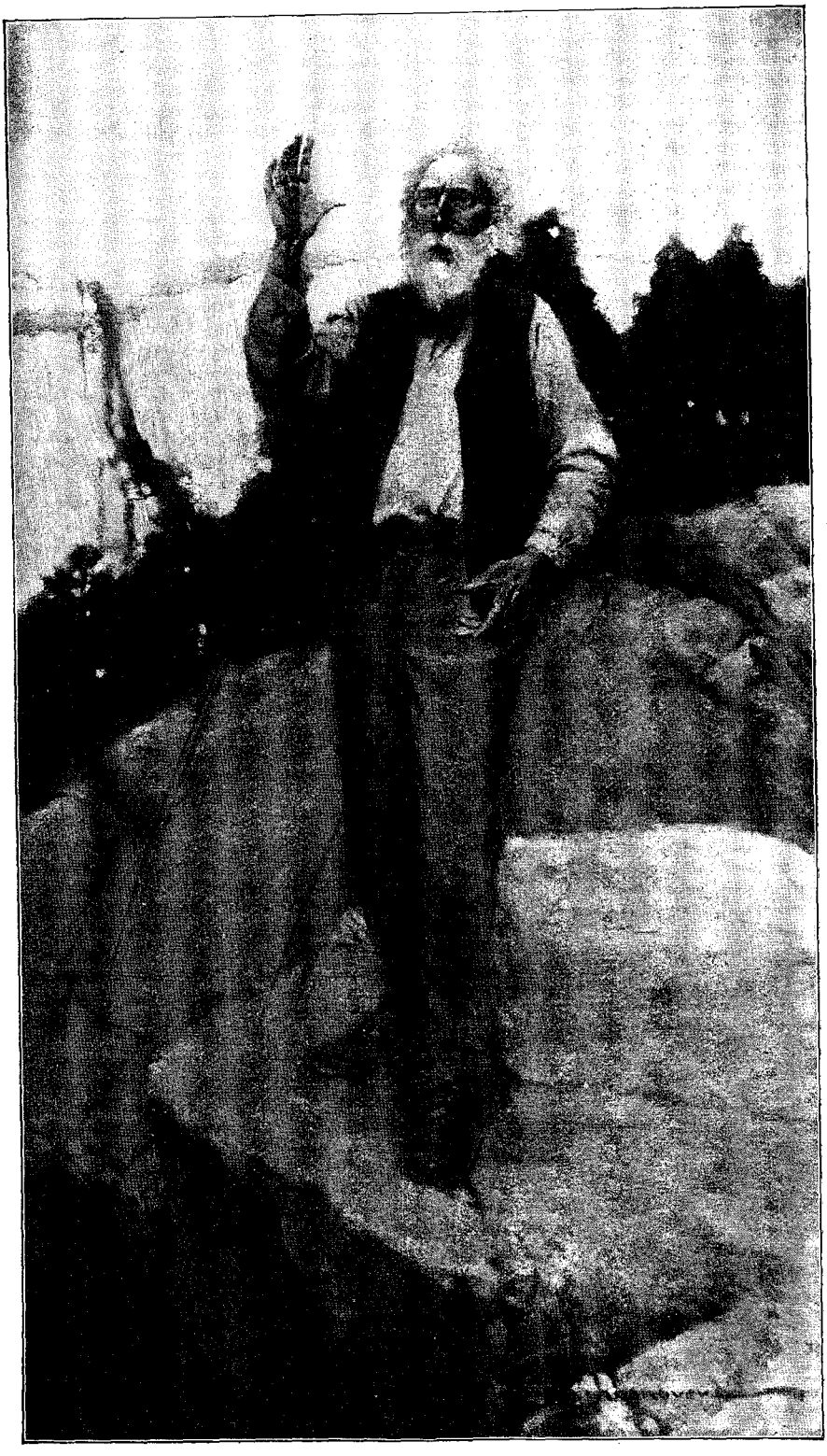

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Rhyming his gentle melancholy into verses.—Page 361.

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drapings and scarred flesh. "Look at us both! He led me through the chaparral, and down the rattle-snake gorge. Hasn't he a right to hear?"

Her husband turned away with a hard-set breath. His profile was a wonder cut in white against the dark trees; it was such a head as Leonidas might have worn.

"You're listening, Morton? I heard the Superintendent talking to you last night. You were under my window. It was an accident at first, for I had been asleep. Afterward I listened. No, I did not care for my honor. I would listen again. I heard the Superintendent tell you that the company needed this valley. But I heard you, my husband, protest. I heard you say that David Thayer was a poor man with a family, and that the loss of his land would ruin him. I heard you urge the Superintendent to offer Thayer a price for his rights. My heart was so proud. I lay—" her voice slanted upward in a sob, "I lay with my hands clenched to keep from crying out in my joy in you. And then—and then I heard you beaten down. I heard all the threats and tales of expediency. And then the man rode away, and I knew that it was too late for argument. But he said that he was going to stop for a day at the new dam, and I knew that David Thayer had twenty-four hours of grace."

"If you had told me——"

"You would have forbidden me. I have never disobeyed you, I never shall. But I had to go. I could see nothing else to do. You had promised. It was only a moment's yielding, but it was done. I was free, and I could save you. I knew that you would not forgive yourself when you had time to think. What was there left for me, but to do for you what you longed to do for yourself—and could not!"

Her husband closed his hand on the spokes of the wheel. "You have cost the company that trusts me a good many thousand dollars, Isabel." There was no gentleness in his quiet. "The loss of my position will be less humiliating than the explanations I shall be forced to make. A man whose wife is disloyal to his interests is not—envied."

Her body winced, but her eyes did not droop; they seemed the only life in her face as she stood without answering.

"You probably think that you are indifferent to the money side of the question," he went on, "but you spend a good deal of that same money, and it has to be furnished you. Money is easy to spend and hard to get. Will you get into the carriage?"

John Nash could have screamed to the woman to obey. Unnoticed as he was, he was trembling. What he had thought of as anguish of spirit on the trail seemed paltry now.

But the woman was silent. The world around her was unreal and white; from the timber came a coyote's yelping wail. She watched her husband across a gulf filled with the loneliness of a forest night; her own face looked as lonely.

"We won't mangle our love with recriminations, Morton," she said at length. "It has been—so perfect. If we must part let it be a clean wound. And I don't think that you can forgive me. You have never been able to submit to suggestion from a woman—even from me. And now I have humiliated you. You will not be able to forget."

"If you could have thought of this earlier——"

"Think of it! I thought of nothing else in the long night." Her composure broke; a longing that she could not hold in check flamed from her lips to her eyes. "But I had to go. For it was true. I had spent your money. I had never understood. Women don't, for you don't let them know. You sacrificed your honor for me—to supply my exactions. If you'd had no wife, you—you would have laughed in the man's face."

He turned away. "It was a somewhat useless sacrifice, Isabel." The words came stiffly, as if drilled to subjection. "If I'm not to be trusted once, I'm not again. A weak man is a weak man to the end."

"Oh!" The exclamation was a crescendo of triumph. "You, weak! It was because you are so strong that I had to save you. I know you. Why, think," she gave a trembling laugh of unconquerable pride, "it never occurred to you that you might conceal my part in this; that you might save us both by keeping silence. You don't understand anything but the straight path. Why, the strongest slip

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The tragic hills looked down, watchful, impassive.—Page 363.

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once. But I shall know, whether you forgive me or not, that you will never be tempted again."

"You talk very lightly of leaving me."

"Because I know that you won't let me go. Oh, Morton, Morton, you couldn't get along without me!" Her arms went out to him. "You know you couldn't. Can't we begin again? What, if we've lost the money! I've liked to spend it, but—— Why, it's you I need. I'd follow you around the world with one dress to my back. Let me show you. I've grown so much older—since yesterday."

"But you dictate these terms?"

"I—— Yes."

The man did not respond. The woman waited; now her eyes entreated him, and now they said good-bye. The horses pawed impatiently, but the human world was still.

In the procession of silent moments, John Nash waked to clairvoyance. He understood, dimly at first, that a battle was being fought before him, and, as his heart surged now to this issue, now to that, his own gentle life, unstriving and untouched, lay revealed as the husk that it had been. Did this duel of souls hold the essence of what gave men courage to live, and better courage to die? Whatever the future, of these two, he saw that they could be spared the cankering peace of weak capitulation; that they were more than eddies on the flow of circumstance; they struggled. The fantastic puzzle of life and love, that men and women play at like children with strange beads, came to John Nash as to one who had been blind. He had not lived. And he had thought that it was money that men had in mind when they called his life a failure.

And the man and woman stood immobile. The man looked pallid in the moonlight; the woman grew old.

Something snapped in John Nash's brain. His new-won philosophy went down before a woman's pain.

"Come to me, Isabel." He did not know that he was crying. "I ain't saying that you ought to have done it, but I don't care whether you're right or not. He's hard as rocks. You're only a child. You'll never stand it with him. Come to me, and be my daughter."

But Morton Dale gave a cry. "Not to him, Isabel! Not to him! Come here. We will forget it all. Come here to me."

When they said good-bye the woman held fast to the poet.

"My husband hard! Why, he is the tenderest man in the whole wide world!" she cried. "And remember, we are to have the book printed—your book of poems."

John Nash shook his head. "I wonder what would have happened if I'd gone to the city and tried my luck like the others. I'm very old. I don't think that I care much for poetry," he said.

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THE FINANCIAL PROSPECTS OF JAPAN

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

ALL persons who have made a study of the present situation in the Far East will agree, I think, that there is a possibility that the settlement may bring Japan, should she be eventually victorious, into a conflict of interests and opinions with some of the more prominent Western powers. Even the most enthusiastic pro-Japanese foreigner admits this.

"But Japan won't stand any nonsense this time," he says, when the subject is mentioned. "She won't permit anyone again to rob her of the fruits of her victory, as in 1895. She is not afraid of the whole bunch, and if they try to interfere she will send them about their business mighty quick, I tell you."

One hears this opinion expressed daily, even hourly, in discussion of the question in places where foreigners assemble; and if there are dissenters they have the prudence to keep their tongues still in public. Much more does it represent the idea of the average Japanese. Rightly or wrongly, the average Japanese has not the slightest doubt just now of his nation's ability to whip any country in the world. Of course, no considerable number of Japanese leaders entertain this view, but the leaders encourage the people to think so. Thus popular sentiment will probably support the Government in any attitude it may elect to adopt toward the questions involved in the settlement, even if such a policy should threaten to lead to hostilities. This popular belief gives the ruling oligarchy practically a free hand in its direction of events, and adds a seemingly weighty backing to any aggressive policy. So in order to be able correctly to estimate, should friction arise, just how far the position assumed by the oligarchy is genuine and to be seriously regarded, and how much is based on what Americans call "bluffing," an examination of certain conditions bearing on the matter becomes pertinent.

This requires, at the beginning, a brief consideration of Japan's somewhat peculiar national situation. She finds herself with an expansive national ambition geographically circumscribed by insular limitation. She finds herself with a rapidly accumulating population, which threatens to become numerically burdensome to the present national domain; and she finds, in common with other Oriental nations, large sections of the world already barred or likely to be barred to settlement by her people. This reason, as well as the natural advantages of contiguity, make the continent of Asia apparently the most suitable if not the only place to which her population may emigrate. Recognition of these facts has given to her desire for at least equal influence in disposing of the future of China a large sympathy among Western peoples. It should be remembered, however, that there is at present no great obstacle in the way of Japanese emigration to China or Korea, or any part of the Orient; in fact, many thousands have already migrated. But this is not satisfactory to Japanese national ambitions, no matter how the *émigrés* may prosper in their new homes. The mother country not only wishes to secure a continental outlet for the emigration of her presumably surplus population, but she apparently wishes to retain her sovereignty over them after they leave their native land. Much significance is attached here to the continual comparisons of Japan with England. There is not the slightest doubt that Japan wishes to extend her political sovereignty over at least some, perhaps all, of the territories to which she sends emigrants. And thus at a glance the inconsistency of her declared intentions and purposes in undertaking this war with her real desires and oft-declared necessities appears. How is she to retain political touch with her emigrating subjects unless she acquires territory for them to settle in? Is it not clear that should Japan be content with her expressed intention to acquire no territory by

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the war, she would have fought the war to no practical purpose? And does anyone think she deliberately undertook this exhausting war for nothing?

Passing by for the time discussion of the questions involved in certain aspects of Japan's ambitions, let us examine her internal situation and the matters directly affecting her ability to carry out a policy of expansion in the face of opposition, and what it entails. One of the effects of such a policy, undoubtedly, is the continuation of an active military status. Large numbers of troops will be required to occupy the acquired territories, and confronted with the possibility of strong opposition which may assume tangible shape at any moment, the Government will be unable to make great reductions in the now existing military *personnel*. This *personnel* includes the flower of the nation, and its long withdrawal from accustomed pursuits is certain to affect the industrial activities of the nation, besides its initial expense. Since control of the sea is absolutely essential to the security of an aggressive continental policy, she must not only maintain her navy at its present efficiency, but must considerably increase it. After the war it will be necessary entirely to re-arm the Japanese navy, and many of the ships will have to be practically rebuilt. With the addition of new ships (two battleships are now building in England and two large and several smaller cruisers in Japan) the *personnel* will have to be enlarged, and the cost of maintenance will correspondingly increase. Further losses in the present war will compel additional reenforcement. In order to keep on a high plane of modern efficiency, the army will have to be almost entirely re-armed. A new and improved field-piece is needed, and nearly all the rifles and artillery now in use will be ready for the junk heap by the time the war is finished. So instead of the country being freed from the financial burdens which the preparation for and conduct of this war has imposed, it may have to assume new and additional burdens. Such a programme requires immense sums to carry it out. Can the nation stand the pressure?

It is clear that the answer to this question must be sought in an examination into the material wealth and present liabilities of the country. For it will not be disputed that no nation can go to war nowadays, no matter how brave and skilful her soldiers and sailors, without the means to pay the piper. Japan is fighting the present war on money largely secured in England and America, and her ability to fight any other war in the next generation depends on her ability to borrow money abroad. Her ability to borrow abroad hinges on two main considerations—her credit and the disposition of foreign investors toward her and her policy. It is most probable that, even if she should be able to offer reasonable security for interest and principal of a loan, the response abroad would be influenced to a great degree by whether her policy was harmonious or inharmonious with the views of the nationality of investors. For instance, if Japan's policy should bring her into collision with the interests of the United States, and hostilities threaten as a result, it is most unlikely that there would be any great disposition among Americans to invest in Japanese debentures, to say nothing of the effect a prospective collision with a powerful opponent would have upon the general credit of a nation already hard hit by war. But, assuming for the time that Japan is unlikely to be called upon to fight another war in the near future, upon what is her national credit abroad to be based? Undoubtedly upon her ability to pay; and that brings us to a consideration of the national wealth of the country.

Broadly speaking, the national wealth of any country may be said to rest upon two things—the natural resources of the land and the conditions under which human industry may be applied to their development. In attempting to arrive at a just appreciation of these matters, I have sought information from authoritative and unprejudiced sources, and have been compelled to wade through a great mass of statistics bearing upon them, whose reproduction here would not only bore the average reader, but would extend this article beyond any reasonable length. The facts and conclusions here presented represent a digest of a great mass of material and opinion, supplemented by a flavoring of my own views.

First among the natural resources of the country are its agricultural products. An impression has gone abroad that the Japanese are remarkably skilful agriculturists, who cultivate up to its utmost productivity the arable land of their national domain;

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and not a little of the present sympathy Western peoples feel for the Japanese desire to acquire new territories is based upon the prevailing notion that the country cannot support its present population. It will probably surprise many people to learn that there is now only about one-half the arable land of Japan in cultivation. Some time before the war the Japanese Government appointed a commission to inquire into the state of agriculture in the realm, which in due time reported certain facts bearing thereon. Commenting upon the findings of this commission, one of the leading and more conservative native journals had this to say:

"According to the latest statistics compiled by the Geological Investigation Bureau of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, the present total area of cultivated fields in Japan forms only $13\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of her total area. Comparing this with the ratios of cultivated land in foreign countries it will be seen that the land cultivated by countries in Europe covers from one-third to one-half of the total land area. . . . From the above [figures] it will be seen that Japan still has 48 per cent. of the total land area which can be turned into cultivated land. There is at present about five million cho [a cho is equal to 2.45 acres] of cultivated land in the country, leaving some four and a half million cho to be still cultivated. Should efforts be made to turn this arable land to advantage, the increase of population is little to be feared."

Not only is it true that half the land in Japan which might be made productive is now producing nothing, but even that which is in cultivation does not produce what it should. Here again I come in conflict with existing popular impression. The average tourist in Japan, observing the tiny fields and generally neat aspect of agricultural conditions, jumps at once to the conclusion that the Japanese are expert farmers. Nothing could be further from the truth. So little does the Japanese Government subscribe to this view that it has in late years taken steps to improve agricultural methods throughout the country by the establishment of bureaus for investigation and study and model farms for the demonstration of and dissemination of knowledge. The Government has also endeavored to stimulate agriculture by a system of loans to the farmers, to be applied only to specific agricultural purposes. Many lecturers on the art of agriculture are sent out by the Government to instruct the people in better methods, and strong efforts are being made to introduce new crops and to extend the cultivated area. The truth is that Japanese agricultural methods are, in the main, antiquated and wasteful; which is to say that the national traits and conditions which hamper Japanese industry in all forms apply also to this. The value of annual agricultural products per capita of total population is only about twenty yen (ten dollars), or less than the value, I believe, of the American annual egg crop. Figures bearing upon the amount of human labor applied to agricultural production in Japan show that one man cares for less than one acre.

Next to be considered are the mineral resources of the country. There are a number of coal-fields in Japan, several of which are at present profitably operated. Precious metals are also found in small and uncertain quantities, but coal remains the principal product from underneath the ground. Japan does not produce in quantities worth mentioning gold or silver, lead or iron, and other valuable minerals; nor is there any fair prospect that she ever will. Some attempts have been made to develop oil-fields, but up to the present time more money has been sunk in this enterprise than has been taken out. To sum up briefly, the annual value of the mineral products in Japan is under 50,000,000 yen ($25,000,000), and the industry affords employment to only 120,000 persons. Laws which operate against the introduction of foreign capital hamper the development of the mining industry, since there is little native capital available for this purpose. The fisheries of the island are an important source of natural wealth, yielding altogether about 80,000,000 yen ($40,000,000) per annum. This about disposes of what may properly be called natural resources, as commercial and industrial matters belong in another category.

Much has been published recently by the Western press about the new Japan of industry and commerce, and matters set forth have been the basis of widespread optimistic comment, calculated, incidentally, to help the prospects of Japanese foreign loans. Vague yet impressive allusions are made to

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the forest of factory stacks at Osaka and the growing fleets of Japanese sea commerce. Here speaks the spirit of car-window observation, either too careless or lacking disposition to probe for the industrial reality underlying the obvious facts. The total tonnage of ships flying the Japanese flag is about 600,000 tons gross, a majority of which is included in the holdings of the three great steamship companies—the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha. The larger part of this tonnage is in small boats engaged in local inter-island commerce, or plying between Japan and continental Asiatic ports. It exists and is able to operate by virtue of Government subsidies, between eight and ten million yen being applied to the stimulation of Japanese sea-going trade, or a fair profit on about 120,000,000 yen of capital. Not only could this respectable shipping industry never have had a beginning without Government support, but it would now collapse should the subsidies, for any reason, be withdrawn. Manufacturing, also stimulated by Government favors, out of the money secured by the Chinese indemnity (although to what extent it is difficult to ascertain, since it is mostly by indirect methods hard to trace), is making a somewhat impressive beginning. But the reality is not so impressive under close inspection. In a recent estimate of the national wealth by the Bank of Japan (Nippon Ginko), the net annual value of manufactured products is given at 300,000,000 yen ($150,000,000); or about six yen (three dollars) per capita to the whole population. Truly, a not at all remarkable showing.

The fundamental basis upon which Japanese industry must rest is the efficiency of the labor it can command and the availability of raw products. The limited character and amount of raw products places a primary limitation upon the development of manufactures, only to be overcome by the importation of such material. As to labor, many false conclusions about the future of manufacturing in Japan are based upon the fact that manual labor is very cheap, as expressed in the daily wage of the individual. But whether labor is cheap or dear depends not upon the wage standard, but the cost of production. There is no doubt that industry in Japan to-day, as applied to the manufacture of a great majority of products staple in the world's markets, is severely handicapped by expensive labor conditions; which is to say that the inefficiency of Japanese labor, compared to manufacturing countries where the rate of wages is much higher, makes it, especially when driven along unfamiliar paths, among the most expensive, not the cheapest labor in the world. To put into a sentence what I have gathered from a number of men who have made a study of industrial conditions in Japan, Japanese labor is both incompetent and wasteful. This is, in fact, a matter of common knowledge to persons who have had occasion to do business in Japan, or to purchase with utilitarian purport any of the articles displayed in the shops. Recently a commission appointed to determine upon ways and means to improve industrial conditions in the country reported that what seemed to be most needed was enactment of legislation providing for the proper and systematic training of apprentices on the English and European method. There is not in Japan to-day anything that approximates the skilled labor of other countries, although the minute perfection of certain artistic products conveys a superficial impression to the contrary. The average Japanese is not only a poor workman, indifferent to his own incompetence and destitute of ambition to remedy it, but he has not the slightest notion of the value of time—a vital deficiency in the modern struggle for supremacy. A Japanese economic authority has estimated that as compared to American skilled workmen the ratio of Japanese efficiency in labor is about one to four. Such are the conditions under which manufacturing is struggling for a foothold in Japan—a by no means roseate prospect even if the national resources were being husbanded and applied to internal development, instead of being squandered upon an aggressive military policy.

The one remaining chief foundation for national wealth is commerce. While individual wealth may be acquired through internal commerce, only foreign commerce can add to the national wealth; and then only if the nation receive more than it gives. So the fact that there is a large and active commercial class in Japan does not necessarily imply existence of a national asset. To the extent that a nation is compelled to purchase abroad articles necessary to its national existence in excess of articles produced in the

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country and exported to pay for them it loses *commercially* by the transaction. This difference, where it occurs, is usually called the balance of trade. Without attempting to discuss the economic principles involved, it suffices here to say that at present Japan's purely commercial activities do not constitute a national asset, for the balance of foreign trade is against the country. This condition has existed for twenty years now, and there is no prospect of a change. Consequently, Japan's foreign commerce must now be figured as a national liability. In a recent study of the foreign commerce of Japan, a local resident long familiar with conditions in the country and with easy access to official sources of information, points out the difficulties in the way of altering the present unfavorable balance of trade. He thinks it cannot be done without a revolution of existing industrial and economic methods, and sees no immediate prospect of this. In 1903 (it is hardly fair to quote in this connection the immense imports caused by the war) the imports exceeded exports by 28,000,000 yen, about ten per cent. of the total exports. The imports for that year consisted mainly of the following principal items: foodstuffs, raw materials used in manufacturing, etc., amounting to 200,000,000 yen; leaving imports of about 80,000,000 yen of such articles as sugar, kerosene, wool, etc., which might be dispensed with without seriously affecting the daily life of the people. But it is not possible to reduce these imports without materially influencing various forms of industry. Besides, the matter of any possible reduction of imports has another bearing. There is a high duty on most of these articles, and as the customs receipts are already pledged to pay the interest on one of the recent foreign loans, there would be strong international objection to any alteration of the fiscal system calculated to render this collateral insufficient or valueless. Since the war has been going on, the balance of trade is still more against the country.

In 1903 the Bank of Japan estimated the national wealth, in a tabulated statement too long to be reproduced here, to be 11,690,000,000 yen. Eliminating certain items which cannot be taken as bearing interest, a leading financial paper in Japan estimates, on a basis of twelve per cent., a yearly income of 1,400,000,000 yen ($700,000,000). I think that twelve per cent. is more than most capital in Japan earns, but even that estimate gives an annual income per capita of only thirty yen (fifteen dollars). Other estimates reached by a different process of figuring place the monthly income of the whole population per capita at about two yen (one dollar), or about twelve dollars a year in United States money.

This brief review will afford some idea of the national resources of Japan under normal conditions. But now the pressure of the war is felt on all sides. Many special war taxes have been added to the heavy burden upon a people already taxed almost to the limit. The domestic loans have drawn large sums out of ordinary paths of commerce and industry. Assuming that the foreign loans are being used to pay for war material purchased abroad, the interest upon them must be exported, thus increasing the adverse balance of trade. Assuming, also, that most of the money raised by domestic loans is spent in the country, thus preventing for the time the pressure of the war from being felt by the poorer and commercial classes, it is adding nothing to the real wealth of the country, while piling up a new taxation upon the industry of the future. Business is also affected by the withdrawal of Japanese shipping from its ordinary pursuits for military uses, thus diminishing gold receipts by the amount formerly received for freights paid by foreign countries. A consumption tax of fifteen per cent. imposed upon manufactured articles will not tend to stimulate manufactures. Without entering into further details, general prosperity in Japan is already setting upon a downward course, if the Westerner can conceive a point below an average monthly income of one dollar. With a population rapidly increasing, the importation of food products is increasing still more rapidly, while the tendency of industry is to languish in most lines, and there is little foundation for reasonable expectation of improvement. The quotations on leading Japanese industrial and banking stocks have declined steadily for the last ten years. Other matters are affecting the internal condition of the country. Extraordinary expenses attendant upon the war have forced the Government to abandon many projected public improvements, such as new schools, railways, roads, and bridges. If the war continues indefinitely,

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its effects will be felt upon almost every feature of Japan's intellectual and industrial life for many years to come.

There remains to be examined, in connection with the matters under discussion, the financial situation of Japan. Let us look at conditions as they were when the war began. According to reliable statistics, the total capital of all commercial, industrial, mining, shipping, banking and agricultural undertakings was at the beginning of the war 878,762,000 yen. A comparison will show that the *deposits* in the banks of the city of New York would more than pay for all the capitalized wealth of Japan, including bank deposits. When the war began, the Japanese national debt was something over 500,000,000 yen, of which 150,000,000 yen was owed abroad. In 1904 domestic loans aggregating 326,000,000 yen were issued, and also foreign loans amounting to 220,000,000 yen. This increase in a single year represented over one hundred per cent. of the whole debt, and 235 per cent. of the national revenue. The interest on this foreign loan was guaranteed by the customs receipts. Already in 1905 two further loans have been floated: a domestic loan for 100,000,000 yen and a foreign loan for 300,000,000 yen, this latter loan having its interest guaranteed by a lien on the tobacco monopoly, a new Government enterprise of undetermined value. Thus the total national debt now amounts to 1,430,000,000 yen ($715,000,000), exclusive of the fiat currency floated in Korea and Manchuria (about 40,000,000 yen), bearing interest at an average rate of about five per cnet. This debt is almost exactly equal to the total annual income from all sources of the country. It is probable that by the end of the present year, if the war continues, the Government will be paying an annual interest of about 87,000,000 yen, or an amount equal to one-third the whole revenue of the Government in peace times. The Government has announced that, with the money secured by the recent loans, it has funds to continue the war on its present scale up to the first of next year. But if the war continues after that date, new loans will be necessary. As the war progresses, the expense of maintaining it, as well as the losses incidental to depression of industry and commerce, are rapidly increasing. This is in line with the history of all great wars.

If new loans become necessary (and a prolongation of the war is quite possible should Russia adopt dilatory tactics), it is interesting to consider where they are to come from. The domestic war loans have already been a severe strain upon the bank deposits of the country, and notwithstanding pretences to the contrary, the last loan was not secured without some Government pressure upon certain wealthy classes. The masses of the people are still full of unreasoning enthusiasm, but unfortunately they have no money, their little all already having been almost absorbed, while common prudence dictates that something should be reserved against possible hard times. And the more prosperous classes are already beginning to wonder how the Government, even if it wins the war, is going to pay its obligations. They do not contemplate with confidence the prospect of such large capital being indefinitely withdrawn from commercial and industrial enterprises, where it may be made profitable and useful in the development of the country, and reduced to earning merely the low rate of interest paid by the bonds. It is possible, perhaps, for the Government, as a last resort, to devise means by which a considerable sum could be exacted from the people. But when it is forced to adopt such measures it has reached the end. Since the war can only be carried on by means of supplies purchased abroad, which must be paid for in gold, and there is very little gold in Japan, it will have to be raised by another foreign loan. Can this be negotiated?

In the first place, it is necessary to consider the possible market for such a loan. An examination of the field narrows the possible market down to America and England; so the question really is, can Japan negotiate another loan in England and America? There seem to be people who would answer this question emphatically in the affirmative. The Japanese foreign and native press vigorously upholds this view. It prints numerous telegrams from London and New York (furnished by the Japanese news service) showing that the recent foreign loan placed in England and America was subscribed ten times over, and from that argue that there is plenty more to be had where this came from. This serves to also bolster up the fading courage of the Japanese investor in Government securities who may be beginning to feel somewhat

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nervous. Let us examine this proposition. Assuming to be true that the recent loan was oversubscribed ten times, as the reports printed out here make it appear, it does not mean that ten times that amount could have been raised, as is apparently the logic of much of the comment I have heard. The loans that have been issued are based upon two things: the resources of the country, upon which is founded the ability of the Government to pay, and the security offered for regular payment of the interest. The two foreign loans already placed have their interest secured by the customs receipts and the tobacco monopoly, both assets liable to fluctuation. But on their face bankers in London and New York have apparently thought them sufficient guarantee for the amount of interest involved, the security for the principal being the national credit. Would they have been accepted as a guarantee, however, for ten times the amount? Most certainly not. Therefore, had ten times the amount been offered, instead of it all being taken, none would have been taken at all. Again, it must be remembered that bankers have not been the real takers of these loans. The bulk of the money has come from individual Englishmen and Americans, who in view of reputable banking firms underwriting the loans, accepted them as a good investment at the market price, which nets about eight per cent. It is amusing to see the turn which the pro-Japanese propaganda, both East and West, has given the acceptance of these two loans in England and America. It is everywhere in Japan hailed by the propaganda as evidence that the British and American Governments are backing the Japanese Government in the war, and that these two wealthy countries stand ready to continue to provide the funds. It is hardly necessary to point out the error of this belief. People in America and England invest in the Japanese loans just as they do in Galveston municipal bonds, on purely business principles. As long as they think the security is good they will continue to invest, but the moment they begin to suspect the security offered they will not have them at all except at a discount which compensates them for the risk taken. The Japanese statesmen who are financing the war undoubtedly know this, but the masses of the people are encouraged to entertain some very elusive hopes and expectations.

Since it is possible that Japan will attempt to float another loan in England and America, the people of those countries have a decided interest in knowing the conditions affecting her ability to pay. I take it that no American at least, although the British may be disposed to give of their substance to a righteous cause, will put a dollar into a Japanese Government bond unless he thinks the investment is safe according to ordinary financial standards. As matters now stand, it is British and American money that is largely paying the expenses of this war, which would have to stop to-morrow if deprived of this support. It follows, then, that after the money now in hand shall be spent, the Japanese Government cannot continue the war except with the approval and consent of the British and American people. I doubt if anyone thinks Japan can raise any large sum in Europe. Is it not clear what popular sympathy in America and England means to Japan, and the importance to her of covering up actions indicative of a policy likely to cause her to lose this sympathy, also the necessity of continuing to have Japanese conduct favorably represented in the Western press?

Should Japan attempt to negotiate another foreign loan, she may offer as security for interest a number of apparent assets. Chief among these is the Government railways. The railways now owned and operated by the Government cost about 140,000,000 yen, and now yield an annual profit of about 10,000,000 yen, which at eight per cent. would only pay interest on a loan, deducting commissions, of about 100,000,000 yen ($50,000,000). This sum would not go very far. In addition to the railways, there are the camphor and a number of small Government monopolies still free from mortgage, but they are of little consequence and subject to such possible fluctuations as to make them very uncertain security. And I have the opinion of a number of lawyers experienced in Japanese practice that there is great doubt as to the Government's ability, under existing law, to hypothecate the railways. If the Government or any of the railways (the private railways are mortgaged already) should be offered as security for a foreign loan, the underwriters certainly owe it to the public to make a very close investigation. And I advise the public to, as far as possi-

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ble, investigate for itself. Clearly the value of the railways, even as security for interest, depends upon their earnings. In Japan about two-thirds of railway earnings is from passenger traffic, and this is decreasing under pressure of hard times and the extensive use of the railways and rolling stock for military purposes. A railway must also be kept up to a good standard of efficiency, or its earnings will drop. All the railways in Japan have run down as a result of the war, and it is not easy to see where the money to put them once more in first-class condition is to come from. But if the railways should be kept up well enough to earn the interest on a loan, what security would they offer for the principal? I have the opinion of several men familiar with Japanese law that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, ever to foreclose in satisfaction of a mortgage. Without entering into legal and political details, it is undoubtedly true that the foreign holders of Japanese bonds are practically at the mercy of the Japanese Government and courts.

Aside from the probability of a new foreign loan, many persons in Japan are beginning to feel decided uneasiness about the present financial situation. There is an apprehension that gold payments may be suspended at almost any time, and many persons and some business firms are having their bank deposits transferred to Europe and America. With the gold obtained by the recent foreign loan, and what is left from the first one, together with what can be taken from the Government bank reserve, it is probable that the Government can keep going until the first of next year. It is estimated that about two-thirds of the war purchases are made abroad, and gold is required to pay these. It is possible that in a pinch the Government might meet its internal expenses by issuing more paper currency. But at present the Nippon Ginko has outstanding paper notes amounting to 350 per cent. of its gold reserve, and there is a limit to which this can be carried before currency depreciation begins. There is practically no gold in circulation in the country, and comparatively little is to be found in the form of jewelry and the like. Hardly any gold is produced in the country, and experts think that such gold deposits as exist are about exhausted. With an annual revenue of only 230,000,000 yen ($115,000,000) in ordinary times, and that barely equal to the budget, it is difficult to see how any part of the principal of the now existing debt is ever to be paid. Since the war special taxes have been levied, which are expected to net this year about 120,000,000 yen. From this, however, must be deducted the customs receipts and other sources of ordinary revenue hypothecated to pay interest on the foreign war loans. And even when the war is ended, the interest on the war domestic loans, which is payable in gold, will eat up the revenue secured by the war taxes. It seems probable, therefore, that the Government will not be able to remove the war taxes, which must be regarded as a permanent burden upon an already impoverished country. Even with a continuation of this extra revenue, it is by no means certain that the interest on the present loans can be met after a few years. Not only is Japan facing an early suspension of gold payments, but many conservative bankers who are familiar with her situation fear that she will not be able, if she goes on at the present pace, long to maintain silver specie payments. If these forebodings should be realized, it is clear that the national finances will go entirely to smash.

In such an event, what will happen to the foreign bondholders? There are several elements which may affect their interests, such as the future of Japan, the disposition of her Government and people toward Western nations, and the disposition of Westerners toward them. Should all things go smoothly with Japan, should she effect a favorable settlement of the war before she is totally bankrupt, and pursue a policy which would retain the good-will of England and America, she might be able to pay the interest on her debt and liquidate her foreign debt when it falls due by issuing a new loan in the same quarter. But here are several very large Ifs. It is not at all probable that the war will end for a year yet, before which time Japan will have reached, unless she can negotiate new foreign loans, the end of her bank account. It is highly probable, almost certain in my opinion, that when the settlement comes Japan's position will be found to be such as to alienate from her popular sympathy in America, and perhaps England, and to bring her policy into actual antagonism with those of these two great Western pow-

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ers, if we are to judge England by her past declarations. By that time, also, the propaganda will have run its course and lost momentum and acceptance through the very energy of its exertions, and Westerners will see Japan, her policy and resources in a clearer light. This will operate against the favorable placing of Japanese foreign loans. Not only this, but when Western opinion begins to turn against Japanese policy, and I think it will as the facts become known, one of the consequences will be to give full force and expression to the latent antipathy of the Japanese people toward the West and its ideals. Certain present tendencies in this direction are not lacking, but for the time I pass them. Should such a condition approximate the situation when the time comes for payment of the foreign loans, or an alternative of defaulting the interest on either the foreign or domestic loans present, I think there is little doubt that the foreigners would have to suffer. Placed between its creditors, its own nationals on one side and foreigners on the other, the Government, influenced by the sentiment of the people, would scarcely hesitate. And there are men who would see in this a certain justice. In fact, even to-day, in discussion of these possibilities, there is a disposition on the part of many Japanese to suggest covertly that should Japan lose the war or become financially bankrupt by it, England and America should expect to lose the money they have put in. The propaganda has taught the Japanese people to believe, and so far as possible disseminated the same view in the West, that Japan is really fighting the battle of Western civilization under an arrangement by which she furnishes the men and England and America the money. The masses in Japan make no distinction between the British and American Governments and the people of those countries, and they take literally the reports sent out by the Japanese press bureau representing that the two great Western powers are in hearty accord with and prepared to back the Japanese policy. In this connection it should be remembered that Japanese policy as it now appears to English and Americans is very different from the idea obtaining in Japan.

Of course, Japanese statesmen know the real facts. But a wide intellectual gulf separates the oligarchy from the people. As to the real opinions of Japanese statesmen, I can only conjecture, since they cannot be expected to frankly discuss them in public. However, the main propositions stand out quite clearly. Japanese statesmen expected, and have up to now, to be able to utilize the propaganda inaugurated by England and continued by them to place large gold loans in England and America, and to blind the people of those countries in a considerable degree to Japan's real purpose in undertaking the war. They saw their way clear, with the tacit support of the British Government, to raise a large sum of money abroad, and they counted upon popular enthusiasm in Japan to secure what the country could supply. Thus they felt able to undertake the war, hoping that it could be ended in a year. Once committed to it, they are compelled to go wherever it may lead. There is no doubt that Japanese statesmen are very anxious for an early peace, although they cannot well urge it under present circumstances. And the reasons for this anxiety should be apparent. How they regard the future, if the war drags on, I cannot say; but the state of the national finances must weigh heavily upon them. As well as I am able to gauge their future policy in this matter, they hope to get British and American investors so deeply involved that they will be impelled by their own interests to keep Japan financially afloat, even to the extent of lending her more money; and that this will operate as a check upon a possible revulsion of Western popular opinion regarding the settlement. Japanese statesmen would regard as highly advantageous a situation which would prevent England and America from bringing national and financial ruin upon Japan because their own interests would be involved in the general disaster. How far this feeling is justified by probability remains to be seen.

When it is suggested in the presence of Japanese or pro-Japanese foreigners (these are numerically few, but vocally blatant) that even if Japan wins the war and realizes favorable terms, she will nevertheless be financially ruined, they immediately begin to speak of what Japan is going to gain by the settlement. Let us consider this. Suppose that Russia refuses to make peace, and prolongs the war indefinitely in order to exhaust her opponent financially while

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at the same time assembling and perfecting her own great military resources. The war might easily be continued for years. There is nothing in the existing or probable military situation to prevent this. In case Russia adopts such a policy, Japan depends upon the intervention of other powers to terminate the war. The powers could legitimately do this, without any hostility toward either belligerent, on the broad grounds of humanity and civilization, and also that great neutral interests are being adversely affected by the war. But the powers would not be able to impose terms upon Russia under such intervention. In this respect Japan would be in the same situation as if she negotiated the peace herself. So, then, what may Japan reasonably expect to gain by a victory? An indemnity? This, I think, is out of the question, and I am sure Japanese statesmen do not expect it, although a huge indemnity is embraced in the popular ideal of the peace terms, and goes far to allay local uneasiness about the country's finances. She may get the island of Saghalien, comparatively worthless to anyone, and used by Russia only as a penal colony. Japan really does expect to be remunerated for her expense in keeping the Russian prisoners, but should Russia flatly refuse to pay Japan could do nothing but release them. as they are an enormous expense. Japan may, at fearful cost of life and money, take Vladivostok, but if Russia should refuse to pay to have it returned, which she probably would, its value to Japan in no way compensates her for the enormous cost of taking it, while giving almost positive assurance of having to fight in the future to keep it. Vladivostok has been nothing but a constant source of expense to Russia. Then there is the Manchurian Railway, and that part of the Siberian Railway lying east of the Siberian border. This railway, though nominally a private concern, is believed to be really the property of the Russian Government, and might become liable to confiscation. This is the only real asset so far mentioned, and it is very small compared to what it will cost, and will have to be entirely reconstructed. There are Port Arthur and Dalny, assuming that the powers permit Japan to keep them. Aside from some government property acquired and constructed by Russia, they are valuable, so far as any return to the Japanese Government is concerned, only as military bases, and this implies outgo rather than income. This seems to be all. No; there are Korea and Manchuria. But I remember—I am forgetting it very rapidly here in Japan—that they are not to be touched. So for the time we will not consider them.

On the whole, I cannot see a very flattering future for Japan in this showing. And if there are facts and circumstances of opposite tendency I have been unable to discover them. One hears much optimistic talk, but probe it a bit for facts and it evaporates. It is clear that no matter what the details of Japan's real designs and ambitions, no one expects that one of it's features will be military retrenchment. Quite the contrary is anticipated by every person with whom I have talked. It may be that one of the effects of the war will be to eliminate Russia temporarily as a naval factor in the Pacific, and the fact that this is not assumed to imply a relaxation of Japan's energy in naval matters throws a beam of light upon her intentions. A new and more powerful navy is contemplated. For what? Success is a great stimulant, and the Japanese are beginning to speak of themselves habitually as a military nation. In the absence of any probability of encroachment upon the national territory, what does a military policy seem to imply? Against whom are such prospective preparations directed? Does there loom in the background a "The Orient for Orientals" doctrine, with Japan as the leader? Such conjectures naturally arise in any attempt to penetrate the future. But at present we need only concern ourselves with immediate probabilities, as indicated by facts and circumstances; and one probability is that before much time has elapsed Japan may find her policy opposed by one powerful, perhaps a combination of several Western powers. If this should come about, and Japan present to outside suggestion hindering her desires an outwardly resentful and belligerent attitude, the extent to which she will be able to make good such an attitude will depend upon her ability to fight a formidable opponent. This proposition has the two usual bearings—financial and military. I have already sufficiently reviewed her present and prospective financial situation. As to the military side, her ability to resent West-

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ern pressure must depend almost entirely upon control of the sea. So any position in respect to the settlement which Japan ultimately assumes should be subjected to close scrutiny, designed to reveal to what extent it depends upon "bluff." Extraneous factors in such a *contretemps*, such as the possible alignment of Western powers, must await later consideration. It should always be remembered that there is in Japan a strong minority of statesmen who favor conservative national action. These men opposed the present war, but they were overruled, and at present their influence is waning under the rising sun of military success. But in a dark hour their counsels may again become influential, and will be a check upon the extreme military party. As to Japan's future status as a great military power, the Western world should begin to consider whether, in the light of probable events, it is willing to put up the money to pay for it. For the money cannot be found in Japan.

One is compelled to admire the success that has attended the efforts of Japan so far, especially when her methods are considered. But her future pathway is strewn with pitfalls. In her embarkation upon this war and the policy it foreshadows is recognizable the inherent gambling instinct of the Oriental. By nature optimistic, the national spirit, directed by the oligarchy, has been thrown with its full force into a movement which depends for ultimate success upon the favorable turning of all of a great number of chances. Should Japan continue by her propaganda to blind the English and American people to her impoverished national resources to the extent of obtaining future loans; should she continue successfully to bamboozle the Western world as to her real intentions and their meaning, and even when discovered so use her diplomacy as to prevent concerted action to check her; should she by these means manage to struggle along for a decade under the burden of huge expenditure until Korea and Manchuria can be converted into sources of possible profit, and her hold upon China firmly established; should she extricate her internal affairs from the disastrous state in which the termination of the war will leave them; should she accomplish all these things, and one depends largely upon the success of the other, she may eventually win out. She is a nation that has taken a chance in the great international lottery, with the odds enormously against her; and the seeming policy of her statesmen can only be soberly regarded as the action of men who have wittingly embarked in a mad gamble with destiny. Should they eventually succeed it will be the result of good luck rather than well-calculated management. Certainly the nerve to "play the game" is not lacking.

TOKYO, May, 1905.

HEIGHT AND DEPTH

By Edith M. Thomas

OF Joy, who knows so well as I,
Its nestling valley of delight?
Of Grief, its unveiled awful sky,
Its loneliness upon a height?

The naked stars but say to Grief,
They, too, no comfort see beyond,
To Joy, a sunlit, bladed leaf
Can conjure llik a magic wand!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A CONTRIBUTION of some value and much strikingness to current pedagogical discussion has been made by one of the Rhodes scholars newly landed from Connecticut at Oxford, and looking about him in so very wide-awake a way as to insure that for him at least the experiment of expatriation is likely to be successful. This simple Rhodian finds that the indigenous and hereditary Oxonian has his advantages over the transplanted American. The first and greatest of these is the Briton's greater range of literary culture. "It is a fact that in general reading the more studious Oxonian" (meaning the more studious of the Oxonians) "has us at his mercy; in every form of classical scholarship except that of painstaking investigation of minute obscurities, a favorite pastime in Germany and America, we are 'down and out.'" He goes on to say that the Briton equally knows more about at least the literary side of painting, sculpture, and music. The American at Oxford can very imperfectly recoup himself for his ignorance of what everybody is there presumed to know by allusions to chemistry or analytic geometry, which are as recondite to the Briton as the Briton's subconscious possessions are to him; for he is aware that in these things he himself is but a smatterer.

"Teutonizing" *vs.* "Anglicizing"

One hopes that this Rhodian overstates the case, and indeed it is plain that there is a personal equation to be allowed for. Surely he speaks only for himself when he declares that the ordinary "American collegian" is not clear whether Titian and Murillo were sculptors, painters, or musicians. But the inferiority in general culture which he manfully confesses for himself might equally be confessed, doubtless, by most of his colleagues on the Rhodes foundations. He tells, in effect, the same story in 1905 that Emerson told in 1847, and independently arrives at much the same explanation, the want of leisure and the want of "access to books" for the studiously minded American boy, compared with the liberty of "browsing in a library" which the English boy of the class which finds its way to Oxford has enjoyed from childhood. This is a want that the present Rhodian, whom one infers to have been brought up among the ordinary surroundings of a New England village, has doubtless felt more keenly than the "minister's son" that Emerson was to the sixth and seventh generation. Assuredly there is, on either side of the water, no satisfactory scholastic substitute possible for the inestimable advantage of having been brought up in "a reading family."

All the same, it is by no means satisfactory to hear Emerson's complaint repeated, and with aggravation, after almost sixty years. "They read better than we do, and write better." And this in spite of the facts that there is, one may say, no express teaching of English literature in England, where a knowledge of it is assumed as a "by-product" of home reading plus classical culture, and a great deal of express teaching of it in the United States. One may almost say that our inferiority comes because of this latter fact. The classics are taught in Great Britain as matters of literary culture. In America, under the influence of Germany, they are increasingly coming to be taught, as our Rhodian intimates, as matters of "linguistic investigation." And similarly, though not identically, with English. When an American professor, necessarily of German university training, assures mankind that "there is such a thing," such a grewsome thing, "as a science of English literature," the American who has not sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, shudders at the announcement and pities the professor's pupils. When a translation of a German professor's lectures on the science of history appears from an American press, written in a jargon which indicates that the translators have taken pains to forget all the idiomatic English they ever knew, one sees that Teutonizing has been carried very far. We are worse off than in Emerson's time insomuch as our lack then was of an inculcation of the humanities, whereas the condition which now confronts us is of an express inculcation of what may fairly be called the inhumanities. All which goes to show that Cecil Rhodes may have builded considerably better than he knew.

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THE FIELD OF ART

FRENCH PAINTING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

IT is not necessary to go back to the beginning of the century to trace the impulses which give character to painting at present. David[1] and Gros[2] are more remote than Raphael and Titian. The struggles of the Classicists and Romanticists, of Ingres[3] and Delacroix[4] are over, and (it may be said parenthetically) the pictures declare it a drawn battle, with an equal list of brilliant achievements on both sides, though the critics, especially those who take their opinions mainly from what has been written rather than from what has been painted, are apt to claim a complete victory for the long-haired young enthusiasts who wrote and talked so volubly against the academic servitude.

Courbet's[5] pictures occupy a less assured place in the galleries than those of the men just mentioned, but he comes nearer to being a living influence of the modern school; and that more by his weaknesses than by his strength. He first did without qualities, which up to his time had been considered indispensable in art. A certain emotional and poetic view of the essence of the subject rather than its exact, momentary reality, a rendering of it for pictorial purposes into an arrangement of mass or line which holds harmoniously within the rigid lines of a frame, and a knowledge of the details, gained by previous observation and tradition, so that they were represented not as they stood for the instant before the painter, but as he knew them to be or wished them to appear; all of this Courbet shook off. Coming from a little town where there were few pictures to be seen and reaching Paris at a time when the air was full of revolt against accepted tradition, with a narrow mind and enormous self-conceit, the works of other masters had almost no effect on him. He painted for the most part directly from nature with no subsequent working over, with no previous conception of what his picture should be like and with no care for anything save immediate external appearance. All was alike to him, the cool green landscapes of the Jura, the coarse female types of Paris, a dead stag or a laborer breaking stones.

He was by no means the first to paint directly from nature, but before him, artists had always been controlled by knowledge of, and sympathy for the subject and by admiration for former work, trying even as they worked to fit their subject to an individual, artistic conception. Corot,[1] for instance, worked much out in the open air but he selected effects which had for him a special charm and copied them with a mind deeply influenced by the classical landscapes of Claude and Poussin. The qualities of sympathy with his subject, feeling for balanced composition or beautiful line, and acceptance of the great traditions of the past, which Courbet lacked, were great qualities. That he succeeded without them was partly due to the spirit of the time which was in revolt against old formulas and eager for some new things, but mainly to his clear direct vision of the subject before him and his superb technique which covered his canvases with strong, pure color laid on in a peculiar solid, rich *impasto*.

This strength of handling was reproduced by the abler of his admirers and there are bits in the early work of Manet which seem to show the very touch and sign manual of the earlier master. Yet even from the beginning Manet's[2] work shows a different viewpoint. Courbet had been content to paint anything he saw and the conservative public were often shocked by the realistic representation of subjects which had not previously been considered suitable for reproduction in art, but Manet, a far more intellectual man, went further and, for the display of his technique, of set purpose chose odd and question-

[1] Jacques Louis David (1748-1825).

[2] Antoine Jean Gros, made Baron Gros in 1830 (1771-1835).

[3] Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780-1867).

[4] Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863).

[5] Gustave Courbet (1819-1877).

[1] Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot (1796-1875).

[2] Édouard Manet(1832-1883).

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able subjects. At first he re-edited some of the "motifs" of the old masters, setting them in the most uncompromising modern surroundings, and for the display of breadth of brush work, simplifying the masses of light and shade by eliminating detail. Later he began to look about him for subjects which had not been treated before and which in their uncompromising modernity should support his reputation as an innovator, novelty of subject being put forward as a merit in itself.

These ideas spread widely among the more adventurous of the younger men. They were all painting nature "as they saw it," any actual visible object was subject for a picture and any variation from, or arrangement of, the visible presence was "chic" and anathema. There was in all this much heedless and vociferous following of a popular fashion, but there was also much deep and serious study of the actual aspects of nature. And the freedom from tradition of rigid training enabled the stronger men to "see it" in a surprising variety of ways. To some, and they were in the direct line of the development indicated by Manet, the sunlit landscape as they came out upon it made their studio walls seem dark and blank. No pictures yet painted seemed adequately to represent such brilliancy. They keyed their canvases up to the brightest point, they felt out the distinction between the warm shadows cast by the cold, studio north light, and the cool blue shadows resulting from yellow sunlight and they disintegrated their lights into touches of pure color which should suggest to the beholder the dazzle of the sun. To others, the landscape seemed less brilliant; with long looking their eyes had become accustomed to its brightness, and to them nature seemed illuminated by a diffused light surrounding and softening all objects to the same tone and filled with a multitude of details of earth and leaf and stone, very subtly varied in delicate color. The weaker men took up the movement according to their lights, some copied landscapes with the old studio palette of brown shadows, but more learned the purple or blue formulas of open air work and applied them indiscriminately to everything.

The vagaries of *pointillistes* or *luministes* were the results of attempting to paint sunlight and landscape as it is. But besides these natural and as one may say logical influences from within, French art has been strongly affected by influences from without; not artistic or intellectual, but social or financial. Painting of old was a suspected trade, looked at askance by solid citizens. The general levelling tendency of the century weakened the prejudice somewhat but the great blow was given to it twenty-five years or so ago. There had been a rapid industrial advance all over the world and the possessors of newly acquired riches, among other ways of spending them, turned to picture buying. Orders came to Paris from all over the world but especially from America. For the first time in the history of the world one may say (for a few individual exceptions do not count) painters tasted the joys of wealth. There was a great rush of all sorts of youths to learn the desirable art. Previously, pupils had been received into studios in a sort of patriarchal fashion after personal introduction by some friend of the family, or on rare occasions some beginner sought out a painter whom he admired and tremblingly submitted his work and asked to be received in his studio. It was always considered a favor. The master as a rule received no payment but in return exercised despotic authority and expected implicit obedience. The pupils were no more in number than he could know intimately and it was quite within his office to criticise, if he saw fit, their morals, their literary taste or their politics, and in matters concerning art his word was not to be questioned; the subjects to be painted, the preparation of the canvas, the handling, must all conform to the traditions of the atelier. When the great influx of pupils came it swamped the old schools.

The temper of the time was against tradition and discipline; and the belief that the Romantic school, and the Barbizon school and the Realistic school had succeeded by refusing the old training united with the natural self-confidence of youth so that there was no complaint when much was thrown overboard which had previously been considered indispensable to an artistic education. The study of the antique, the copying of old paintings, the assisting the master in his larger works, became rarer and rarer. Even sketches and studies of composition were for the most part perfunctory. All energy was devoted to the study of the living model and one may almost say to the drawing of it, for thorough instruction in painting requires both time and

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patience which were lacking, and for the most part the student was allowed to put on what color he liked in any way he liked. There is no doubt but that the old method often forced men into grooves and set them to reproducing without feeling or knowledge a set type of picture, nor that the new freedom often originated work of freshness and original charm. Under all systems of training men with exceptional talent have produced admirable work and those without it have turned out poor stuff whose type changes with the system but not its quality. The characteristic result of the modern training, however, was that it turned out a multitude of men who could draw from the model extremely well and could paint a little, but who beyond that had no idea of what they were to produce, except that it ought to bring them fame and fortune.

The annual Salon was the arena where they were to display their mastery and there they sent the things which they had been trained to do — studies of nude models (sometimes so-called, sometimes labelled "Nymph" or "Venus"), studies of costumed models, combinations of them in compositions, tricked out with facile historical details, studies of peasants in their local costumes and portraits of every description by the tens of thousands, but especially to these trained draughtsmen with no further idea of how a picture was to be made, the teachings of the *Naturaliste* and *Pleinairiste* school commended themselves. They did not know what to paint or how to paint it, and a great and distinguished body of critics told them to paint anything as they saw it. And here an additional influence came in which has not hitherto had sufficient importance given to it. Photography was perfected, so that instead of being a slow and elaborate process only to be practised in a studio upon a sitter with his head wedged into a painful support, it could be employed anywhere, upon any subject indoors or out. Painters did not as a rule employ photographs to work from, but they began to take their ideas of nature, not from nature itself nor through the pictures of the old masters, but from photographs. The distinction is very great. The naturalist school declared that the literal copying of nature was the highest art, and here was a process that relieved the artist of the labor of personal observation. A good photograph is an absolute, indisputable reproduction in line and mass of the external world; all of the problems of foreshortening, perspective, construction, multiplicity of detail, over which for generations artists have struggled are triumphantly and impeccably solved. It was the ideal at which so many of the old masters declared they aimed, but how lamentably did their best efforts fall short of the real thing! Take the most successful of them, the Dutch still-life paintings, the landscapes of the Fontainebleau school or even the works of Velasquez, which his contemporaries declared to be not painting but nature, would a photograph from any of them ever be supposed to be taken from life? Yet in looking over the illustrations in the magazines and salon catalogues of to-day how puzzling it is to tell whether art or nature furnished the original. Surely this is a remarkable development and moreover a very recent one, for it has come about within the last thirty years, and one might almost date it specifically from the paintings of Bastien-Lepage[1] (which is not to deny his great and original talent). As before said, artists did not copy photographs; they were far too skilful draughtsmen to need such aid, but they looked at them and unconsciously copied the photographic style as an earlier generation had copied the manner of Raphael. The even, neutral tone, the absence of composition or balancing of light and shade to make the picture fit in the frame, the elaborate reproduction of all detail, however trivial, were all characteristic of the new school and fitted exactly the training of the new academies. With good school draughtsmanship and industry the whole world could be turned into pictures of the photographic type. Individual feeling could be dispensed with and even skill in the use of the materials of the craft. For photography was a double influence; not only were pictures inspired by what had been photographed, but they were painted to be themselves photographed in turn and were known and judged not by themselves but by their reproductions which were spread over the whole world. Oil color as a medium, as a material capable of giving a peculiar charm of surface was entirely lost sight of. Never before probably since painting began has there been produced such a wilderness of canvas so devoid of distinction, of technique and of personal artistic feeling as has made up the bulk of the French Salon of the Champs Élysées for the past quarter of a century.

[1] Jules Bastien-Lepage (1848-1884).

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It is not pretended that this description represents in any way the best of French art, but it is not unfair of the work of the rank and file among the artists, the men who without strong personal initiative followed the training and impulses of their time, and the best of the younger men felt its influence. The older ones trained under different influences, with different ideals and different habits of life stand like relics of a past age. They are dropping off year by year; but take half a dozen names of the living and dead at random; Meissonier,[1] Harpignies,[2] Puvis de Chavannes,[3] Bouguereau,[4] Gustave Moreau,[5] Bonnat.[6] There seems no possible similarity of work or character among them until they are compared with their successors and then it is felt that they are all in a certain class to which the others do not belong. Their work has dominated the salon and not been dominated by it. With the latter men, those who finished their studies in the seventies, it is not so. Take the very best of them, a man like Dagnan-Bouveret,[7] a man of the highest character, sincere and modest, and see how the popular current has forced him from his small earlier works filled with the truest poetry and feeling into painting huge religious subjects, which call aloud to the beholder to admire the depth of their emotion. They are still works of art, but in the men less strong and modest the collapse has been complete, and huge Roman orgies or mediæval massacres recompensed with medals and decorations have perverted real though not great talents.

The dreary dulness beneath the labored attempts to attract of the picked men of the schools, aroused the contempt and derision of the anti-academic faction which always exists, and which claims to succeed by genius rather than by work. Their theories gained special support in the eighties by the growing success of men like Monet[8] and Sisley.[9] The more advanced spirits of the ateliers declared that even accurate drawing could be advantageously neglected in order to develop a sense of light or a feeling for spots, or a distinctly personal handling of paint. When they entered the salon they had new methods of attracting attention beside hugeness of canvas and strangeness of subject. The technique of Manet and his followers was forced to its ultimate limits. Pictures were made to stand out by unusual lightness or darkness of tone, brilliancy and strangeness of color or eccentricities of brush-work, the *lentillistes* and the *vermicellistes* became recognized artistic sub-species and the purple cow eating blue grass against a green sky was not wholly a myth. The poster school of art developed, suppressing all detail and concentrating itself in one simple vivid appeal to the eye. The old school disapproved of the new as was natural, for the two represent a permanent difference of artistic temperament which has always existed.

Finally there came an open rupture and the new salon of the Champs de Mars was started, to encourage originality and feeling as against uninspired industry, and except in cases where personal ties or interests interfered the distinction was pretty clearly maintained, for the salons were mutually exclusive and if an artist sent to one he was not permitted to send to the other.

One manifest result of the schism was to increase still further the number of pictures annually displayed, the new salon even doing away with the rule of the old which limited each exhibitor to two pictures and permitting instead its favored ones to send as many as they would.

It was a selection from this enormous mass of work, a sifting out of the better element which the exposition in Paris in 1900 was to display; and while it was measurably successful yet it gave a vague sense of disappointment. The modern movements which had been started with so much enthusiasm and confidence seemed to have led nowhere. A notable and regrettable feature was the failure of those who as young men were gaining success and fame a dozen years before, to make good their early promise. Their endurance was amazing. Those who were the pillars of the exhibition of 1878 still held their old place with no trace of weakness and often with a distinct advance, and there was still about their work a sureness of conception, an authority that grows more and more rare.

SAMUEL ISHAM.

[1] Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier (1813-1891).
[2] Henri Harpignies (b. 1819).
[3] Pierre Puvis de Chavannes (1824-1898).
[4] Adolphe William Bouguereau (b. 1825).
[5] Gustave Moreau (1826-1902).
[6] Joseph Florentin Bonnat (b. 1833).
[7] Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret (b. 1852).
[8] Claude Monet (b. 1840).
[9] Alfred Sisley (1840-1899).

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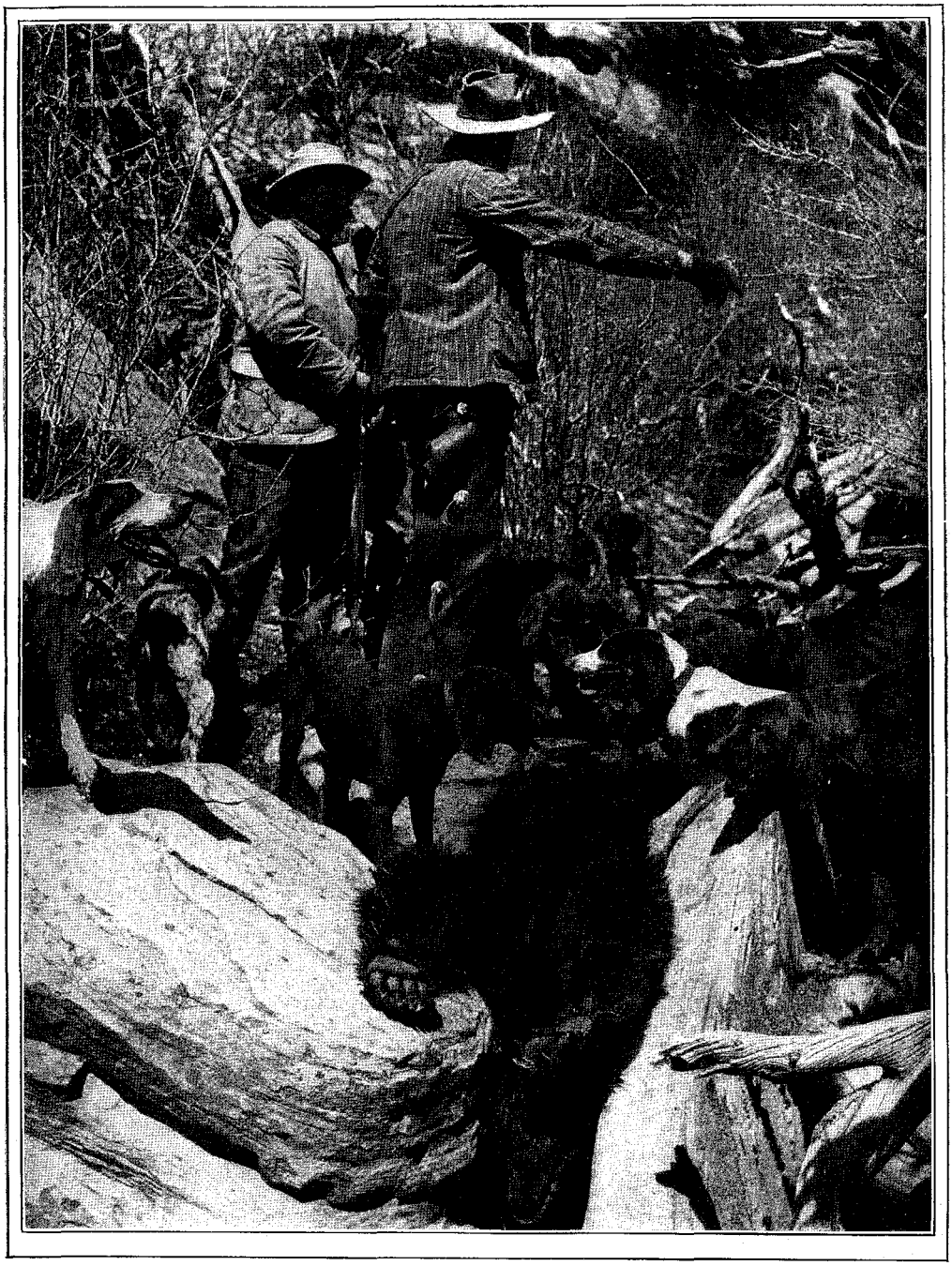

From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

DEATH OF THE BIG BEAR.

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